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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

INTERVIEW
JOAN COLLINS BARES HER MIND

SEX
HOW TO HANDLE FRIGID WOMEN: HOT TIPS FOR COLD STARTS

COMPUTERS
IS THE HUMAN BRAIN OBSOLETE?

EXPOSÉ!
BRIBERY IN AUSTRALIA: WHO, WHAT, WHERE & HOW MUCH

SQUASH
HOW TO BE A WINNER

SURFING
HIGH TIDE FOR THE HOT YOUNG BRATS

MUSIC
WHY OZ ROCK IS ON TOP

PLAYBILL

WHEN THE January issue of Australian PLAYBOY hit the newsstands, with glamor goddess Joan Collins on the cover, reaction was little short of sensational. Many distributors reported all copies sold out within 10 days. The message was clear: at 48, Joan Collins has become one of the most intriguing and tantalising women of the '80s. The problem was how could we possibly reveal more of Joan than we did in our January pictorial? The answer — Joan agreed to bare her mind exclusively to PLAYBOY. **Lawrence Grobel** went on a champagne binge with Joan at her Hollywood home (all in the line of duty of course). The results are all here in the Playboy Interview, the scandals, the affairs and the gossip other magazines wouldn't dare to print.

Have you noticed it's only politicians who seem surprised by revelations of corruption in Australia? Funny, that. Especially when you consider the rest of us take it for granted. **Diane Armstrong** probed the extent of corruption in Australia and came up with a gutsy expose of our shadiest economy. We tell you who is taking what in A Consumer's Guide To Bribery. Don't leave home without it. **Peter Luxton** supplied the accompanying photograph.

There's a reason why Aussie bands are rocking the world. Rock writer **Anthony O'Grady** suggests it's because our boys go through the world's hardest apprenticeship before they even get a look at the big time. Lensman **Philip Quirk** shot the opener.

Do computers really have the potential to outsmart their human inventors? Until now it was widely believed that computers are incapable of original thought — they just think faster than humans. Now it seems man *may* be able to build a machine capable of duplicating human thought processes. **Lee Gomes** reports on this breakthrough and the artwork is from the decidedly human thought processes of **Karl Wirsum.**

It has been said there are no such creatures as frigid women. So what do you do when confronted by a woman who says she doesn't enjoy lovemaking? Well, don't do anything till you've read our article, Frigid Women, by **E. Jean Carroll.**

On the subject of human sexuality, **Liz Lill** takes the issue of penis size firmly in hand. Just what do the people who really matter think? After all, it's women who are on the receiving end. Some uplifting answers can be found in If The Size Is Right. Illustration by **Allan Stomann.**

The male ego has been put at risk in another arena — the squash court. **Stuart Coupe** has been thrashed by the best of 'em and picked up a few tips along the way. He shares his hard-won wisdom in Winning Squash. **Erich Maas** supplied the artwork.

With the Sarajevo Winter Olympics already history, **Rob Luck** previews upcoming snow stars who can be seen at Guthega Ski Resort this season. But you don't have to be a potential Olympian to look good as gold on the slopes — just follow our ski fashion tips from **Vitek**. The photography is by **Rico Mettbach.**

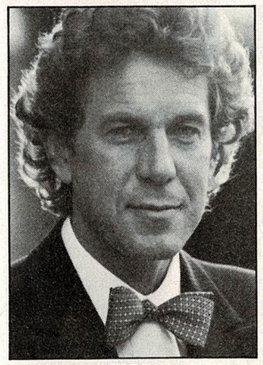
Motoring writer **Rob Luck** tests an incredible new toy called the Hoverjet which is quite the latest in one-upmanship.

Michael Colman is one of the wittiest writers in Australia and his talent is sharply displayed in Old Players Never Die, this month's fiction offering. It's a particularly Australian story about hero worship, and its harsh realities. The art is by **Chris Payne.**

Nick Carroll has detected a change in the water and speculates on the new professionals who have taken over from the old guard in Surfing's New Order. The hot shots are by **Peter Simons.**

To add extra spice to this winter feast, we present Margaret Bailey and Angela Menzies-Wills. Both are very sensual ladies from Melbourne. Margaret was photographed in Melbourne by **Rennie Ellis** and the centrefold shots were taken in Sydney by **Rico Mettbach.** Angela, star of the rock'n'raunch movie, *Coming Of Age,* was photographed by **Ross Barnett.**

Our other highly-charged pictorials and columns on making money, drinking and loving should also help to warm you up nicely throughout the month of May.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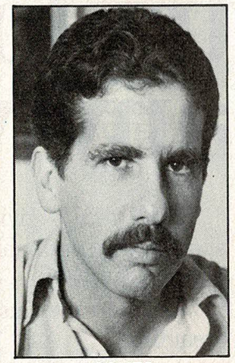
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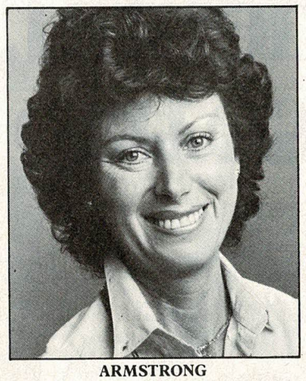
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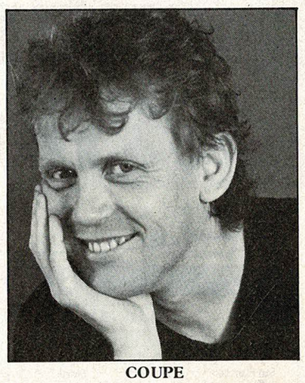
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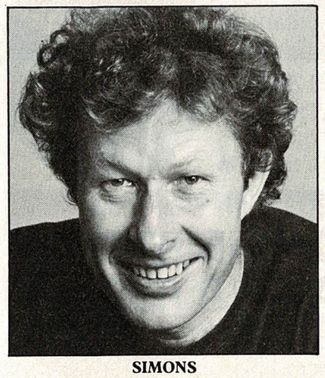
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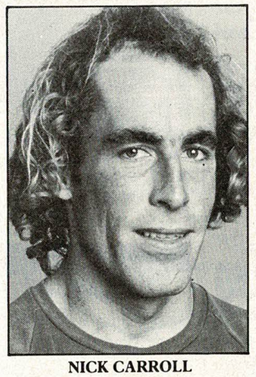
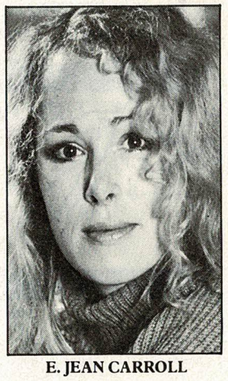

NICK CARROLL


E. JEAN CARROLL

They say everything about America is larger than life. The drinks. The meals. The smiles.

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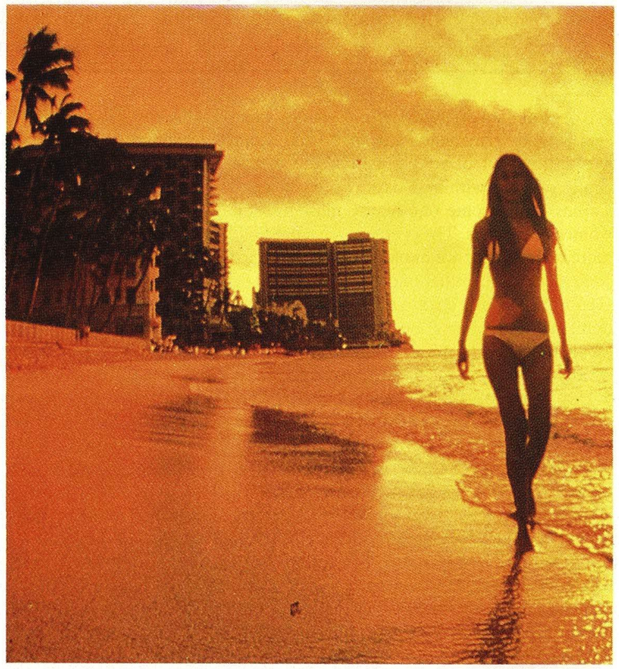

You are obviously a nature lover. If you want to see more of Hawaii's natural beauty, ask us because we know the Hawaiian Islands best. Exclusive Budget Stretcher Holidays from Hotels at $73 per week to luxury condominiums.

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CONTENTS

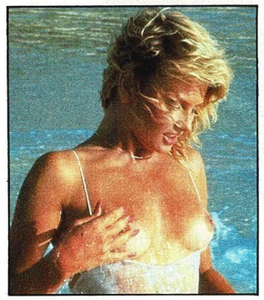
DEAR PLAYBOY 7
AFTER HOURS 9
BOOZE 11
MONEY 12
WOMEN 16
MEN 18
SPORT 22
MOVIES 24
AUSTRALIA 29
ADVISER 30

33
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Soapie superstar Joan Collins washes her dirty laundry, and everybody else's, in public.

44
A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO BRIBERY!

Everybody's doing it (passing the buck, that is) and Diane Armstrong has the lowdown on the whole dirty game.

47
SURPRISE PACKAGE

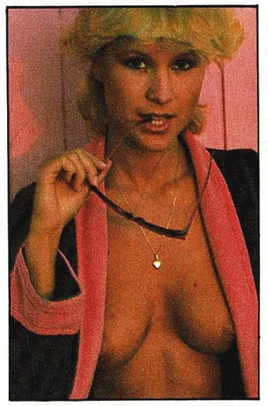


Lesa Ann Pedriana likes her sex anywhere, anytime she decides it's right.

54
THE MIND OF A NEW MACHINE
Lee Gomes probes man's bizarre quest to build a machine smarter than himself.

57
ROCK 'N' ROLL DREAMTIME
Oz rocks the world because the boys in the bands have spent a lot of time on the chain gang.

60
BEAUTY BY DEGREES



Melbourne's Margaret Bailey is our Playmate Of The Month, photographed by Rennie Ellis and Rico Mettbach.

74
WINNING SQUASH
Stuart Coupe tells you how to be top dog on the squash court.

79
SNOWSTORM

This year's hottest snowmen and a blizzard of cool ski gear.

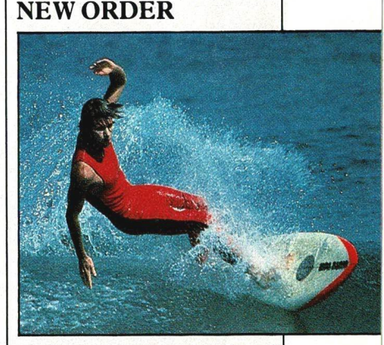
86
FRIGID WOMEN
We tell you things about women even they don't know.

91
WELL CAST

She may be from Melbourne but there's nothing Victorian about Angela Menzies-Wills.

98
OLD PLAYERS NEVER DIE
. . . they only lose their balls. Michael Colman pokes fun at hero worship.

102
SURFING'S NEW ORDER



Today a new breed of surf centurion rules the waves.

112
IF THE SIZE IS RIGHT
Liz Lill tackles the subject of penis size head on.

124
HOVERJET
Rob Luck test-drives a machine that makes every four-wheel drive in the world look like a wheelbarrow.

134
SEX
Bettina Arndt answers your sex queries.

MAY 1984 ● COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM STAEDLER

Co-star with our latest model.
(an affair with no strings attached)

She's featherweight and fast-loading. Designed for one handed operation. The tape is recorded inside the camera leaving you free to direct your 'epic' for up to 3 hours 40 minutes. That's 3 hours longer than any similar VHS camera.

The 6x power zoom lens with macro focus gives perfectly clear detail, even close up.

Through-the-lens optical view finder lets you see what you're doing as you're doing it. There are no external recorders, cables or straps to get in your way.

She comes dressed in a beautifully designed optional carry case too.

Have an affair with Sanyo Betamovie, it'll be one you'll never forget- but that's life.

SANYO That's Life!

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Angela Menzies-Wills pictorial: cushions and sheets from Bed, Brass And Table of Melbourne; underwear courtesy of Slim-It Salon, Melbourne, and clothes by The House Of Merivale And Mr John, Melbourne and Sydney.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

ESCORT GAME

I would like to comment on Paul Munro's article, Guess Who's Coming To Dinner? (January PLAYBOY). I have worked as an escort for one of Sydney's best agencies on and off for more than four years and feel that Mr Munro's article is neither accurate nor indicative of the real situation.

His biggest mistakes, apart from over-indulgence in alcohol, were to choose an agency run by a man (sorry to be sexist but it's true), and to use a brothel as an escort agency. Most escorts that I have met are intelligent and well-dressed — Munro's Terese appears to have been an unfortunate exception!

Please also note that most agencies *do* take American Express cards, and that it is possible to send a girl away if she really is unsuitable (preferably after paying her cab fare though).

I hope Munro's rather dismal experience will not put other gentlemen off — after all, one bad apple doesn't spoil the whole barrel.

J.R.,
Centennial Park, NSW.

The temptation to reply to Paul Munro's article on escort agencies is too great to pass up. I've always been one to subscribe to the philosophy of "try anything once". I was in Townsville on business for one night and decided that I wasn't going to spend the evening alone.

I read through the motel tourist information and found five agencies all offering the best of dinner escorts. I'd never done this sort of thing before but with great determination I made my choice and rang the number. It was 6.30 pm.

I was greeted by a century-old, rasping voice, cold as the peak of Everest. She sounded like she was chewing on something . . . like an iron bar. It was enough to shatter your confidence right out of existence. With considerable courtesy, I went through the inquiry bit and hung up.

It took courage to ring the second number. The soft-spoken, sexy voice of a young, well-educated lady raised a whole lot more than my expectations. I explained my position: I wanted a well-dressed, educated lady to have dinner with, someone who knew Townsville. No, I didn't care if she was short or tall or had big boobs and the colour of her hair wasn't a worry either. It was now 7.00pm.

Again, my anticipation was shot to pieces. She didn't have anyone available but would contact another agency and get them to phone me. I was no further advanced and it was 8.00pm. I rang a third number, hoping it wasn't the same one the previous agent had contacted. It wasn't.

She had two ladies available but would have to check that they could go to dinner. She was very sorry but they were too well-known in Townsville to go out to dinner with me but either one could entertain me in my room. I declined, frustrated and hungry, and ended up having a counter dinner and several beers with the motel proprietor.

Unlike Paul, I didn't get drunk. I was too determined to salvage something from an otherwise disastrous evening. I went back to my room, rang the second agency again and explained the situation. She apologised that no one was available at that moment but she promised to get back to me. Then, the agency which was supposed to have rung finally phoned me back, two hours later, so I told her about the night's drama. She couldn't understand how such a thing could happen but promised to send a lady to my room immediately.

At 9.30pm, a V8 rolled into the courtyard of the motel and sat there, pulsating, as discreet as a public address system. I answered the knock at the door. "How are ya?" she said. "My name's Tamara. Could I have the money now? I have to give it to the driver."

She was your typical, tall, well-built, blonde tart, about 18 going on 12. I'd paid $100 for an hour but because I didn't think I could screw a strange woman, cold, we engaged in conversation.

Far from being a professional "entertainer", she tried every trick known to man to con her way out of doing anything else but talk. If she was to be believed, which she wasn't, she was nothing short of a complete medical disaster area. The ulcers in her mouth had been playing up for weeks, she was apt to faint from time to time, she'd always had these terrible pains in the stomach but most of all she was worried she could have leukaemia.

I absorbed it all like top-quality blotting paper, and then, as though she'd said nothing at all, screwed her, every which-way.

If this is the extent of the service you can expect from escort agencies in general, it's time they got their act together. They just don't deliver. I was sorry that, unlike Paul, I didn't just get drunk and be done with it!

J.R.B.,
Airlie Beach, Qld.

JUSTINE TIME

Sending my congrats to you on showing enough excellent taste to allow Justine Greiner to grace the pages of your March issue. She is supposed to have said that posing for PLAYBOYhad taught her that she could be sexy. Either you misquoted, she's modest or she's nuts. With a body like that, how on earth could she have ever doubted it!

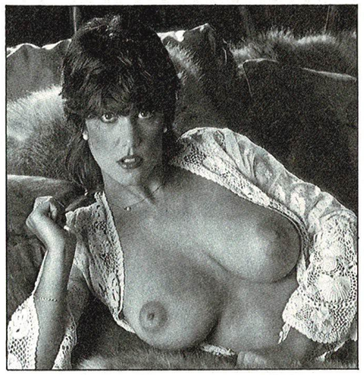
Stuart Kennedy,
Jannali, NSW.

One of the girls featured in your March Issue, Justine Greiner, is just about the most delicious specimen of womanhood that you've yet featured in Australian PLAYBOY.

Please feature more girls like Justine who have really big boobs as they are a terrific turn-on!

Keith Hearne,
Darwin, NT.

For Stuart, Keith and all the other readers who wrote in about Justine, here's a further sample of her stunning style — Ed.



SEX OZ-STYLE

Sheesh Jarratt! Re your ABC Of Sex (January PLAYBOY): Eulo Bourke! So Cunnilingus is a little town near Cunnamulla eh? Almost Morven a man can stand. Wyandra one alternative would seem to be that Barringun the best we can dish out is a Bollon chain. Tsk, tsk, Thargomi'ndah rest of our Illushyins; then again perhaps Dassault Mirage or min-min or maybe a Tupolev. It's Olivetti good idea brother, but all in all maybe yacht ta try some udder line.

Woolblind? Perhaps you ought to go the grope down under Ada'(s) vale.

Stick to the streets of Sydney town, you're safer there. There's places where the Yowie bites out here.

"Beagljan",
Toowoomba, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to us at the above address. We'll give a 12-month subscription to Australian PLAYBOY for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

Money to play with.

At the State Bank, we now have money available for Personal Finance, even if you're not a customer.

So if you want a new hi-fi, sound us out.

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So why not call into any of our branches and talk it over.

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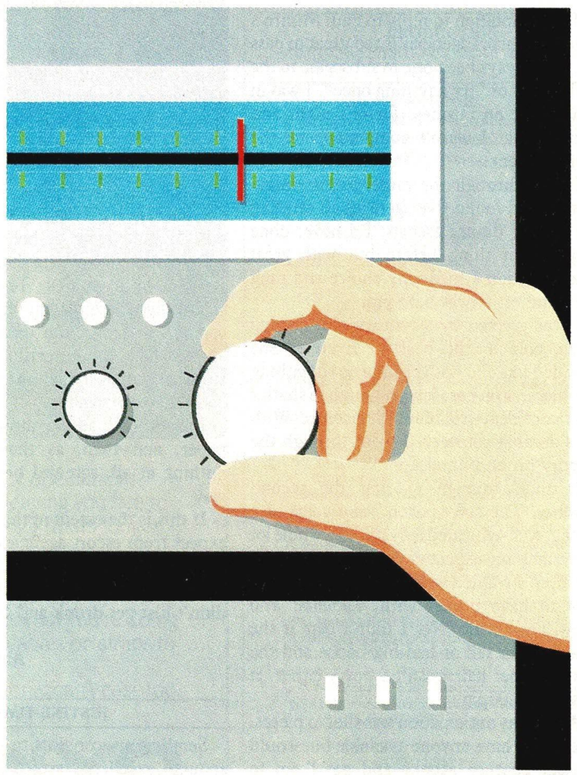

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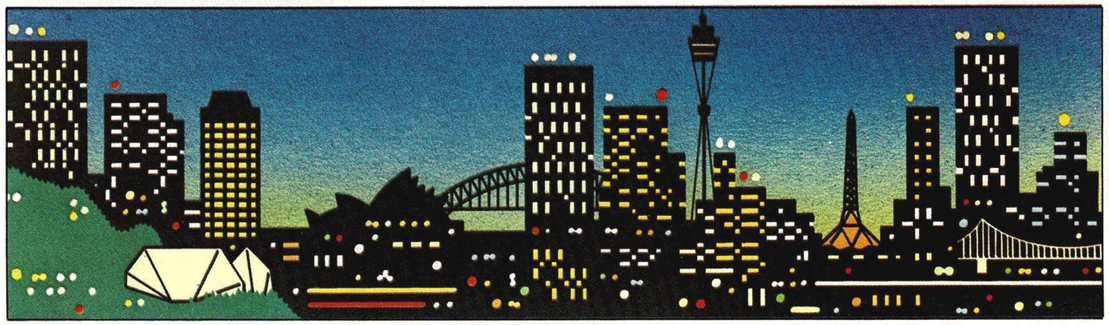
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BUSH BASHING

David Williamson didn't become one of Australia's premier playwrights and screenwriters without cultivating an eloquent turn of phrase along the way. David's opinion of our Outback beauties is clearly expressed in a new collectible called The Dictionary Of Australian Quotations.

"These country tarts would fuck a wombat if they thought it would turn into a doctor," quips our Dave. Ahh, our great literary heritage is in good hands.

EXIT LAUGHING

Correspondent Scott Cohen is a funny fella. He derives endless amusement from his hobby of collecting stories about people who have died in outrageous ways. Nothing is too sick, tragic or bizarre that it can't provide our Scott with a chuckle.

In fact he's so tickled by his gallery of graveyard guffaws he's thinking of putting them into a book to make some light bed time reading.

Here's a selection of Scott's favorites:

A botanist, who had lived his entire life in terror due to an inexplicable fear of crocodiles was cooling off in a shallow African stream when he was eaten by a six-metre crocodile.

Then there was the 77-year-old bloke in Wisconsin, USA, who walked into the medical department of a university, announced he was donating his body to science and shot himself in the head. The body was accepted.

The chairman of a chemical firm in Argentina was eating lunch in his office when five armed men burst in, strapped a bomb to his chest and told him it would blow up in three days if a ransom wasn't paid at a certain time and place. The chairman blew himself up trying to remove the bomb.

How about the 70-year-old former actress who was smothered to death in her New York apartment when all the books, magazines and clippings from her small-time career fell on her. Apparently police had to cut through the mountain of paper with axes.

But we're saving our favorite until the end. A Long Island, USA, dog and its owner both died when the dog piddled on an electrical sign and the current passed up the metal leash.

HARD SELL

Seems our American colleagues just don't know what to make of Australian advertising standards. Our very own electronic whiz kid, Dick Smith, has the Yanks quite bemused by billing himself "The Electronic Dick."

Initial reports suggest considerable interest from female consumers who feel they may have been missing out on one of our, uh, secret weapons.

TONGUE LASHING

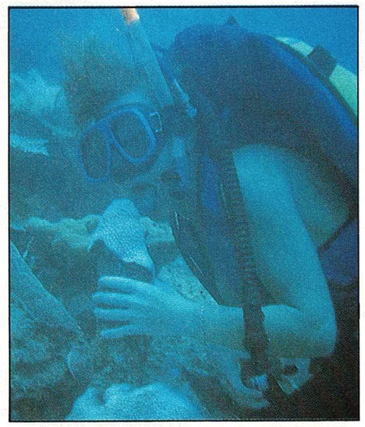
Ever wanted to tell the boss exactly what you think of him without him knowing what you've said in case he responds by putting you on the dole queue? Just tell him he's suffering from combined oligophrenia and rectalgia. He's not going to know you've just called him a feeble-minded pain in the arse. Sydney adman Neville Jeffress inadvertently invented a coward's dictionary of insults when he put together a list of words for a speech he gave at a recent convention of hospital administrators.

Neville's point was to prove that clever words don't make good ads. Maybe not. But they're great for getting in the last laugh with bikies, parking inspectors, officious bureaucrats and other assorted bullies ... and for getting you out with your skin in one piece.

Just cast your eyes over this list and acquire some real word power:

Ablation: Surgical removal
Acouasm: A ringing sound in the head
Branular: Pertaining to the brain
Cachexia: Poor physical or mental health
Carminative: A medicine to induce farting
Curple: The buttocks
Ebriection: Mental breakdown from too much boozing.
Ichor: A watery discharge from a wound or from the temples of a musk elephant
Kneippish: Treating disease by walking barefoot on wet grass
Megacephalous: Having a large head
Nimgimmer: A doctor who cures the clap
Nutation: Involuntary nodding of the head
Obex: A thin layer of brain tissue
Parabolanus: A monk medic specialising in treatment of contagious diseases
Partheonology: The medical study of virgins and virginity
Peotomy: Surgical amputation of the penis
Pregeria: Premature senility
Rosacea: A disease marked by a big red nose. Not exclusive to boozers
Therology: Study of the female breast
Threpterophilia: A fondness for female nurses
Ventoseness: Flatulence
Xylophonist: A person who annoys others with frequent and loud farts.

See, don't say we never think of you.



RUPTURE OF THE DEEP! Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water something like this looms up. Talk about Davey Jones's donger. Our motoring writer, Rob Luck, spotted this phallic sponge while holidaying in Indonesia. So did the lady he was diving with. He says it explains why the dive site is so popular with females. The mermaid in the picture is now auditioning for *Jaws 5*.

AMCO.
REAL PRO GEAR.

"If you're going to be serious about getting to the top, you can't afford not to use the best gear around.
The racquets are midsize wood, with graphite lamination and klip gut strung at 80lbs. The shoes are Diadora leathers.
The jeans and shirt, Old Favourites by Amco. Soft, worn and faded for when I can afford to relax."

Patrick Cash, Wimbledon and US Open Junior Champion. Aussie tennis ace. Amco fan.

AMCO

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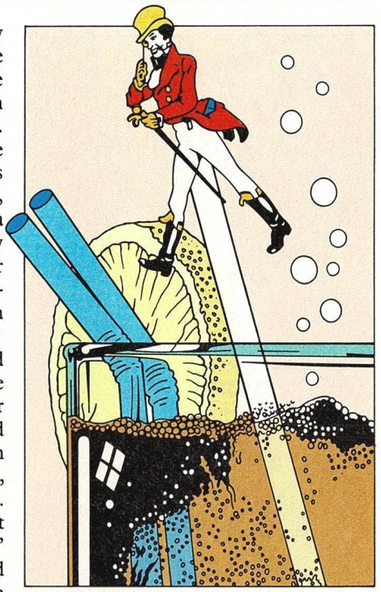
BOOZE



Why not try whisky for a cocktail that's frisky

Although purists maintain that whisky is a liquid gold too precious to be alloyed with baser materials, whisky is one of the most popular spirit ingredients in mixed drinks throughout the world. American and Canadian whiskies lead the pack as bases for a vast array of long drinks and cocktails because of their less assertive, smoky sweetness. However, in spite of a much vaunted rugged individuality, many brands of Scotch, especially the softer blends, make an extremely good background for both traditional and modern mixed drinks.

In Australia, most blended Scotch and bourbon whiskies are consumed "on the rocks", "neat" (without ice or mixer), or mixed with water or soda. In the US and Europe, however, whisky has long been blended with sweet mixers such as cola, ginger ale and, horror of horrors, 7-Up. Such tinkering with a good liquor may not appeal to the dyed-in-the-wool "straight" man, but such "liberties" do open the mind to the idea that you can do more things with Scotch and bourbon than just open the bottle and pour.

Considering our climate, whisky-based mixed drinks make good sense as many of them are considerably more refreshing than a lonely liquor. Think of the Mint Julep, the rye whiskey or bourbon thirst-quencher of the Old South, or American Milk Punch, one of the best dry-throat slaking drinks in existence. Examples such as this illustrate what a great shame it is to stifle the versatility of whisky because of either out-of-date notions of how things are "done" or false images of machismo.

The Manhattan is the American whiskey drink par excellence. In the embellished bars of mid-19th century New York, many cocktails were originally served as straight-up spine tinglers to start a busy day. Jerry Thomas, the legendary barman of the era, claimed that the success of the Manhattan as an eye-opener rested solely on the aromatic bitters used.

Times change, of course, and today the Manhattan is a sophisticated evening drink and most imbibers are indifferent to the virtues of bitters. In the traditional Manhattan, however, a dash or two of Angostura bitters helps to blur the edge of the drink's biting sharpness.

To make a classic Manhattan, simply drop a few hard ice cubes into a large mixing glass. Add 20ml red vermouth, 30ml bourbon whiskey and two dashes of Angostura bitters. Stir briskly and strain into a chilled, stemmed cocktail glass.

The Old Fashioned, like the Manhattan, stands at the top of the whisky drink ladder. Its origins are well-chronicled and it began life in 1881 at the snobby Pendennis Club in Louisville, Kentucky. Today Scotch whisky and Canadian whisky are often substituted for bourbon but the pride of Kentucky is still the classic choice.

The Old Fashioned depends on sugar and lemon peel for its characteristically heady fragrance. The inclusion of bitters is mandatory and the drink is also improved with a splash of soda. As far as garnishing is concerned, a slice of orange lends a spunky zestiness, but most people nowadays steer well clear of the traditional maraschino cherry.

For a simple, modern version of the Old Fashioned, combine 40ml bourbon, a dash of Angostura bitters, a teaspoon of sugar and three ice cubes in a broad tumbler or Old Fashioned glass. Stir well and squeeze a spray of lemon zest over the surface of the drink.

One of my favorite drinks, the American Milk Punch, is a classic blend that has sadly fallen into disfavor. In the 19th century, it was an egalitarian drink that was a favorite among Virginia gentlemen and New York wharfies alike. It is a direct descendant of earlier British concoctions and has the happy knack of satisfying the taste for alcohol while providing the nutritive qualities of milk.

The American Milk Punch not only tastes good but it is easy to prepare; it's difficult to understand how it declined so rapidly in popularity. Traditionally served piercingly cold, its lightness and refreshing taste make it one of the most enjoyable drinks ever invented. To make an individual serving of American Milk Punch, stir together two to three parts of icy cold milk to one part bourbon or rye whiskey. If you prefer a touch of sweetness, add some caster sugar. Then pour into a large wine goblet and add two or three ice cubes.

The Whisky Sour is another fabled whisky drink that has not only stood the test of time but is rapidly gaining new-found popularity in Australia. It originated over 40 years ago at New York's famous "21 Club". According to folklore, it was invented because of the need to mask the impurities of bootleg liquor with lemon juice and sugar. However, what was originally a matter of necessity soon became a preferred taste.

Whisky Sours can be made with bourbon, Scotch or Canadian whiskies, but a few other standards are immutable. Always buy the best brand of whisky you can afford. Use plenty of fresh, clean, transparent, hard ice. Always add liquors to ice, rather than the other way around, so that the drink chills more swiftly — the slight dilution achieved in this way makes for a smoother drink.

To make a suavely austere Whisky Sour, place the juice of one lemon, 1½ teaspoons sugar and 50ml of the whisky of your choice in a cocktail shaker with hard, clear ice. Shake well and strain into a small goblet. Like Whisky Sours, Mists can be made with any form of whisky you prefer. Mists are a favorite form of drink with those who prefer things straight down the line or, as purists would have it, people who prefer to relish one good thing at a time. In this case, a good quality, mellow liquor.

Bon vivants stipulate that if a top liquor is to be served chilled, the ratio of finely cracked or shaved ice and spirits in a Mist should produce the perfect degree of dilution — neither too great nor too little. All you need to make a fine Mist is a good glass (almost any shape will do), super-fresh chipped, shaved or crushed hard ice and your favorite whisky.

Rob Roy: Place 25ml Scotch and 25ml red vermouth into a mixing glass with ice cubes. Mix well and strain into a chilled cocktail glass.

Whisky Eggnog: Place 40ml Scotch whisky, one egg and 20ml sugar syrup into a cocktail shaker with plenty of ice. Shake well and pour into a long glass. Top up with iced milk and sprinkle with grated nutmeg.

Highland Cooler: Place some ice cubes in a long glass. Add 40-50ml Scotch whisky, 20ml lemon juice and a dash each of Angostura bitters and orange juice. Stir well and top up with ginger ale.

—CHRIS JACKSON

MONEY

How much life insurance do you need? For many readers of this magazine the answer is: none at all. Nevertheless, thousands of single people under 25 have their lives insured. Most of these policies are purchased by concerned parents persuaded by insurance agents to "protect" their children. It is a testimony to the selling skills of the insurance industry that some parents have actually been convinced to insure the lives of children as young as five.

Buying life insurance for children indicates a misunderstanding of the purpose of insurance. When you take out an insurance policy on a car or a house, you are protecting yourself from loss. Should there be fire or a robbery, your insurance will help you replace whatever was stolen or burned. Life insurance, on the other hand, is not meant to protect *you* but rather those who are dependent upon you.

Now, a moment's thought should reveal that the tragic loss of a child is an emotional, rather than a financial, blow to a family. The loss of a child means one less person to care for and, therefore, an improvement in family finances. Since parents are not dependent on their little children, there is no need for them to benefit from a child's untimely death. Similarly, if you are single with no one but yourself to support and you are not particularly keen on providing some relative with an unexpected windfall, you don't need life insurance.

Naturally, life insurance agents have a reply to these arguments. They claim that insuring a young child guarantees that the child remains "insurable" later in life. The idea is that a medical condition may disqualify someone for insurance when he really needs it. The insured child, on the other hand, remains covered throughout life no matter what sort of illness he develops. Although this argument sounds convincing, the odds that someone in their twenties, thirties or even forties will become too ill for insurance are actually quite small. Insurance industry statistics reveal that only a very small proportion of people in these age groups are too sick to qualify for life insurance. Paying premiums for 10 or 20 years to maintain a child's insurability means paying hundreds or even thousands of dollars to protect a child against a risk (uninsurability) that rarely occurs.

Children and carefree young singles are not the only ones who do not need life insurance. If you are personally rich, your assets can take care of your dependants when you die and you do not need insurance. Even if you're not rich, your parents may be. Provided they like your wife and kids, they may care for them when you're gone and you don't need insurance. You also do not need insurance if your family is grown and on their own. Your pension will probably be enough to care for your wife.

Insurance you can bet your life on!

So much for those who don't need insurance, now for those who do. If you have a house full of kids, a wife who can't earn more than the minimum wage and your idea of exercise is going to the fridge for another stubby, you need plenty of life insurance. You can get by with less if your wife is a high salary earner or if her parents are very generous, but for the average young family man, life insurance is a must. How much is needed? For most of us, the answer is: more than we can afford.

Family men require sufficient insurance to permit their dependants to carry on financially when they are gone. This means there must be enough to pay for the funeral, the doctors, the lawyers and all the other expenses of dying. There should also be an amount for emergencies; $10,000 to $15,000 should cover these categories. This is just the beginning, of course. It is also necessary to replace the income that you, the breadwinner, will no longer be contributing to the family. It is not necessary to replace *all* your income: you won't be there, so the money that would have gone toward your food, clothing, TAB bill, Australian PLAYBOY subscription and grog will no longer be needed. Also, it is your after-tax income that we are talking about here, not your gross.

In general, your family will be able to get by nearly as well as when you were around if they receive an income equal to two-thirds of your take-home pay when you are gone. So, if you make $20,000 and take home $15,000, your family will require about $10,000 per year to maintain their living standard. Some of this money may come from the government in the form of a widow's pension which reduces the amount required from insurance. However, for the sake of this illustration, suppose you want to provide your family with a yearly income of $10,000. If you left a life insurance policy worth $100,000 which they were able to invest at 12 percent, they would receive $12,000 per year. After income tax, however, they would be lucky to get $10,000. Also, even if they managed to generate $10,000, this amount would not grow over the years. If inflation continues as it has during the past 10 years, it is entirely likely that, in 10 years time, $10,000 would hardly pay for one week at the seashore, let alone support a small family. Ideally, the family should receive $10,000 after inflation and taxes are taken into account. A $200,000 policy or an investment paying around 20 percent might ensure this but most families cannot afford this much insurance and the only investments that pay 20 percent are so risky the family could lose everything.

A way out of this dilemma is for them to live off capital as well as the interest. This way, the family will be supported during its growing years, and the money will be exhausted when it is no longer needed. In order to provide $10,000 per year income after taxes and inflation safely for 20 years spending both capital and interest, you need to be insured for about $150,000. To provide the same amount for 10 years, $85,000 worth of insurance is needed.

These are large amounts and perhaps they are a bit too high. No provision has been made for a spouse going to work, working children, remarriage and so forth.

Life insurance companies have many different plans to cater to a wide variety of needs but the reality is that most young families cannot afford anything but term insurance. Term insurance is the simplest form of life insurance. You pick an amount, pay a yearly premium (which goes up with age) and if you die your beneficiary gets the face amount of the insurance. There are some differences among term policies: some pay dividends, some don't; some are renewable to age 70, others to 60 or 65; some increase their premiums yearly, others every five years.

Basically, however, all life insurance policies are similar. You're betting the premium that you will die in the next year. The insurance company is betting the payoff value of the policy that you won't. Here's hoping they win! — SETH GREGORY

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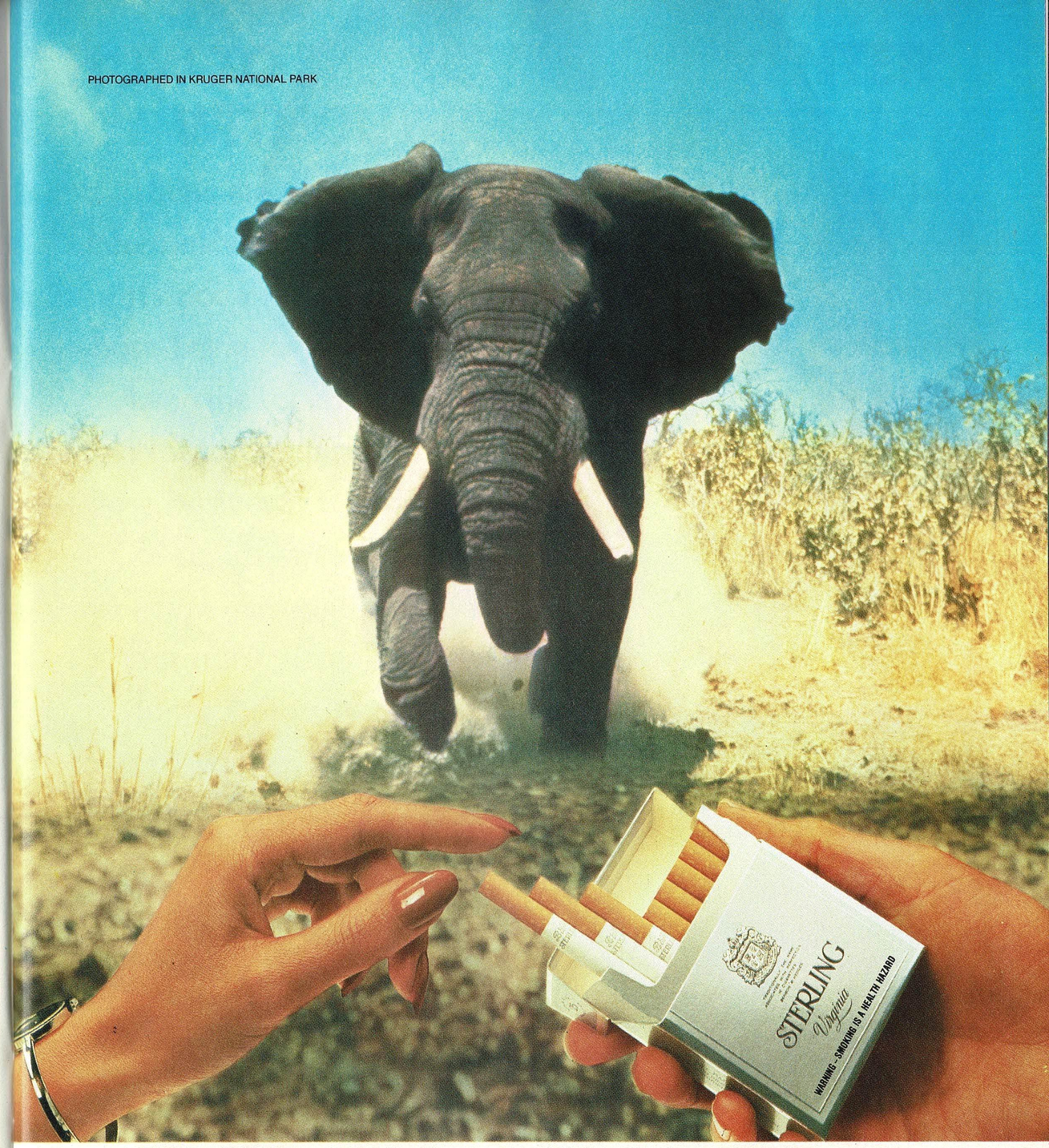

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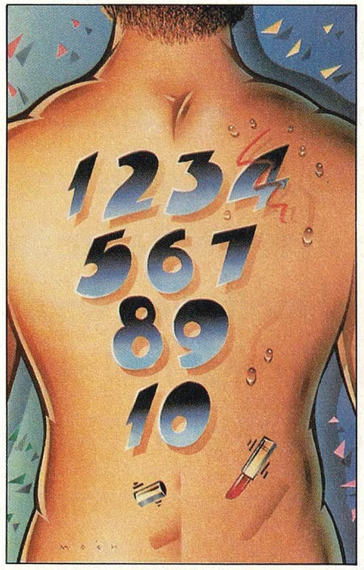
WOMEN



A dozen things that women can't stand about men!

You know how these things happen: you've been dating the most wonderful girl in the world for several weeks, even several months, when something untoward happens.

Maybe something small, like her starting to wear a particularly rancid brand of perfume, or maybe something major, like her informing you that she was only kidding when she said she loved the footy, your mates and your Doberman dog. Whatever.

All you know is that the thrill has ebbed. Your dreams of this girl are no longer feverish. Your finger seems loath to dial her number; you become re-enamored of air hostesses, and quiz show barrel-girls. The love affair is, in fact, history.

That middle period of relationships, that perilous time between the starry-eyed first moments and the cosy, settled period when you may even have the nerve to fart in bed, is always fraught. It's tricky business, getting to know each other, a pitfall-a-minute affair. And we women can be just as finicky as men. Strike the wrong note and we have a tendency to go off our feed completely.

Therefore, having several complaining women at my fingertips, I'm going to list their most common grievances — the things that make their eyes go opaque and cause them to stop returning phone calls. Do what you will with the information.

1. **Playing hard to get**. If a man constantly breaks dates at the last minute and is often seen squiring different blondes around town, a woman will quickly tire of him. We've all played that game called I-don't-like-you-as-much-as-you-like-me, usually in junior high school. A few of us will play this game unceasingly, but most of us have better things to do with our time, such as crocheting doilies.

So don't say you're going to call when you're not, don't leave lipstick-stained cigarette butts in your ashtrays, don't disappear for weeks at a time or get your secretary to lie and say you're in a marathon boardroom meeting. We'll only yawn.

2. **Playing easy to get**. We don't like this, either. (Goddamn, we're picky!) There is something off-putting about a man who brings up marriage and children during the first weeks of courtship, who discusses adjoining burial plots on the first date or who professes undying love with lightning speed. A human doormat is neither amusing nor attractive. And we all know (too well) that a man who is too intense too soon has no staying power: he is simply in love with love and not with us.

3. **Refusing to gossip, especially after a juicy party**. This is crucial. Most women will forgive a man anything — trampling her flower beds, ignoring her nipples, forgetting her birthday — if only he will stop pretending not to enjoy a good gossip. There is nothing in the world more irritating than a man who preserves a stony silence in the car ride home from a dinner party where Gladys pulled Myrna's husband into the broom closet while Myrna decided it would be fun to launch into an impromptu cancan right after George announced his sexual preference for Greek waiters.

4. **Forgetting foreplay**. One must never, as John Cleese put it, stampede the clitoris. All men know this during their dispassionate, reflective moments, but when sexual lust rears its insistent head, some men become stricken with amnesia and think they can just hop on and go at it. They can't. It takes us, I don't know, approximately 11.7 minutes to become fully aroused. We like to be fondled, we like to be kissed, we like to be told how gorgeous we are, we crave more than a bare minimum of caresses. Otherwise, we become cold and hard, which is not the way you want us.

5. **A plethora of after-shave**. Or, God forbid, cologne. I personally prefer the smell of clean, honest sweat above all else, but many women delight in a hint of subtle fragrance.

None of us, however, is partial to an overpowering, mind-numbing, sticky-sweet odor, so be gentle with your Brut. And avoid like the plague all "essential oils" purporting to smell like strawberries.

6. **Telling dirty jokes to get us in the mood.** No, we are not interested in the antics of the travelling salesman and the farmer's daughter, though we may be vaguely intrigued to learn what the bishop said to the actress.

The trouble is, most dirty jokes are not funny. They are simply slimy, smutty, smarmy and stupid. These things do not, somehow, turn us on.

7. **Plying us with drinks and drugs to get us in the mood.** We will not respect you for this ploy. We may even become contrary.

8. **Plying yourself with drinks and drugs.** I have a good friend who often tells the story of a man who, after knowing her for two weeks, decided it would be fun for her to see him at his worst. He was a wonderful, brilliant, witty man, but she wasn't prepared to deal with him as a piss-saturated psychopath.

9. **Bad laundry habits.** There are men who forget to wash their sheets for months on end. They think they're being clever buying that dark-paisley pattern, but the nose, unfortunately, knows.

We are not overly fond of sheets that reek of stale beer, pizza or, worse still, another woman's perfume.

Clothes must also be washed occasionally — it's no good taking a bath or shower only to climb into clothes exuding petrified body odor.

10. **Warmongers.** Admittedly there are some weirdos among us, but most women will run screaming from any room in which a man is proclaiming that war is fun. We have a certain saccharine streak that makes us fond of green, growing things, of blue skies, of pretty sunsets, of healthy babies. If you happen to be misguided enough to feel differently, keep those feelings to yourself.

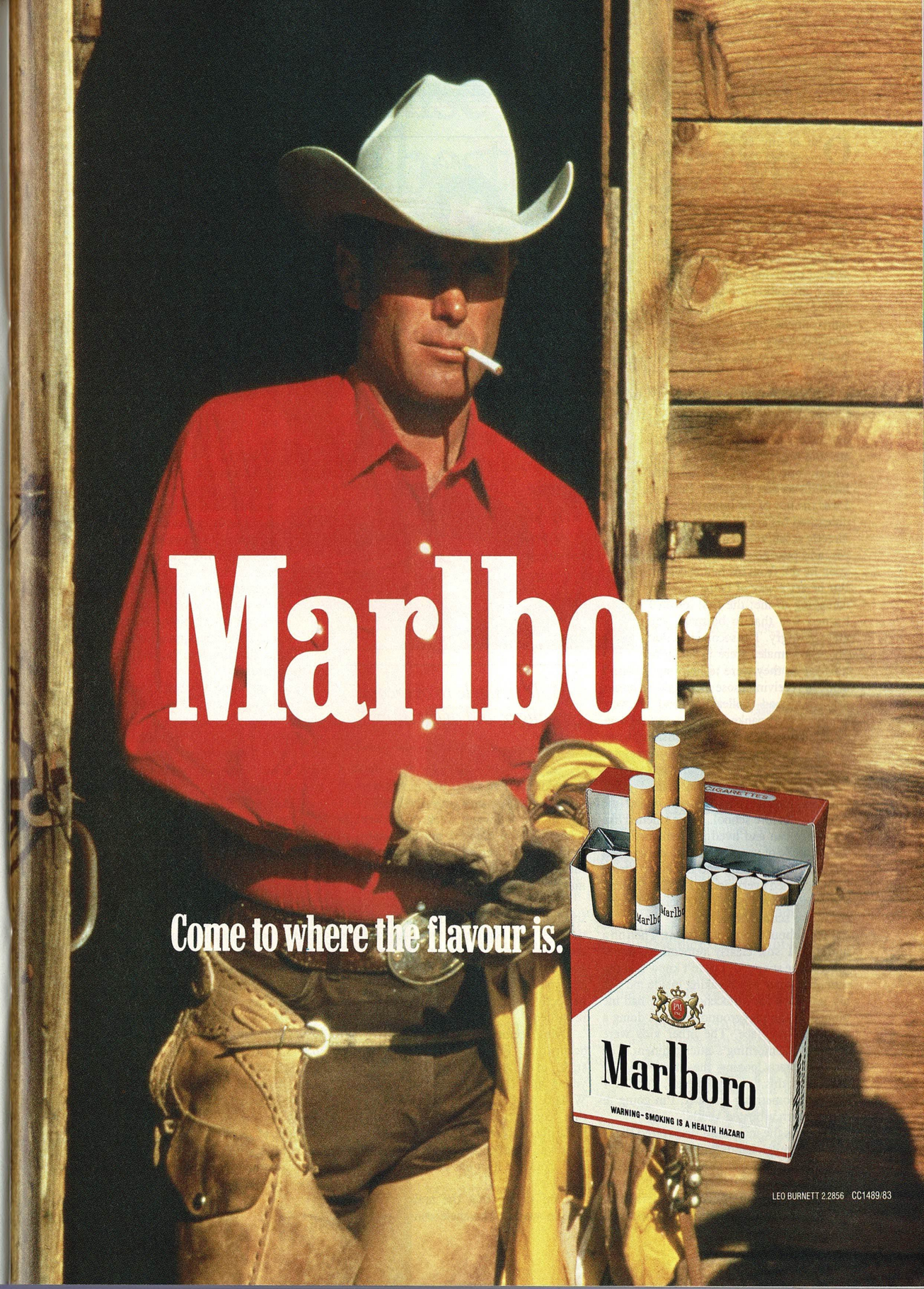
11. **The boys.** If you are the kind of man who goes to the pub to enjoy male company, leaving your woman at home to fend for herself, she will not take it lightly when you land home pissed and gregarious insisting that it will be no trouble at all for "the little woman" to whip up a late-night snack for your two or three mates.

You are likely to discover rather dramatically that booze bonhomie is not contagious. One chap I know did this once too often and came home to find no snack, no woman.

12. **Being overly critical.** Too much criticism makes anyone want to curl up into a ball. In fact, I think I'd better call a halt to this column, or you may become discouraged.

Next month (I promise), I'll delve into all that is wonderful about the male sex. There's plenty.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL



Male struggle to overcome anger and aggression

One of my earliest childhood memories is of boxing with my father. I was about five years old when we started doing that. I remember that the gloves were brown and smelled like new leather. They were too large for my hands, and they were hot and heavy to tote around the living room. "Come on, Ace," my father would say as we circled each other. Jab, jab, jab, light punches into my face, nose-stinging, scary. There was no way I could reach him, but I tried. "That-a-boy, come on."

Understand that I loved my father and I honor him. But that image of the two of us sparring fits our history perfectly. In my heart, I am sure my father wanted to be my friend, but the role he assigned himself was that of master. Because I was the boy of the house, he often unleashed his aggression and anger directly at me, achieving obedience, yes, and possibly easing the frustration he felt from his failing career. But he set a way of being that was damaging to me: the first lesson I learned was that to be male, you must be angry. The second was that my fellow males were as likely to hurt me as they were to help me. I wasn't alone in receiving those messages. At home, my childhood colleagues and I were whipped and spanked and hit, and then we went out into the street to do the same to one another. Fighting was a male rite of passage. Like all rites, it set a tone and left scars.

When I was eight, a kid named Jamie Hodkins used to beat the shit out of me every day before school. Jamie smelled like a garbage can and lived in a tenement. He was a couple of years older than me and was huge. I tried running and ducking, I tried hiding, I tried every dodge I could think of, but Jamie always caught me before I could get to the school door.

I took about a week of that shit. Then on a morning I still clearly remember, something in me snapped. I didn't know it at the time, but what was breaking inside me was my last hope for innocence. Jamie had me pinned to the playground and was doing a tattoo on my face. The other kids were cheering the morning's entertainment. The teachers were looking the other way. "I don't like this," I told myself, "and if I don't do something about it, I'm going to end up with a busted skull."

That was the morning I discovered that I have very quick hands and no physical fear in certain situations. I rose up and smote Jamie with a number of well-placed punches. The sight of his nose splashed all over his face was not peaceful or wonderful to me, but better his nose than mine, I decided. And to keep the momentum, I turned the tables and ambushed him every day of the following week as he went to school. I even enjoyed my new status as bully. I hadn't yet learned that those whom the gods of aggression will destroy they first make victorious.

I can chart my youth by referring to specific fights. The culture itself reinforced the idea that aggression was okay. Movies and television taught me that you could kill Indians, Germans, Japanese and anybody else you defined as bad guys, and that was perfectly all right. As a matter of fact, it was rewarded.

Dying seemed to be mostly a male preoccupation. Friends of mine died in the street, in the army, in prison. "Live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse!" Willard Motley wrote. Most of us bought that concept, not because we weren't inwardly frightened but because we wanted approval. Aggression begat approval, especially from the men on whom we modelled ourselves.

I am saying that the male world is a unique world. The male consciousness is exposed to excessive violence as it is forming, and it is no accident that most men can give you a list of rumbles, collisions and punishments from their youth that they remember vividly to this day. Aggression is drilled into us. In most cases, it is the *only* consistent standard of behavior held up to us as acceptable. At home, in school, in sports, in the culture, we learn that if we don't stay aggressive, terrible things may happen to us. Aggression is made central to our lives, and I submit that — whether tapped or not — it runs through us like a river. We spend much of each day trying to determine when to use it.

So what's the problem?

It depends on whom you talk with, I guess, but I see major complications: (1) I believe that continuous aggression is taught to us, that it is not natural; (2) the river that runs through us wears on us and destroys us prematurely; (3) aggression as a pattern of behavior is essentially a loser's pattern, not a winner's (and, as a corollary to that, men who buy aggression as the way to function are buying the scam of the century).

I grew up in the house of a man who was extremely aggressive. A handsome man, always well groomed, graceful and compact, my father could lose his sense of humanity in a flash. Yet his anger never served him well. It hurt him with his family and it hurt him at work. His aggressiveness destroyed him. And still he held it out as one of the only things he could teach me. Much to my sorrow, I learned his lesson well, and controlling my temper has always been one of my basic struggles. I believe I have many brothers in that inherited struggle. It is primarily male. Thus, I maintain that the river that runs through us men is channelled there; it is not solely born in us.

Women, for example, handle aggression much differently from men, and for my money, they handle it better. Why is that? Because they are raised in another world and the signals they receive about aggression and anger are completely different from the ones we receive.

Anger and aggression are learned emotions. And the fact is that what is learned can be unlearned if we're willing to think clearly.

Those of us caught in aggression's trap can use our wits and our intelligence to get out of it, and we would be wise to be about it.

— ASA BABER

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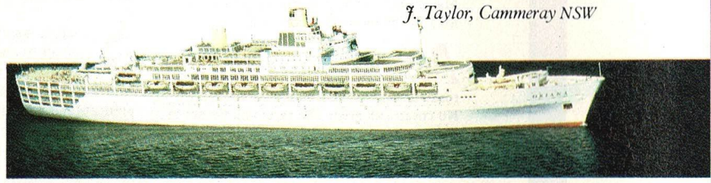

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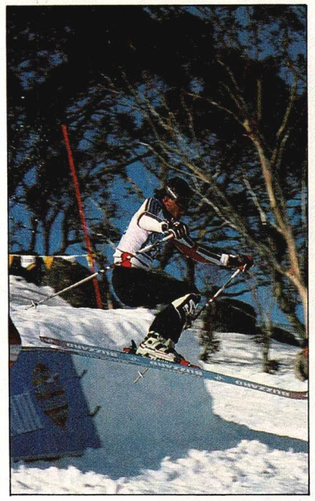
CAMEL

Ski Equipment Sale: Cut down your costs on the slopes. The Victorian Ski Association is holdings its annual sale of second hand and new equipment at the Royal Melbourne Showgrounds on May 26 and 27. Equipment includes skis, poles, goggles and more, at bargain prices. There will also be Nordic gear.

VFL Fixtures: On May 5 — Hawthorn vs Richmond, Carlton vs St Kilda, Collingwood vs North Melbourne, Fitzroy vs Essendon, Footscray vs the Swans and Melbourne vs Geelong. On May 12 — North Melbourne vs St Kilda, Essendon vs Footscray, Geelong vs Collingwood, Hawthorn vs Fitzroy, Melbourne vs Carlton. On May 19 — Essendon vs Geelong, Carlton vs Hawthorn, Fitzroy vs Melbourne, North Melbourne vs the Swans, Richmond vs Collingwood, St Kilda vs Footscray. On May 26 — Footscray vs Melbourne, Collingwood vs Fitzroy, Essendon vs Carlton, Hawthorn vs North Melbourne and Richmond vs St Kilda. All these are played in Melbourne. There are two Sydney games as well. On May 13 the Swans play Richmond and on May 27 the Swans play Geelong.

Australian Road Championships: This track and field event involves 25km of road running for men and 10km for women. No coyotes allowed. The races will be run in Melbourne on May 19 and 20.



Ski Show '84: The show will include a huge NSW stand with info about resorts and accommodation. The French and the Austrians will also have large displays of products and equipment. The Volvo Ski Deck will be used for demos of free-style skiing and you'll find out what to wear at the snow this year from the fashion shows. Ski Show '84 is on from May 10 to 13 at Centrepoint in Sydney on the Podium Level.

Adelaide International Expo '84: Everything from teaspoons to tents will be on show at the Expo including building materials, furniture, appliances, crafts, boats, camping equipment and caravans. The Expo takes up more than six hectares of space. It's on at the Wayville Showgrounds from May 18 to 27.

Sydney to Vanuatu Yacht Race: The race includes international racing and cruising yachts, about 40 to 50 will take part. It begins on May 26 in Sydney Harbour and proceeds via Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands. It takes about 10 days to cover the 1600 miles to Vanuatu.

Rugby League: The Great Britain team begins its tour in May. Match dates are still to be announced but the Brits are likely to play Sydney clubs, NSW country and Queensland. Tests against Australia are on in June and July.

Hardware Promenade: The Hardware Retailers' Association is holding its big hardware show with 120 displays of tools, building materials, outdoor and gardening equipment and much more from May 24 to 27. It's on at the RNA Exhibition Grounds in Brisbane. The Forestries Industries Fair will be on at the same time. Timber and timber products will be displayed.

Vintage Car Show and Swap: Looking for something to add to that old car of yours? The Vintage Drivers Club Ltd is holding an accessory swap and sale meeting for those looking for bits and pieces on May 25 to 27. There will be a display of vintage vehicles and steam driven machines as well. It's on at the Royal Melbourne Showgrounds.

Victorian Masters Squash Championships: Masters here refers to the over 35s. The tournament will be held at Leggetts Squash and Tennis Centre in Prahran on May 26 and 27.

Rugby Union: NSW plays Wellington, New Zealand, at Concord Oval in Sydney on May 12 or 13. Queensland plays Auckland at Ballymore in Brisbane on May 13. On May 19 or 20 NSW plays Queensland at Warringah Rugby Park in Sydney. And on May 27 Queensland plays Otago, New Zealand, at Ballymore.

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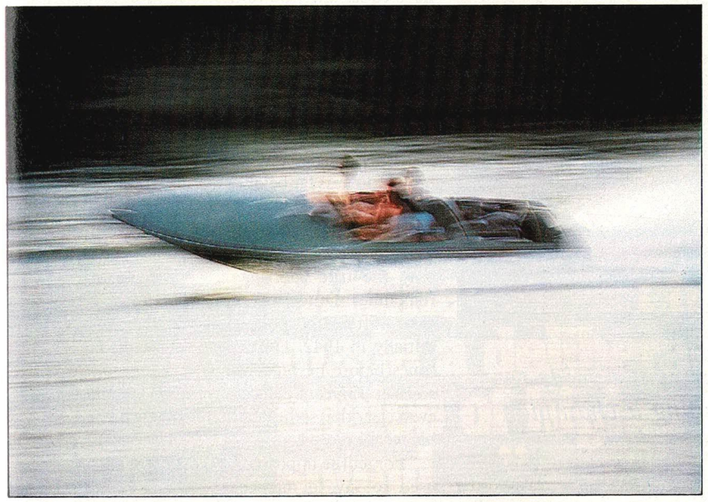
CALENDAR



A Stretch of the Imagination: Jack Hibberd's famous play about Monk O'Neill is on at the Victorian Arts Centre in Melbourne from May 4.

Amateur Athletic Events: A Novice Cross Country run will be held on May 12 in Sydney and if you want something with a slower pace, a 30km road walk will be held on May 19.

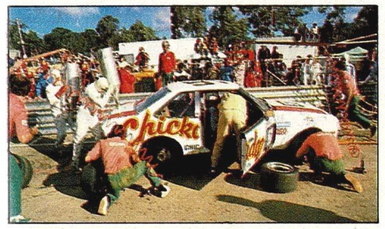
Dirt Race: A motorcycle dirt track meeting will be held at The Pines near Griffith, NSW, on May 13. It's part of the NSW Championship series.

Crystal Clear: This is an amusing play about a young man's struggle with love and blindness. Well, not that amusing. It's on at the Perth Playhouse starting May 17.

Stonnington Antique Fair: This fair is held in and around the Stonnington mansion in the grounds of Toorak State College, Melbourne. The antique fair is on from May 11 to 13.

Bridge to Bridge Power Boat Classic: Roughly 150 power boats will take part in this classic race on the Hawkesbury River in NSW on May 6. The starting point is Dangar Island and it all begins about 9am.

Motor Sport: The fourth round of the Australian Touring Car Championship will be held at Surfers Paradise on May 13. The fifth round is at Oran Park in NSW on May 27. The third round of the Australian Sports Car Championship will be held at Amaroo Park, NSW, on May 20. The second round of the Australian GT Championship takes place on May 6 at Adelaide Raceway.



Sydney Biennale: This international art event gives those of us at home a chance to see what's been happening overseas. And it's painting, painting, painting. The theme this year is Private Symbol, Social Metaphor. Sixty-two artists from 19 countries will be represented. Performance artists Gilbert and George of "Underneath the Arches" fame will visit. It's all on at the Art Gallery of NSW from April 12 to June 17.

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Everyman's guide to becoming a champion

All men are *not* created equal and least of all where sports and fitness are concerned.

Despite what some socialist legislators may try to do for human equality, neither God nor Nature plays the human hand-out game with equal potential or opportunity for all. Some people simply have more natural gifts than others for sports and games.

For instance, the type of muscle with which you were born is a major factor in determining whether you will be able to move swiftly and explosively for short bursts or otherwise be able to move slowly but steadily for long periods of physical activity, such as when doing exercise or playing competitive sports and games.

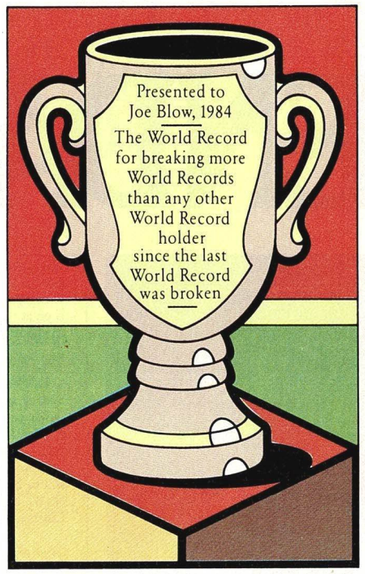
"Fast-twitch" muscle fibres, which are also called "white" muscle, react swiftly to stimuli and do so explosively, but only for short periods of time. "Slow-twitch" muscle fibres have high aerobic capacity and although relatively slow-moving, are capable of maintaining activity such as running marathons for long periods of time. These are hereditary characteristics which we otherwise often call inborn potential. Those who make the most of their talents, and who need to succeed more than others, usually become the superstars and world champions.

The rest need to learn how to make the most of what they have rather than futilely attempting to match or beat the best. That is why I try to set a new world record — or two — every few months.

Setting new world records is actually quite easy when you know how. All it takes is an attitude of mind and some degree of physical effort.

Firstly you have to realise that most world records are initially arbitrary in nature even though they eventually become regarded as realistic and normal: like running the mile, for instance. The distance itself came into existence as an approximate measure of 1000 steps by marching Roman soldiers. It eventually became standardised in Britain and thus the USA and other English-speaking countries as 1760 yards. So we constructed most of our early running tracks to give four laps to the mile, ridiculous though the distance may be. Today the 1500 metres — a much more sensible distance in mathematical terms — is the standard but people who run still like to think in mile terms by breaking four minutes or running 26 miles plus 385 yards to make a marathon.

The mental programming required is to realise and accept that world records really have little meaning except in a very transitory sense. Yesterday's amazing sports performances are often today's commonplace and disregarded non-events. Like the four minute mile, which once grabbed the attention of the entire world back in the '50s when there were only two four-minute milers in the whole of creation: Australia's John Landy and Englishman Roger Bannister. Today even schoolboys run four minutes for the mile, and some runners are getting close to completing two non-stop consecutive miles each in four minutes.



The point to be made is that world records are specific to certain individuals, but only in particular times and circumstances. Having realised this simple philosophical fact, I have now become able to set and break world records almost with impunity.

Unlike the time a quarter of a century ago when I raced competitively against others and established standards of time and distance, today my only real competition is myself. I set my own physical tasks for which I am guaranteed to become a world champion, making certain that no one else will participate over similar situations or circumstances. Then I set about establishing my own world records, which I can then break or match almost at will.

When you think about it, that's all that really matters in almost everything anyone does: doing your best and either maintaining your own standards or occasionally improving them, but not bothering about what other people may be doing.

If you're wondering whether I've gone off the deep end, wanking myself about unrealistic world records, then think again. Can you recall who held the world records for, say, 100 metres, or the mile run, in 1964? Or even 1974? If you can, you're a fanatic with a fascination for statistics. But you can bet your bottom dollar that whoever *did* hold those records knows and remembers it only too well. The memories may be great, but only for those who made them. Thus their world records, and mine, have equal intrinsic values.

I did, in fact, hold a world record or two back in the '50s, but none of them lasted too long. My personal world records of today, however, are likely to last almost for ever, except when I break them again and again myself, all in the solitude of my own physical self-indulgence at levels of competitiveness and stress far below what it took when I competed against the best in the world.

Cornelius "Dutch" Warmerdam is an American now in his early seventies whom only the true sporting aficionado would remember. Dutch was the first man ever to clear 15ft in the pole vault which he did initially in 1942. Dutch leapt over 15ft 43 times before he retired, and it would take another 15 years before anyone else would even clear that same height, much less break his world record.

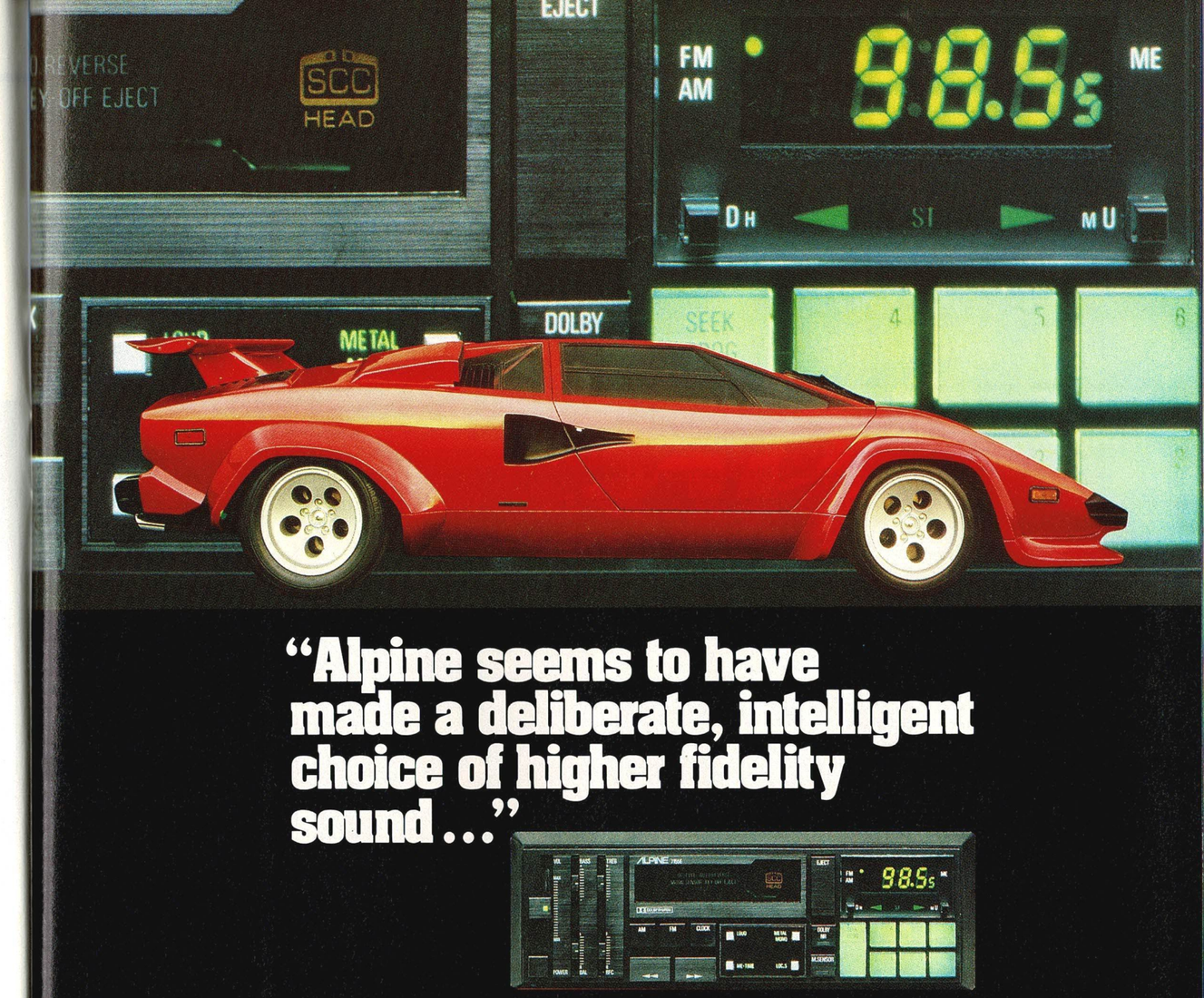
"Forget the opposition, Agostini," Dutch used to say to me when I was running against others. "You can only do your best, and if that isn't enough, then you've been beaten by someone with more natural talent and better fitness on the day." I didn't understand what Dutch meant then, but I do now.

In a world in which adolescent schoolgirls are swimming faster than such greats of the '50s and '60s as Murray Rose and Jon Konrads, and adult women are running marathons almost as fast as the immortal hero of the 1948 and 1952 Olympics, Czech Emil Zatopek, what value can you place on today's world records in terms of the next quarter of a century? Will women run as fast in the year 2020 as de Castella does today for the marathon? More than likely, if recent history is any guide.

So why not try setting your own sporting and fitness standards, forgetting what others are doing or telling you you should be doing?

So long as you're achieving your personal best, or something like it, without overstressing or possibily killing yourself, then you, too, can be a champion sportsman. You won't get any headlines or make big money, but at least you'll be making the most of what you have, which is after all what Deek and people like him are doing. And that's the most that anyone can do.

— MIKE AGOSTINI



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American columnist James Reston came pretty close to putting America's space program into perspective when he decided the great achievement of the lunar astronauts was not only that they made history, but that they expanded man's vision of what history might be. Tom Wolfe in his book *The Right Stuff* was not so interested in perspective. For him, the space race was pure romance, pure adventure, pure heroism... it was the essence of Americana.

Writer/director Philip Kaufman's screen adaptation of Wolfe's bestseller maintains the rave. Above all, *The Right Stuff* is a film that restores a generation's belief in its own endless possibilities. It does it by reconstituting an era of innocence gone but not forgotten. It is an era when Chuck Yeager breaking the sound barrier in the Bell X-1 was no less fantastic a figure than the intergalactic warriors of *Star Wars*. In our gosh-and-golly innocent awe, the astronauts were near-mythical science fiction creatures reversing the primal awe of the great black night. Kaufman depicts them as a manifestation of the immortal American enforcer — the loose, articulated walk and the laconic, articulated talk, stepping out into the weird nothingness of space or the weirder nothingness of Mojave Desert air bases in a battle to allay our concern that Russia might win "the race".

As a film, *The Right Stuff* has countdown and ignition and blast-off, too. Technically, it is spellbinding, from time to time lifting off and hurtling through the corridors of space like a missile on a victory lap. But for all the spectacle, the conspicuous success of Kaufman's movie is in its facility to always locate the humanity amid the bewildering technology.

Bind of dinkum Buddies; US shows The Right Stuff

The humanity manifests itself in such diverse forms as Chuck Yeager (Sam Sheperd) riding rocket planes like a rodeo star, and in his wife, "Glamorous Glennis" Yeager (Barbara Hershey); John Glenn (Ed Harris), whose conservative image established the caricature astronaut, and his antithesis, garrulous "Gordo" Cooper (Dennis Quaid); the worrying wives and the colorful bar proprietor, "Pancho" Barnes (Kim Stanley). They are all components of a legend that inspired us all, and Kaufman must have been cheered by *Chariots Of Fire*'s ability to glamorise patriotism and retail it at the box-office.

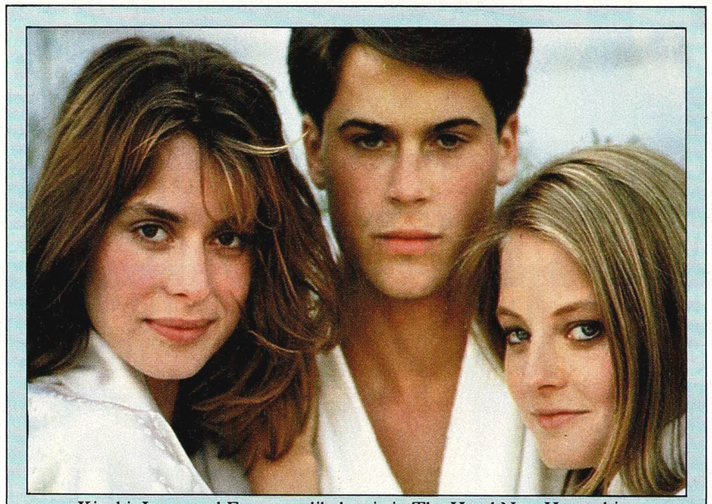
This formula, in a country where nothing has really happened until it has been seen on the screen, and where old screen stars retire to the highest office in the land, assures the film of greatness.

•

Buddies is a charmingly negligible film about the negligible charms of the Central Queensland gemfields and the colorful characters who inhabit them. What charm there is comes from the knockabout mateship loyalty that bonds Mike (Colin Friels) and Johnny (Harold Hopkins) in rather the same fashion that rusty fencing wire and bale twine hold together most of their immediate environment.

Buddies does not feel the compulsion to state its message directly for the very good reason that it is not pretentious enough to have one, but basically it takes a jaundiced squint at life's perpetual see-saw ride between the exhilaration of freedom and the hard bumps of conformity. More importantly, the plot is an excuse for producer/writer John Dingwall to indulge his considerable flair for ocker characterisation.

Mike and Johnny are a couple of refugees from the Big Smoke attracted to the carefree vagrancy of their escapee lifestyle. On their claim, they are in easy control of their restricted lives but, bit by bit, even this simple society becomes complicated by the pressures of city invaders.



Kinski, Lowe and Foster: unlikely trio in The Hotel New Hampshire

The major talking point about Tony Richardson's new film, *The Hotel New Hampshire*, has been the screen pairing of Jodie Foster and Nastassia Kinski. Unlikely as this team might be, it is certainly less eccentric than the plot, which nevertheless enjoyed six months on *The New York Times* bestseller list in the guise of John (*Garp*) Irving's novel. What Irving and Richardson have both proven with *The Hotel* is that family life can achieve saga status just as easily as a slab of history. Irving achieves this by the simple facility of exaggerating life's little idiosyncrasies. Most lives in retrospect are more memorable for the bizarre than for the humdrum, but the Berrys of New Hampshire seem to be residents of the proverbial fruitcake. They live out their dream as shared tenants with rape, incest, homosexuality, violence, air crashes, optimism and an unlikely number of bears. There's the blind Viennese bear trainer who remains a spiritual inspiration for father Win Berry (Beau Bridges) most of his life, there's the family's inherited pet bear, State-O-Maine, and there's Nastassia Kinski who lives in a bear suit to avoid confronting the world. Strangely, the audience develops concern and even respect for this bunch of kooks. They are able to ride out the storm-tossed seas of their personal trials and tribulations (and no one is exempt) through the love and affection of the family bond. It is pure-if-not-gentle soap with the basic sensibilities stamped clearly on it, plus a bonus rich vein of lunacy. But, whatever the merits of the story, the film scores for its ability to strum the heartstrings. In this regard, director Richardson and his principal cast can take a bow. The performances are all uncompromisingly real in a whacky world that isn't. In fairness, Irving's world was a little more pragmatic than Richardson's. The film manages to reincarnate all who gave their lives — Mum, the dog, the bear, the blind trainer and a couple of kids — to join in the realisation of the dream for which they made the supreme sacrifice. It is an unfortunate device that impresses more as autistic than artistic as far as licence goes.

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Their relationship is predictably *Odd Couple* and their lives are otherwise filled with encounters with minor characters who are just as predictably either moronic or teetering on the brink of psychopathic violence. As rich as Mike and Johnny's sapphire strike is the Oz slang dialogue which will make local audiences fair crack up but which may nonplus the Americans for whom the title, *Buddies*, seems to have been custom-tailored.

The film is technically competent and director Arch Nicholson appears to have a genuine fondness for his characters and a keen perception of mining life.

— ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

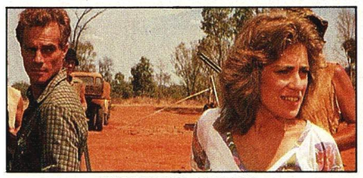
SHEER BLISS: **Barry Otto** and **Lynette Curran** have been signed to play the principal roles in the screen version of **Peter Carey**'s highly-acclaimed Australian novel, *Bliss*. Carey and director **Ray Lawrence** have written the screenplay which producer **Tony Buckley** confirms as "faithful to the book despite the widespread belief that the book defies screen adaptation." Filming is scheduled to start around mid-June with the New South Wales Film Corporation making an early commitment of $500,000 toward the budget. Roadshow might also be regarded as a likely investor with the boss of the big distribution company, **Robyn Campbell-Jones,** rating *Bliss* as "the most intelligent, brightest and most original screenplay around." Buckley says he secured the screen rights as late as May 1983 and believed that British producer **Clive Parsons** had previously been interested in filming it using **Gillian Armstrong** as director.

●

SPACE CADETS: Low-budget film-maker **John** *(Return Of The Secaucus Seven)* **Sayles's** latest inexpensive venture is *The Brother From Another Planet,* a spoof of science-fiction films. TV actor **Joe** *(Another World)* **Morton** stars as a black alien from outer space who, pursued by two white bounty hunters, crashes his spacecraft on Ellis Island and proceeds to make his way through Harlem and New York City. Along the way, he gets a job in a video game parlor (extra-terrestrial powers make him able to fix a video game merely by touching it) and falls in love with a jazz singer played by **Deedee Bridgewater.** In addition to directing the film, Sayles appears in the role of Uno, one of the bounty hunters pursuing the alien. Uno's partner, incidentally, is named Dos.

●

BUDDING TALENT: **Lisa Peers** who has the glamor role in *Buddies* is known by a dozen

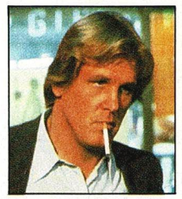


HOPKINS/PEERS

names to television fans but also has an extensive lineup of film credits. Her big-screen roles include appearances in *Sunday Too Far Away*, *Journey Among Women*, the lead in *Solo*, co-lead in *Now And Then*, *Captives Of Care*, *Monkey Grip* and *Ginger Meggs*. She has just co-produced, with **Tracey Mann,** the stage play *Catholic Schoolgirls* in which she also plays a lead role.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: **Katharine Hepburn** and **Nick Nolte** co-star in MGM/UA's dark comedy *The Ultimate Solution Of Grace Quigley*, the story of a lonely old lady (Hepburn) who, having had her fill of life, hires a reluctant hitman (Nolte) to painlessly do her in. Problems arise when Ms Quigley's elderly cronies decide they'd like to participate in the last rites. Directed by **Anthony** (*The Lion In Winter*) **Harvey,** the film has been a pet project of Hepburn's for the past 10 years.



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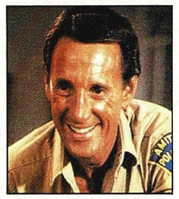


SCHEIDER

Roy Scheider, John *(The World According To Garp)* **Lithgow** and **Bob** *(Absence Of Malice)* **Baliban** will play the three astronauts in search of HAL's vanished spacecraft in *2010: Odyssey Two,* sequel to the 1968 classic. **Peter** *(Outland)* **Hyams** directs from his own script; special effects will be overseen by **Richard** *(Star Wars)* **Edlund.**

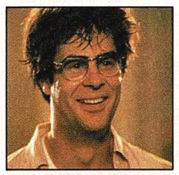
Meanwhile, macho superstars **Clint Eastwood** and **Burt Reynolds** will team up for the first time ever (along with **Marsha Mason**) in **Blake Edwards'** *Kansas City Jazz*, a mystery set in the 1940s. **William Katt** and **Sean** *(Blade Runner)* **Young** play a young couple who chance upon a family of living dinosaurs while on a routine archaeological trek in Africa, in Disney Films' *Baby*. **Michael Cimino** will direct **Dustin Hoffman** in Columbia's *The Yellow Jersey,* a story that revolves around the famous 3000-mile bicycle race, the Tour de France. The film will mark Cimino's first feature since his ill-fated *Heaven's Gate*.

●

FOR THE RECORD: **Arch Nicholson,** director of *Buddies* (reviewed this issue) may be a new name to many cinema-goers, but he already has an international track record. He has been making films since 1969, one of his best-known works being three 94-minute programs called *The Russians* which he made in 1978/79. The series was sold to 40 countries. In 1979, he directed the tele-movie *A Good Thing Going* which won one Sammy Award and four Logies. The following year, he directed another tele-movie, *Deadline*, starring American actor **Barry Newman** along with **Bill Kerr** and **Trish Noble**. This film has recently chalked up extensive sales throughout the US. Nicholson has previously completed a feature-length drama/documentary on the Mr Asia drug syndicate, titled *Greed.*

●

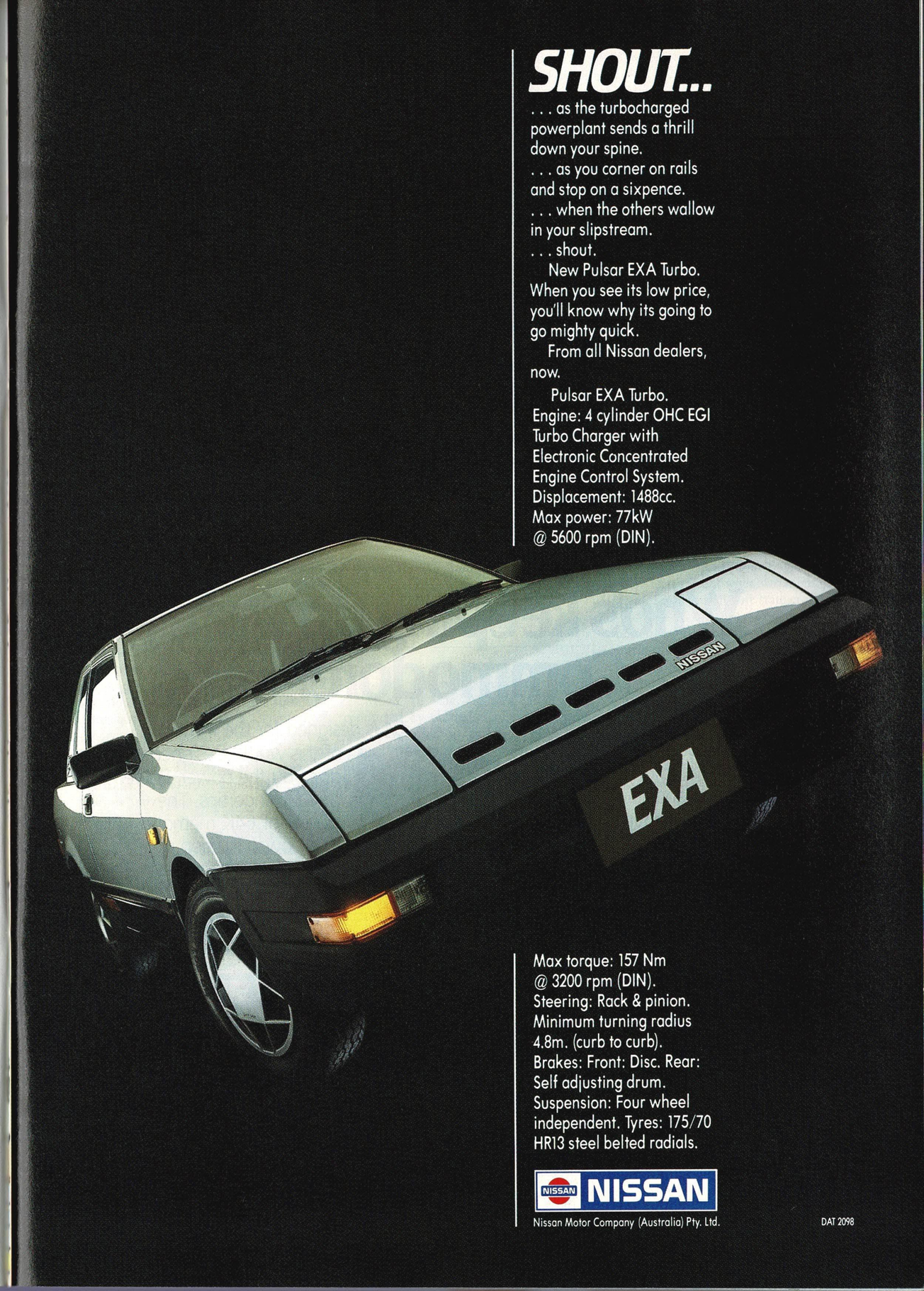
REMAKE OF AUSSIE CLASSIC: *My Brilliant Career* star **Sam Neill** has taken a major step forward in his own brilliant career by landing the lead role in the $7.3 million remake of *Robbery Under Arms*. Observers say the *Robbery* role could well do for him what *Butch Cassidy* did for **Robert Redford**. The parallel has not escaped the film's producer **Jock Blair.** The notion of an Australian Sundance Kid appeals to him. "We've done our great tribute to the Australian past," he says. "Now we're coming out of the closet and having fun. This is a period piece more by coincidence than by intention." Blair, executive producer of the South Australian Film Corporation, promises a very different production from the 1957 version in which **Peter Finch** played the Sam Neill role of Captain Starlight.

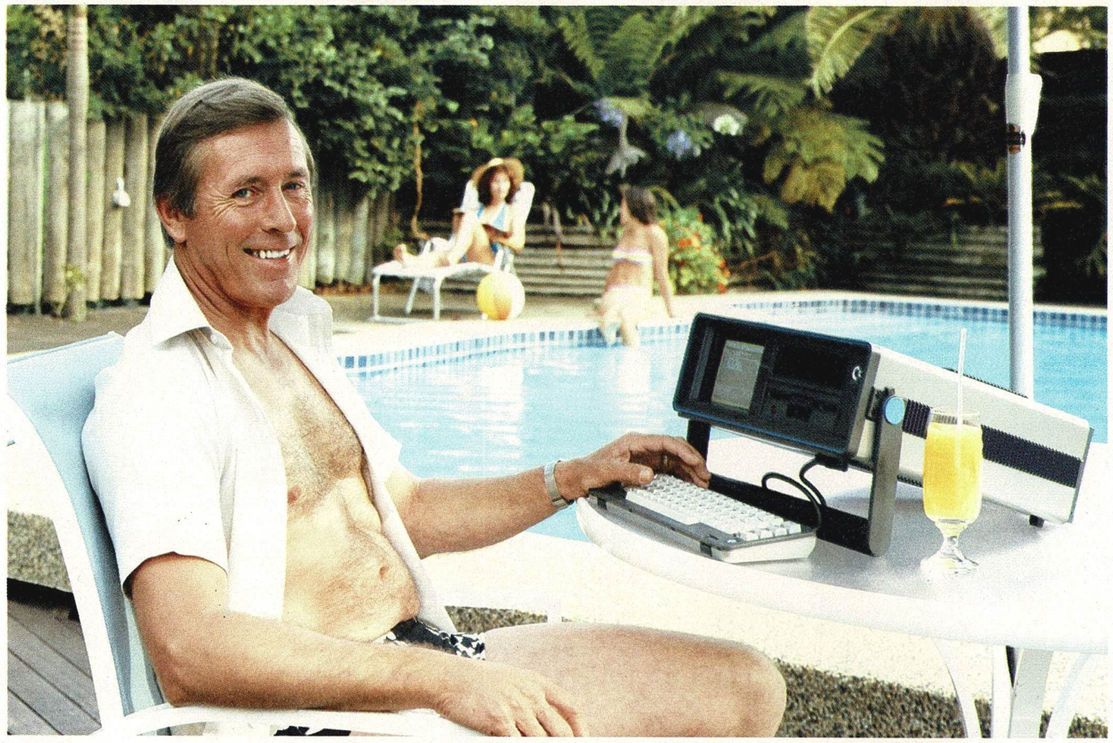


AYKROYD

YOUNG

EXTRASENSORY DEPRIVATION: Try this premise on for sighs: **Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd** and **Harold Ramis** as three odd-ball parapsychology professors at New York University who lose their research grants and decide to go into business ridding the Big Apple of its ghost problems. That, in a nutshell, is the plot of Columbia's *Ghost-busters,* one of the most expensive comedies to come out of Hollywood since *1941* and the first big screen coupling of Aykroyd and Ramis. Based on an original script by this pair, the flick co-stars **Sigourney Weaver** as one of the spirit-smashing trio's first clients. And, of course, we *will* see ghosts — courtesy of the team that created them for *Poltergeist*.





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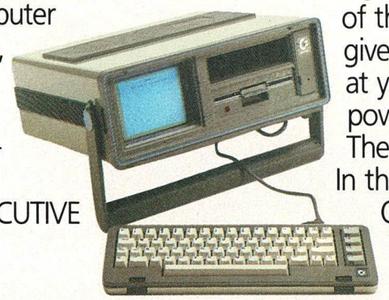

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AUSTRALIA

In the days when the Opera House couldn't seem to get built, architect Jorn Utzon asked his Australian offsider, Bill Wheatland, if he thought they could find a four-leaf clover in the grass under their feet. Wheatland said they could try, and the two began looking. After a while, unsuccessful, they gave up the search. Utzon later went back to Denmark and hasn't returned since. The Opera House finally was completed under a substitute architect, but some critics now say it's flawed. Did Utzon give up too soon? Did he tread on his four-leaf clover before it could emerge?

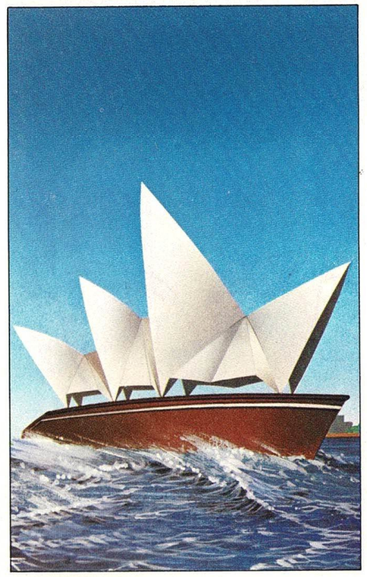
The media trotted out that vignette during last year's 10th anniversary celebration of the building that is now Australia's most famous landmark. To me, the story summarises a seminal formula for achievement in Australia: nonconformity plus perseverance.

In the heat of its allegiance to conformity, this country has become a greenhouse for the individualist. Nonconformity comes as such a statistical shock here that it sticks out like clover in crabgrass. The task now is to nurture it.

Donald Horne dissected the Aussie penchant for the ordinary in his controversial 1964 tome, *The Lucky Country*. "There are many pressures to conformity," he wrote. "This is not unexpected from a civilisation that has been suburban for such a comparatively long time." But the situation is worse than merely a suburban status quo, he contended. "A society whose predecessors pioneered a whole continent now appears to shun anything that is out of the ordinary. The trouble is that, by Australian standards, almost everything that is now important is out of the ordinary."

By the 1970s, Barry MacKenzie was making a big thing out of being the most extraordinarily everyday ocker imaginable, Gough Whitlam was rocking and rolling the ship of state and Ian Moffitt was able to pen, in *The U-Jack Society*, "Pale shoots of hope are springing up everywhere." Even so, Moffitt was at least as pessimistic as Horne had been eight years earlier. "We are still so passive, so conventional," he lamented. "Why must such a young race be cursed with such caution?"

So, things out of the ordinary were important to Australia, and pale shoots of hope had begun to spring up. The most impressive bloom thus far in the 1980s belongs to a man who would not give up, and who realised the key was in finding something new. After three unsuccessful challenges dating back to 1974 and an estimated $16 million investment, Alan Bond finally achieved his goal. He did it by commissioning Ben Lexcen to design *two* yachts: one which incorporated state-of-the-art knowledge of 12-metre racing, and one which went beyond all that.



Give me a nonconformists' country; a land of rugged individuals

"Much of the nation's affairs are conducted by racketeers of the mediocre, who have risen to authority in a non-competitive community where they are protected in their adaptation of other people's ideas," wrote Horne. Twenty years later, Alan Bond has proven himself to be a scintillating exception.

There are others — especially on the Australian business scene. Ron Brierley stirred up industry last November with his attempt to take over Carlton and United Breweries, the nation's 13th largest company. Although such bold bids — the hallmarks of men like Brierley, Robert Holmes a Court, Bond and Rupert Murdoch — represent the ultimate in calculated business nonconformity, they also have earned establishment credibility for those mavericks who succeed. Take Brierley, for instance. Despite the frequent claim that he conducts a running battle with the business establishment, Brierley is on the board of MLC — which is about as "in" as it is possible to get.

Rupert Murdoch startled the English sense of decorum when he bought the tradition-laden London *Times* — the sort of thing that simply isn't done by the lower orders. Then he turned around and snapped up *The Chicago Sun-Times*, prompting US critics to wail, "Scandal sheets like *The New York Post* are one thing but geez, a *respectable* paper? What will happen to American journalism?"

Paul Hogan — whose bridge-painting background has become instant Aussie legend — is a rage nowadays in England because he's so archetypically, yet *individually* Australian. (Wasn't it Einstein who said the truly unique individual is one who is *absolutely* ordinary?) Larry Pickering has never conformed, and he has a failed tomato farm and a successful racing stable to prove it. Rock musician Iva Davies gave up a sure-fire formula to work alone — with *machines*, for Chrissake — and became *Countdown's* 1983 Male Performer of the Year. It's his own fascism, Davies told an interviewer, that he suspects will cause his eventual downfall. In other words, he fears that his staunch refusal to follow the path of conformity will wreck his career.

Unfortunately, history doesn't disprove Davies' fears. Nonconformity probably has been deplored since mankind's two most important discoveries: fire, and alternatives to the missionary position. As an official phenomenon, it started in England in the 1600s. That's about when variations on the theme of one church, one state cropped up — with a rash of Congregationists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Puritans contributing to the uproar. Australians, on the other hand, must be one of the most agnostic nations in the free world. Belief or non-belief in a deity is not at issue. Belief in man is.

By extension, belief in the future of this nation as a pace-setter depends on acceptance of and belief in people — whether native Australians or not — who can contribute new ideas. It depends on belief not only in the battler but in the achiever. Cutting down the tall poppy is, at its heart, a conservative act. And it's beginning to fall into disfavor. Hordes of people coming here from all over the world are seeing to that.

Conformity can exist in a multicultural society, but it can't dominate. The nonconformist is in the ascendant in this country, as has been the case in other societies that have gone on to greatness. Drawing on the diversity of ideas and skills that comes from many ethnic groups working together is a key to the achievement of nations. If the precarious world situation allows enough time, this widespread nonconformity and the innovation that inevitably accompanies it will change Australia.

Witness the crowds last spring in the streets of Perth, and the midnight cheers from every yacht club in the nation. Support for the movement already has begun.

— STEVE BUNK

PLAYBOY ADVISER

Questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

I wonder if you could pass on some pointers on how to correctly pop the cork on a good champagne. I've experienced some dinner party disasters in this area just recently!

— R.Y., NSW.

We agree that it's not much of a celebration if you can't get the bottle open; even worse if you take out someone's eye with a misguided missile. Firstly, chill the bottle, remove the foil cap and loosen the wire around the cork. Grasp the bottle firmly in one hand, hold the cork in the other with the thumb on top of the cork and the other fingers round the neck of the bottle. Then, turn the bottle and ease the cork out. Cheers!

●

Could you please advise me how best to care for suede shoes? I have an expensive pair that I wear often and they are beginning to look shabby, especially after I've been in the rain. I'm afraid to use commercial cleaners in case they further damage my shoes.

— S.P., Vic.

When suede shoes are soiled or scuffed, give them a gentle brushing with very fine sandpaper. They'll look next to new.

●

Last winter, I told myself that I wouldn't go through another summer in my overweight condition. I embarked on a fitness program that I gleaned from one of the fitness manuals now on the market. The result was two muscle pulls, a wrenched back and feet that ached constantly. I had to give up halfway through the program. A friend with whom I was working out had no such problems. Okay, this year I vowed the same thing. How do I avoid the same result?

— L.L., Qld.

It seems to us that you're making at least two mistakes. The first is setting yourself an unrealistic goal. The second is turning your fitness program into a competitive exercise. If you've been overweight for some time, it's going to take a while for your body and your mind to get in line. If an exercise hurts when you do it, don't do it! Find a different way to exercise the same part of your body. Forget the masochists who tell you, "No pain, no gain." Pain is a sign that something is wrong. Expect a little soreness, a little fatigue, a slight ache because you are waking up muscles that haven't been used in some time. But don't push yourself to the point of incapacitation. That's not what a fitness program is all about. Start slowly. If you can't do the required 15 push-ups, do five. Don't feel you have to be able to run a marathon to be fit. Above all, don't try to compete with someone else to see who can become fit first. No two bodies are the same: they differ in metabolism, fat content, structure and durability, not to mention tolerance for pain. Fitness training is not a blood sport. If you're not in peak shape by this summer, next summer will do fine, or the summer after that. This is one of the rare cases in which you get points, and results, for trying.

Lowdown on bubbly, hi-fi, turbos and jogging gear

●

The quality of the output of my newly acquired stereo system is not living up to expectations. Suggestions from "experts" in my circle of friends have come thick and fast on where I should place my speakers. Now, in a state of total confusion I turn to you for a solution. Is there one?

— M.D., NSW.

You fail to say how you have your system set up but from what we can gather it appears the problem you have to eliminate is that of acoustic feedback caused by placing the speakers too close to the turntable or too close to a wall, ceiling, floor or room corner. Acting as reflectors for the woofer, these surfaces give an unnatural boost to the bass. The problem sounds like an impossible one to solve but the solution is in fact quite easy. Hang them! Armed with the wall brackets you should be able to obtain from any large hi-fi retail store, you can then proceed to tack these on to a wall so that your speakers are ideally 60cm removed from this surface.

Aim to hang the speakers so that the tweeters are above or below ear level and the cabinets are angled down or up at the listening area. Needless to say, it helps if you keep your records and cassettes in top nick and make sure, of course, that you don't let the kiddies play make-believe space shuttle on the turntable.

A new set of wheels is what I'm after so I've been cruising the new car showrooms. The buzz-word of the moment seems to be "turbo". I'd really like to know what it is and what it does for a car.

— *J.S., NSW.*

A turbo or turbocharger is a go-fast device. Its main use is to make little cars go like big cars while not costing much more than ordinary little ones. The turbocharger is a set of turbine blades in a housing which is connected to the exhaust of the engine. The gases come flying out of the engine at a million miles an hour and spin the turbine blades at up to 250,000 revs per minute. This makes for a pretty powerful pump which is then used to force-feed the fuel into the engine, which makes it much more powerful. Most turbochargers will make an engine between 40 and 60 percent more powerful than standard, so a fairly ordinary 1-2 litre four-cylinder car suddenly starts doing an impersonation of an Apollo moon rocket. Turbochargers usually add about $1200-$1500 to the price of cars on the showroom floor, and more like $2000 if you buy them on the after-market and have them fitted to your existing car. If you drive the car like a racer, you'll also become very friendly with your local petrol station attendant. Most turbocharged cars are bloody quick so take an Advanced Driving Course if you buy one.

●

As a recent convert to the joys of jogging I've become aware of the need for the right footwear. The super deluxe road shoes seem exorbitantly priced but I'm also wary about buying a pair that are not up to the task. Is there a suitable compromise?

— J.D., Qld.

You are right to be wary. The statistics suggest that a third of runners this year will be stopped, hopefully temporarily, by injury. That is why most quality shoes now come with inbuilt injury prevention features. The research that has promoted this trend has also pushed up the product's price to an extent where the shoe industry is probably over-commercialised. Robert de Castella, for instance, does not use a top-of-the-range shoe for training purposes. A guide is to look for a reputable, big name brand and consider the elements of flexibility, fit and shock absorption. It is also wise to shop at a sports store that specialises in running equipment because you are more likely to deal with a shop assistant who is also a runner.

●

The PLAYBOY ADVISER will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to PLAYBOY ADVISER, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOAN COLLINS

A candid and delightfully fearless conversation with television's naughtiest lady about her scandalous past and colorful present.

When the nominations for America's TV Emmy for the Best Actress in a Dramatic Series were announced in August last year, Joan Collins's name was not among the nominees. Linda Evans, who plays the other leading female role in their hit soap, Dynasty, *was nominated while John Forsythe was nominated for Best Actor. Joan was more than a little disappointed: everyone had been telling her for months that not only would she be nominated, but she was practically a certainty for the Emmy. After all, wasn't it Joan, as bitchy Alexis Carrington, who turned* Dynasty *around, shaping it into a monster international hit?*

Her popularity on the show was nothing short of phenomenal. Critics compared Alexis to J.R. Ewing, her equivalent on the rival series, Dallas, *played by Larry Hagman, and the consensus was that she could out-manipulate, out-connive and out-fox J.R., hands down.*

What was it Alexis had done to earn such accolades? Well, she secretly shot off a gun, spooking the horse that pregnant Linda Evans (Krystle) was riding, causing Krystle to lose her baby; she paid off her daughter-in-law to get out of her son's life; she married her ex-husband's arch rival on his deathbed and took over his oil company when he died; she hired a detective to find Krystle's ex-husband, Mark, then flew to New York to tell him Krystle needed him, as part of her plan to ruin Krystle's marriage to Blake (Forsythe); then, when Mark fell for her own daughter, Alexis feigned an assignation with him, making sure that her daughter caught them in bed together; when a Congressman double-crossed her, she ruined his career by giving scandalous information to the press; she tried to pay off Krystle to get out of Blake's life. She . . .

Well, you get the picture. It's soap opera, all right. And in Alexis, Joan Collins has the meatiest role in her long and exceedingly checkered career. That career began in London near the end of the Second World War, when, at the tender age of nine, she appeared briefly (as a boy) in Ibsen's A Doll's House. *Her father was a partner in a theatrical agency with Lew Grade (later to become Lord Grade) and Joan grew up surrounded by show business types. When she was 15, she quit school and enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. A year later she was chosen as a model, appeared on her first magazine cover, and in her first movie* I Believe In You, *with Laurence Harvey. The year was 1952 and Joan Collins was on her way to becoming a household name in England.*

Other films quickly followed, and in 1955 she was signed to a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood. Her first picture for Fox was The Virgin Queen, *which starred Bette Davis. Her second was* The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing, *which landed her on the cover of* Life *magazine.*

In the years that followed, Joan made other movies, more than 50 altogether, appearing with such actors as Richard Burton, James Mason, Gregory Peck, Paul Newman — even with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in their last Road *picture. Despite the impressive list of leading men, none of the films in which she appeared was memorable. Yet Joan Collins endured. When TV called, she answered, appearing in more than 30 series, including* Star Trek *and* Batman. *It was when she appeared as Cleopatra on an episode of* Fantasy Island *that producer Aaron Spelling noticed her and tagged her for the role of Alexis in* Dynasty. *A star was — at long last — born.*

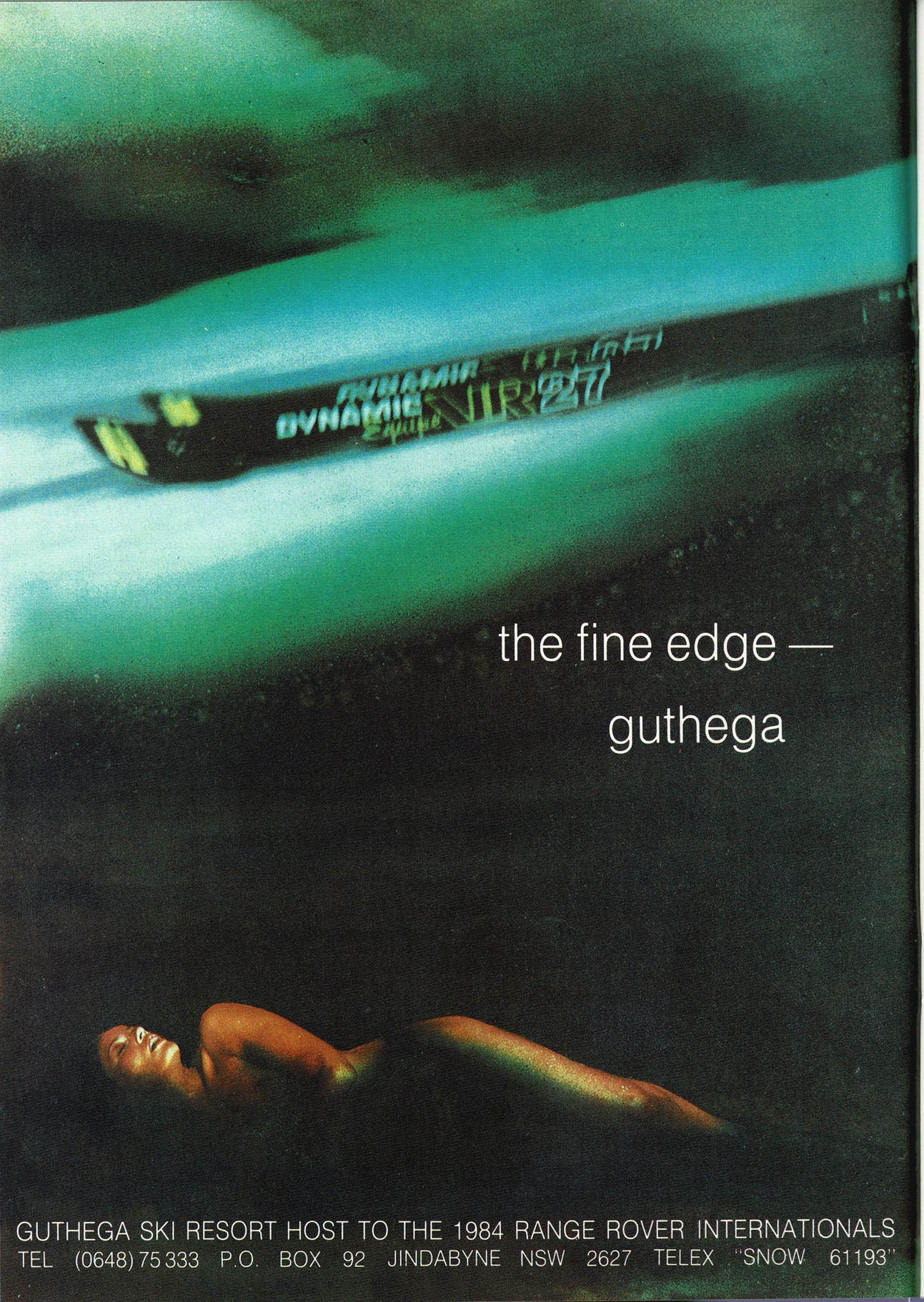
But it is probably less her career than her private life that has piqued her public's attention. In 1978 she published

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"If I hadn't looked good in PLAYBOY *I wouldn't have done it. I'm too intelligent to stand there with fat arms and a big, fat belly."*

"I'm in a top television show playing a tough, meaty, wonderful role. I'm not crying in my beer because people are snapping my picture."

"I've been married three times and have had quite a few relationships. Maybe one gets more discerning as one gets older."



her autobiography, Past Imperfect, *but it was sold only in England. In it, she detailed her many affairs, tangled relationships and three marriages. Her first husband was actor Maxwell Reed. He was 32, she was 17. He drugged and raped her on their first date and the relationship ended when he tried to sell her to an Arab sheik for a night. Then followed affairs with Sidney Chaplin, Arthur Loew Jr, Nicky Hilton, Terence Stamp, Harry Belafonte, George Englund, Warren Beatty (to whom she was engaged) and marriage to Anthony Newley. That one lasted seven years and produced two children, a daughter and a son.*

At the end of her second marriage, she had an affair with Ryan O'Neal, then met and married record producer Ron Kass, who was then head of the Beatles' Apple Corporation. Thirteen years and another daughter later, that marriage was over and, as she says today, Joan is a free woman for the first time since she was 17.

Besides her autobiography, she has written a beauty book and a memoir detailing her painful experience when her younger daughter, Katy, was hit by a car and it was predicted she would suffer permanent brain damage.

To interview this on- and off-screen siren, PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* ***Lawrence Grobel*** *(who has also interviewed such larger-than-life ladies as Barbra Streisand and Dolly Parton) to talk with her. Grobel's report: "When the call came to make a specific date, her schedule was so demanding we decided to make the 'Interview' one long night's journey into light. Joan suggested we get acquainted over dinner. I was to furnish the Beluga caviar and the Louis Roederer Cristal champagne, she would provide the baked potatoes and salad. I thought that was eminently reasonable.*

"She lives in a large, multi-storeyed house in Beverly Hills with her 11-year-old daughter, Katy, and a young couple who look after her house. The walls are filled with pictures, magazine covers and paintings that chronicle her life from a young teenager to the mature woman she is today.

"As we began our talk, we were interrupted by Joan's secretary with a message that co-star John Forsythe was trying to reach her."

COLLINS: John Forsythe is trying to reach me? It must be something to do with Linda [Evans]. I'd better call him back. *[She makes the call, but doesn't reach him.]* Linda is sick. She had her eye scratched by a cat. I talked with her today. She was sleeping with her cat. *[Pauses]* I guess that's what you get for playing with your pussy.

PLAYBOY: You mean we're going to start out catty right from the beginning?

COLLINS: Are you on?

PLAYBOY: We're on?

COLLINS: Oh, shit! *[Laughs]*

PLAYBOY: Before we really get going, do you think you can ask your service to answer the phone for you, so we won't have any interruptions?

COLLINS: Oh, you mean I'm not allowed to speak on the phone?

PLAYBOY: Well, you wouldn't want your end of the conversations to go into the interview, would you? You might get annoyed later on.

COLLINS: I wouldn't be annoyed. After all, we just have a job to do.

PLAYBOY: Not a bad job, either — interviewing one of the sexiest ladies around.

COLLINS: Should I go upstairs and put on a nice suspender belt and garter and see-through bra, heavily slinging a loose lynx coat over my shoulders, with a chauffeur's cap rakishly tilted over one eye?

I've got a great body. Sometimes it looks terrific and, if it's photographed right, it can look absolutely great.

PLAYBOY: That would be nice. Though it wouldn't be the first time you've posed in something provocative. In fact, your walls are covered with magazine covers you've appeared on through the years. How far back do they go?

COLLINS: I was 16 when I first appeared on a cover. Somebody came to my school and wanted to see the 12 prettiest girls. They picked me out of the 12 as the prettiest . . . then there was my first gig in Hollywood a few years after that. *[Points to a 1955 cover of a British magazine.]* There it is up there — God, I had a big ass! You know, I was a PT back then. Do you know what that is?

PLAYBOY: A prick teaser?

COLLINS: Well, that's what the boys called me, because they all wanted to do it with me, but I wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: We should probably get right to the subject of your most famous cover, which appeared just a few months ago. That's when your layout in PLAYBOY appeared with you on the cover. Were you pleased with the results?

COLLINS: *Extremely* pleased. I've gotten a lot of letters from women over 35 who said, "Hurray! You've shown everybody that women over a particular age can still be attractive — particularly in this magazine, of *all* magazines!" It's one thing to be in *Harper's* or *Vogue* where they cater to the older woman, but PLAYBOY . . . PLAYBOY appeals to young guys. Also, I found everyone in Hollywood talking about it — I was the talk of the town for a month.

PLAYBOY: Have you received any adverse reaction to your posing?

COLLINS: Not at all, believe me, it's been incredibly positive! Even my father . . . and my son . . . and my daughters. In fact, I think it's done a lot for my career.

PLAYBOY: How?

COLLINS: It's made me more popular.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll start a trend of women over 50 posing in the nude?

COLLINS: Depends. When it appeared I said to a friend, "I think I've decided to become notorious." And he said, "What do you mean *decided?* You've *always* been notorious." Listen, if I hadn't looked good in PLAYBOY, I wouldn't have done it. I'm far too vain. I've too much pride, and I'm much too intelligent to stand there with fat arms and a big, fat belly. To me, I've got a great body. Sometimes it looks terrific, and if it's photographed right, it can look absolutely great, better than a lot of those bimbos in PLAYBOY. So I thought, fuck it, what the hell. Before it came out, people who heard about it said, "Oh, Joan, shocking girl! There she goes again, doing the wrong thing, shocking everybody!"

PLAYBOY: You don't have to try very hard to get attention these days, do you? How do you like being recognised everywhere?

COLLINS: I'll tell you something: I've only become aware of it within the past year. It suddenly hit me. I was walking out of this restaurant and suddenly these people kept coming up — not fans, people in "the biz" —agents, producers, directors, writers, actors — saying, "Joan, how great it is to see you! I'm so happy about your success!" And I thought well, gee, my success. When did this suddenly happen? I thought it was kind of indicative, because one of my former agents told me that if I ever became really successful that the "woodwork people" would come out. And that *has* happened.

PLAYBOY: Who are the woodwork people?

COLLINS: I don't mean to insult them by saying this, but there are people who actually pursue people of ephemeral fame and success, inviting them to their dinners and their parties. And I know perfectly well that it's only because I'm successful in this TV series at this moment. But hell, I'm enjoying it. I'm in a top television show playing a tough, meaty, wonderful role, and I'm not going to go around crying in my beer because people are snapping my picture. I go into a restaurant now, it's like the Red Sea parts. I'm not going to say that I don't enjoy that. I'm not going to say I'd much rather sit at the bar and wait while the maitre d' treats you like some piece of shit. Who am I kidding? I want to go in and get my table. I like it.

PLAYBOY: Is this, then, a kind of peak for you?

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Even more astonishing is the incredible variety of these great vodkas, world renowned yet so little known in Australia.

A Lively Spirit

Described as "the luxury vodka", Luksusowa is distilled from potato spirit and specially refined.

A crystal clear vodka, its smooth, mellow taste has just a hint of aroma.

Made in 45° strength, Luksusowa is superb straight and well chilled or with ice in long drinks and cocktails.

When you know your Polish Vodka, you'll know some of life's most legendary experiences.

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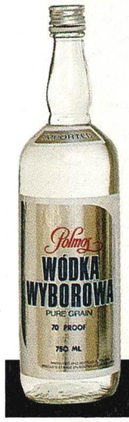

The No.1 Pure Vodka

The world famous, award-winning Polish vodka is Wodka Wyborowa, distilled from special varieties of Polish rye grain.

Its age-old recipe is still a closely guarded secret. It possesses a very subtle, delicate sweetness, yet it is known that no sugar is added.

Its almost imperceptible taste is quite original and its purity crystal clear.

In Poland you would drink it neat, well chilled to about 0°C in small glasses, served with cold meat, fish and hors d'oeuvres.

Try it with soda water, mineral water or fruit juice.

WÓDKA WYBOROWA

Pick the Cherry Vodka

If you love Polish cherry brandy, then Wisniowka Cherry Vodka is for you.

Aromatic Polish cherries are specially grown to give Wisniowka its deep cherry colour and semi-sweet cherry flavour.

It's a great ladies' drink, served at room temperature with coffee, cakes and desserts.

Yet, while it's fruity and full of cherry taste, it is not too sweet and makes a perfect vodka cocktail base. Mix with French vermouth, a dash of Bacardi and a slice of lemon for starters! Or drink it the Traditional way — icy cold!

Wisniowka

KRAKUS

The Mellow Vodka

Krakus Vodka is one of the most exceptionally mellow vodkas you could ever taste.

An extra refined vodka, distilled from selected Polish rye grains, Krakus takes its name from the ancient Polish capital, Krakow.

It certainly is a capital vodka for cocktails, or served well chilled in small glasses with hors d'oeuvres, or light fish and meat dishes.

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One of the world's most unusual vodkas is surely Zubrowka, uniquely aromatic with a delicate flavour, distilled from Bison grass.

This wild grass grows in the glades of Bialowieza Forest, Eastern Poland, one of the few places in Europe where herds of bison still roam free.

This translucent vodka has a natural, pale yellowish-green colour and a single blade of Bison grass is immersed in every bottle.

Somerset Maugham described it in his famous novel, "The Razor's Edge": "It smells of freshly mown hay and spring flowers, of thyme and lavender, and it is so soft on the palate and so comfortable, it is like listening to music by moonlight".

Zubrowka Vodka is the favourite drink of hunters after a day's shoot and some believe it imparts the bison's strength.

ZUBRÓWKA

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COLLINS: Who is it that said, "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive?" Whoever it was, was a fucking genius. I don't want to think that I'm at the peak. In my own mind, I'm not. I feel I'm still travelling hopefully, and I don't want to get there yet, because my head is not in the right place to be able to handle it all.

PLAYBOY: Why? Could you go haywire?

COLLINS: I'm not going to go haywire; I'm far too old and experienced and clever to do that. I've seen them come and go. I just don't want to get big-headed and become like those surly creatures who make ridiculous demands and have everybody hate them. It *is* ephemeral, I know it is. My ambition now is to solidify my acting reputation so that I can come out of *Dynasty* and get other shots. I want to play all those parts I've wanted all those years and haven't been able to get.

PLAYBOY: Is there any envy among the other members of the show?

COLLINS: *[Laughs]* Do you think I'm going to answer that question? But no, the tabloids make up these ludicrous stories about how I've been out with Linda Evans's boyfriend — totally untrue — or they report that I say things about her and she says things about me. I've never said *anything* against Linda. I adore Linda. We have a lot in common. We're survivors in this business. We both started off with the stigma of being beautiful sex objects. We both live on the same street. We both drive Mercedes. And we both believe that anything is possible if you believe strongly enough in it.

PLAYBOY: Have you gotten used to being weekly fodder for the tabloids?

COLLINS: It's like living your life in a fishbowl. And the press loves to pretend your real life is like your television life. But it is just a soap opera. I'm not knocking it. It's my bread and butter — or my broccoli and cream-cheese dip — but I don't think people care that much. See, most movie stars — I hate that term "movie stars" — are not very bright. They are dumb. Same goes for television stars. I met one the other day, the star of a major television series. I shan't name his name.

PLAYBOY: How about naming the series?

COLLINS: Well . . . our competition. And this man is talking like and acting like this character that he plays. He was just so overbearing and so stupid, using this phony accent, which I know he doesn't have, asking me if I *allowed* people to smoke on our set. I said, "Well, sure." He said, "You've got enough clout not to let them. I don't allow anybody to smoke on *my* set." [Director] Billy Wilder overheard us and asked me later, "Who *is* this asshole?" I said, "You obviously don't watch TV, Billy; he's a very famous star."

PLAYBOY: Since you're obviously talking about Larry Hagman —

COLLINS: I'm not saying who it is.

PLAYBOY: Well, let's just acknowledge that Hagman is on your rival series, *Dallas,* and has a well-known aversion to smoking . . .

COLLINS: Well, *I* didn't say it.

PLAYBOY: Is there a really competitive feeling between *Dynasty* and *Dallas?*

COLLINS: Yes, there is. Yes.

PLAYBOY: How do you compare the two villains in the show — your Alexis and Hagman's J.R.?

COLLINS: I don't watch *Dallas,* so it would be hard for me to draw a comparison. I do know that Alexis would never kill and J.R. *has* killed. Alexis has a tremendous love for children; I don't think J. R. has any love for anybody other than himself. J.R. has a good sense of humor; I'd like Alexis to have a better sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Sophia Loren was offered Alexis before you?

COLLINS: Yes. They had endless conversations with [husband and producer Carlo] Ponti.

PLAYBOY: Could she have played it as bitchy as you?

COLLINS: Sure. It's easy to play a bitch.

PLAYBOY: Have you always had a bitchy, intimidating sort of look?

COLLINS: Not at all. I looked a bit like Elizabeth Taylor at a certain time; and Natalie Wood and I had a look of each other in the '60s. Neither of them was particularly intimidating.

What my mother was trying to tell me is that sex for a man is much less important than it is for a woman.

PLAYBOY: Your father was an agent; were you surrounded by actors and actresses when you grew up?

COLLINS: No, he represented variety acts, not stage. They were mostly comedians, singers, jugglers, conjurers, ventriloquists.

PLAYBOY: What about your mother? Didn't she always tell you that men were no good?

COLLINS: She didn't say men were no good, she said *sex* was no good. I think what my mother was trying to tell me is that sex for a man is much less important than it is for a woman. I'm generalising, but I think, on the whole, it *is* a more important emotional experience for women than it is for men. That's really what my mother was trying to say. Certainly, she was right about *me.*

PLAYBOY: Is it true your mother refused to tell you what the word "fuck" meant?

COLLINS: I see you've read my book.

PLAYBOY: Yes, your autobiography, *Past Imperfect.*

COLLINS: It's true, she didn't want to tell me.

PLAYBOY: Your sister writes very steamy novels; has she ever used you as a model for any of her characters?

COLLINS: No.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure?

COLLINS: I'm positive.

PLAYBOY: Your own book was pretty steamy in its own right. What made you decide to write *Past Imperfect* in the first place?

COLLINS: I was in dire need of bread at the time. And [agent] Swifty Lazar talked me into it, because I'd had a very interesting life and was still relatively young and nobody had written their memoirs at such an early age. I also wanted to talk about the misconceptions of female sexuality — something still not considered quite right by Middle America.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

COLLINS: Oh, that it is all right for men to have sex indiscriminately, or with a lot of different partners, but it isn't for women. So, in a way, I tried to explain that in the book.

PLAYBOY: You certainly gave it a try. The list of men you say you slept with has a lot of famous names.

COLLINS: But see, I don't think I shopped anybody in my book, you know, sold them out. Anything I said about Warren Beatty, for instance, is pretty well known, right?

PLAYBOY: You said you and he went at it five times a day; other women have claimed less or more — it depends who's kissing and telling.

COLLINS: There's a sort of mystique that's grown up about Warren. Every girl, every tacky starlet in England who's gotten £25,000 for writing. "My Night With. . ." always mentions the same guys. It's always George Hamilton, Warren Beatty, Ryan O'Neal, Rod Stewart, David Bowie. The same "fab five" that *everybody's* fucked. But I didn't think when I wrote mine that it would be considered a "kiss and tell" book. If it had been, there were names I could have put in that would have made it a much hotter seller.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

COLLINS: I'm not going to tell you. Jesus Christ, you're shitty!

PLAYBOY: We had to ask.

COLLINS: I know you did. The people I wrote about were people who had a real effect on my life at that particular time. There was an *importance* there. The mistake I made with the book, which was a mistake that I made in my life, was that my heart ruled me more than my ambition to succeed as an actress. And that is now reversed. My ambition as an actress is ruling and superseding any feelings that I have about romantic entanglement.

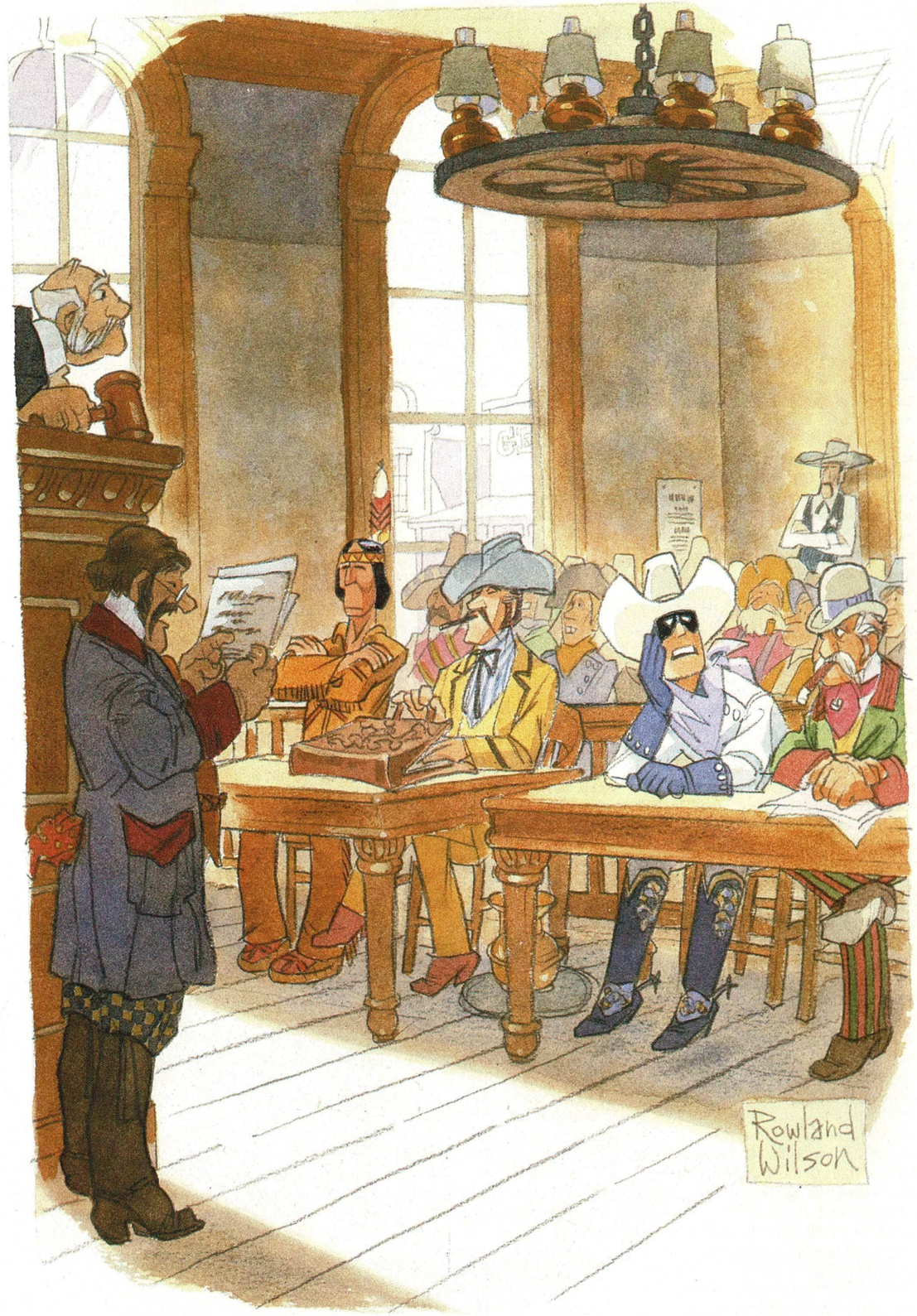
PLAYBOY: Do you think you tease readers in the book?

COLLINS: Tease? How *dare* you! My God!

PLAYBOY: Well, when you wrote about Harry Belafonte as your lover, you didn't use his name, you called him "The King of Calypso".

COLLINS: It wasn't a very important part.

PLAYBOY: Not even the part where you say



"I never thought it would end like this — in a palimony suit!"

his body was the best male body you had ever seen?

COLLINS: I didn't write that.

PLAYBOY: Yes, you did.

COLLINS: Listen, bodies have changed a great deal since then. The ideal of a good body in the '50s is very different from a good body in the '80s.

PLAYBOY: Would it upset you if all the men that you wrote about produced their own books and included graphic descriptions about you?

COLLINS: It would bother me if they *all* did it. But if one or two did it, I wouldn't mind. I mean, it would bother me if Warren wrote a book and I *wasn't* included in it. I would think it would be pretty curious. But why are you so fascinated with this fucking book? I wrote a beauty book, too. I've written three books.

PLAYBOY: Because your autobiography caused a scandal in England. That makes it a curiosity, at least. Why did you stop it from being published in America the first time?

COLLINS: I was astonished at the flak I took just because I talked rather frankly about sex and about women's attitude toward it. God, did I get flak! I got insulted on television shows. I mean, they made me cry. It was like I did something obscene. And all I was doing was being honest.

PLAYBOY Your first film was *I Believe In You,* with Laurence Harvey. What was that like?

COLLINS: It was awesome. I was very much in awe of simply everybody. I tested for that part three times. Every young actress in England had been after it, and I got it. I didn't know how to act, I didn't know what to do, I didn't know what a camera was. I stumbled and stuttered my way through.

PLAYBOY: Did your urge to "do it" include your first leading man?

COLLINS: How can I say what I was like when I was 16? I can't say I said, "Hey, Larry Harvey, I want you to fuck me!" It wasn't that at all.

PLAYBOY: You *did* write that he had a "deep sadness" because he wasn't "all the man" he should have been.

COLLINS: Did I say that? Oh, God.

PLAYBOY: You became friends though, didn't you?

COLLINS: Yeah, he introduced me to my first husband.

PLAYBOY: And the first time you went out with him — Maxwell Reed — he deceived you, drugged and raped you, didn't he?

COLLINS: Um-hmm. He told me we were going to a private club, so I walked up five flights of stairs to the apartment of a man I didn't know, who had been a famous movie star in England. It was our first date and I was terrified, feeling that I didn't in any way measure up to what he expected. I was 17 and he was 32.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel after you realised he had taken advantage of you?

COLLINS: Disgusted. It was just like my mother said: the pits. She always told me it was going to be awful, that it was dreadful. She was absolutely right. But I went out with him later on because I wanted to prove that she was wrong.

PLAYBOY: Was she?

COLLINS: She was wrong, because we saw each other again, and he finally asked me to marry him. So I was able to prove that my mother's attitude towards men and sex was wrong.

PLAYBOY: Even though your description of that first time with Reed is horrifying, you described how you kept throwing up and he kept sticking your head in a bucket, and then he put a "strange soft object" in your mouth.

COLLINS: Oh God, don't talk about that! That's out. That is out, out, out.

PLAYBOY: Later on in the marriage, you described how he became very cruel and sadistic to you. What did you feel when you realised you were married to a man who couldn't get aroused unless he beat you up?

COLLINS: Fear. Just fear. Fear of failure. Fear of upsetting my father, of having a failure of a marriage.

PLAYBOY: Then there was the time you were at a nightclub and Reed met an Arab sheik and agreed to sell you to him for one night. Was he serious?

I really don't find it a terrific come-on when somebody says, "I have made love to every one of my leading ladies. . ."

COLLINS: Yes, he was bloody serious. Dead serious. The Arab had offered him £10,000 to bed me for the evening. I said, "You've got to be joking. No way." He said, "You're a stupid little fool. We could buy a cottage, we could go to Hollywood and make our fortune."

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

COLLINS: I left him. That minute. I got a taxi, in tears, and went home to Mommy. That was the end of the marriage.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you would have had better roles in movies if you'd gone along with some men?

COLLINS: Absolutely. I *know* I would have. I would have gotten *Cleopatra* if I had gone along with Mr [Spyro] Skouras's [Chairman of the Board at Fox] advances. I'm sure I would have. I was pretty upset when Elizabeth Taylor got the part.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret not giving in?

COLLINS: Never. I have never, ever compromised myself in that way, and I never will. It's very important that you put that in because it's the truth.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your career would have changed had you done *Cleopatra?*

COLLINS: Well, I wouldn't have fallen in love with Richard Burton. I think that the film would have been just another sort of period schlock potboiler like *Esther And The King* and those things that I did.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Burton, didn't he come on to you when you starred opposite him in *Sea Wife* in 1956?

COLLINS: Burton came on to *everyone.* It's like saying the Pope is Catholic. I told him I don't mess around. Quite frankly, I didn't fancy him. He was quite arrogant. I really don't find it a terrific come-on when somebody says, "I have made love to every one of my leading ladies — don't break my record." That's not guaranteed to send me galloping under the satin sheets.

PLAYBOY: You did do some galloping around with Sidney Chaplin, son of Charlie Chaplin, didn't you?

COLLINS: Sidney was very funny. He has a scurrilous wit that was almost sacrilegious. He was the life and soul of all parties.

PLAYBOY: Did he really do comedy routines during your lovemaking?

COLLINS: Yeah. We both did. We had great fun. For the first time I was on my own and running with this fast, cosmopolitan, European crowd. We used to stay up all night drinking absinthe and playing games. Very exciting, kind of Scott Fitzgeraldish time. Rome in the '50s was amazing.

PLAYBOY: Back to Sidney Chaplin. You met his father Charlie; what was your impression of him?

COLLINS: Reminded me of my own father. Austere. Kind of dull. Patriarchal. I sensed a tremendous coldness and a surprising lack of humor. Sidney had all the humor in the family. I felt a certain disapproval of me. But then, I *always* felt everybody had a disapproval of me.

PLAYBOY: That may not be surprising; most actors are insecure people.

COLLINS: Do you think I'm insecure?

PLAYBOY: Too early to tell.

COLLINS: We've been talking for five fucking hours, for Chrissake! You don't know yet whether I'm insecure? I've told you everything except how many times a day I go to the loo.

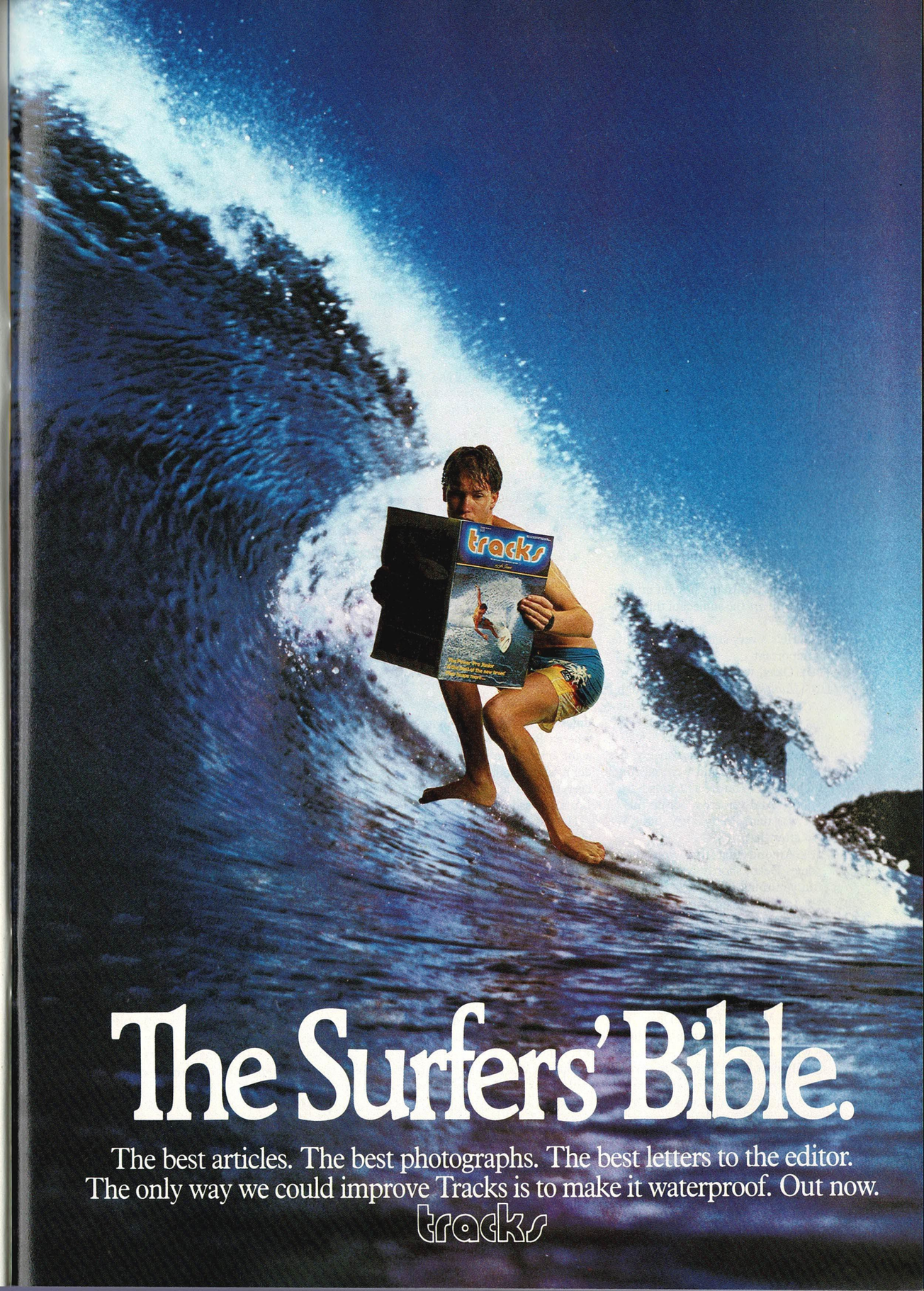
PLAYBOY: Do *you* feel you're insecure?

COLLINS: Obviously one is insecure about certain things. And now you're going to ask me what they are.

PLAYBOY: Well. . .

COLLINS: I'm kind of insecure and cocky at the same time. I'm very secure about the way I look. I'm quite secure about the way I act in terms of performing. . . although I *was* tremendously insecure about my talent when I was a girl of 16, with no experience at all, thrown onto the screen in a major, leading role, with a huge publicity build-up. And the kid didn't know how to act! I got a lot of really rotten reviews, and they've lingered. I'm also insecure about the fact that I left school at such an early age, so I feel insecure about my intellect. I'm not as well read as I'd like to be.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back and finish off Sidney. How did that chapter of your life end?



COLLINS: It was kind of funny, in a way. We were going up to Palm Springs and he was going before me, because I was working on *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing*. He said he would drive my car and meet me at the airport if I took the plane from LA to Palm Springs, which is not a pleasant flight. So I arrived at the airport at seven and no Sidney. I hailed a taxi and figured he'd be at the Racquet Club. By this time I'm really steaming: Sidney is sitting there with Gene Kelly and a bunch of cronies and they had been drinking all afternoon. They were absolutely smashed. I stood there bristling and I said, in my high, little voice, "Sidney, I have been working at the studio all day. You take my car, you promised to pick me up, I had to find a taxi, it's 105 degrees." He just totally ignores me, takes another drink. "Fuck you, Sidney!" I cried. "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! *Fuck you!*" He looked at me and said, very slowly, "And fuck you, too, honey." I said, "Sidney, that is the last time that you will *ever* fuck me." And I turned around and got on the next plane back to Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: You've had some good exit lines, haven't you?

COLLINS: *[Laughs]* A bit crude.

PLAYBOY: After Sidney came Arthur Loew, Jr, scion of one of the royal Hollywood families.

COLLINS: What is this, the story of my life?

PLAYBOY: You *are* the subject of this interview.

COLLINS: He's a very small part of my life, very unimportant.

PLAYBOY: Okay, we'll pass him right by.

COLLINS: *[Laughs]* Okay, good. Although I *did* have another good exit line with him, now that you mention it.

PLAYBOY: Well?

COLLINS: Arthur and I were dancing at a New Year's Eve party and were having a row, and he said, "You are a fucking bore." And I said, "And *you* are a boring fuck!" And that was that. Pretty witty, huh? We broke up after that.

PLAYBOY: Around that time you got to know James Dean, shortly before he died. What did you think of Dean?

COLLINS: Intense, moody, incredible charisma. He was short, myopic, not good-looking in life, really. He was very close to Oscar Levant, who was the town wit at the time. Billy Wilder is now the town wit, but then it was Oscar Levant, the aged sage, guru of the Nick Adams set: Natalie Wood, Nick Adams, Sal Mineo, Jimmy Dean, me, Arthur Loew, Paul Newman — always sitting with a can of beer — George Englund, Brando. Errol Flynn used to come over, too. Flynn was an old man to us. Probably 45, but we considered him positively geriatric. And Flynn used to do *schtick* to amuse us kids. Like he'd get on the floor on all fours and bark like a dog. Dean and the rest of us would go into hoots of laughter.

I drove with Jimmy in his new red Porsche once. We were pissed and went down Sunset and I was scared. He had the windows open, the music up, driving really fast. He died in that same Porsche two or three months later. You know who he was like? A young, better-looking Woody Allen, in a way. He had that same quality of shyness, uncertainty and insecurity. I saw Woody Allen not long ago and I went up to him and said, "Mr Allen, I just wanted to say hello because I admire you and think you're a great talent and brilliant and I really empathise with you about a certain facet in your character which is that you're shy — because I'm shy, too." He looked me over and said quietly, "Well, you could have fooled me."

PLAYBOY: Were you shy when you first met Marlon Brando in '55, at the very height of his career?

COLLINS: Oh, total awe and admiration. He was fascinating, scary. Not somebody I would want to get involved with for one second.

PLAYBOY: Was he at all shy around you?

COLLINS: No, Brando is not shy. Brando is smart enough not to come on to a woman unless he thinks he's going to get somewhere. Brando was the most wonderful actor once. The thing I think is terribly depressing about Brando is that he hates everything to do with this business so much. It's really sad.

I was able to go through the fallow periods without clinging to drugs, booze, men or any of those things

He was right about there being no great men, no great leaders. Not since DeGaulle, Churchill and Kennedy. Other than Mrs Thatcher — I adore her, she is the savior of Britain. But I remember reading an interview with Brando and thinking that this man is *so* unhappy. I'm totally the opposite of him. I think this is a wonderful profession to be in, if you happen to be successful. I'm getting paid for something I've wanted to do since I was eight years old, and I was able to go through the really fallow periods, of which there have been a lot, without clinging to drugs, booze, men or any of those other things.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. Men aside, you've never taken drugs or resorted to alcohol?

COLLINS: I am very hot on the old champagne. But drugs? No. They're an absolute no. I abhor what they do to people. I was given some cocaine in St Tropez in the '60s and it just freaked me. I was at a disco and danced until about six in the morning and didn't sleep for three nights. Then I had a post-nasal drip for three weeks and I thought, fuck *this* for a laugh.

And yeah, I've smoked a joint, but it has a very bad effect on me. Of course, I wouldn't today — I'm terrified of getting herpes. I never smoke a cigarette from somebody's lips or even drink from someone's glass anymore. There's a moral laxity around. Herpes and AIDS have come as the great plague to teach us all a lesson. It was fine to have sexual freedom, but it was abused. Apparently, the original AIDS sufferers were having five or six hundred contacts a year and they are now inflicting it on heterosexuals. That's bloody scary. A good reason for celibacy. It's like the Roman Empire. Wasn't everybody running around just covered in syphilis? And then it was destroyed by the volcano.

PLAYBOY: That's bending public health and ancient history a little out of shape, but let's get back to your own life history.

COLLINS: Are you really going to continue asking me questions out of the book? Read me your questions! I want to hear more of this crap you've got written down there!

PLAYBOY: Crap? This is your life.

COLLINS: *[Gets up, comes towards interviewer]* Let me see those. Let me see. No, come on.

PLAYBOY: You're not supposed to *read* them. They're written to be asked when the natural course of our conversation allows.

COLLINS: Let me see! I just want to see *one*. God, you're shitty to me!

PLAYBOY: Has this interview been painful so far?

COLLINS: It's work. Actually, I'm enjoying this. Dreadful! People *do* like to talk about themselves, don't they? It's like fishing, or catching a butterfly, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Did you really think you'd marry Warren?

COLLINS: At the time? Yeah. I was engaged. I had a wedding dress made. But we were just having such terrible fights that I realised it was absolute stupidity. There's no point in marrying somebody that you're arguing with four hours a day. I don't want to talk about Warren — I want to talk about *me*.

PLAYBOY: Well, Warren was once very much a part of *your* story.

COLLINS: Yeah, for a brief moment in time, we conquered the fan mags. We would go and eat a burger and meander down to the corner drugstore and flip through dozens of magazines and look at our pictures. I'll tell you something: most actors still read those magazines, except that they buy the magazines rather than flip through the pages. We'd only buy the ones that we thought we looked good in.

PLAYBOY: You got pregnant in that relationship and had an abortion. Did you both think it best to have it? Did he talk you into it? Did you feel it would hurt your career to have the baby?

COLLINS: Yeah, all of those things. *[Laughs]* Everybody talks about Warren. Let him

(continued on page 132)

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A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO BRIBERY

Corruption is a fact of life in Australia. Diane Armstrong shows how it works and what it costs

In Acapulco they pointed to luxury hotels owned by corrupt ex-presidents; in India headlines screamed about a state governor who took bribes; in Italy they whispered about Mafioso judges who protected terrorists. On the flight home, the Indian engineer in the next seat shuddered when he described life in Nigeria: "It's a frightening place. Everything and everyone can be bought. If you killed someone, money would get you off." It was good to be getting back to Australia.

The big businessman chuckles when I ask him how big a part bribery plays in his success. He looks at me speculatively, then says: "Funny you should ask. I'm expecting a call right now that answers your question. Stick around. You'll learn some interesting things." Moments later his phone rings. The problem seems to be a man who can't be bribed. He's referred to as a bastard. "What about the top guy? Can I speak to him openly about this? What will it cost? One grand? Two grand?" He's smiling when he hangs up. "I'll get a call soon which will say 'I believe you have a problem.' I'll suggest a discreet meeting place and my problem will be taken care of. I may sound like some Mafioso, but this is how things get done. With money, you can do everything. If I were to knock someone over in my car and kill them, I know I could get off. It would cost as much as $50,000."

This is a respectable, clean-living businessman you have never heard of, one of thousands. A man of status, position, integrity, a man beyond reproach. This is Australia, 1984. And this is your 1984 PLAYBOY guide to bribery and corruption: Everything you

always wanted to know about graft but didn't know whom to ask. . . . . just note that the names have been omitted to protect the guilty, that the scale of fees is not fixed but increases in direct proportion to the importance and desperation of the parties involved and above all — that no correspondence will be entered into!

Starting on an international theme, like getting in and out of Australia illegally, you'll be interested to know that it costs far more to get in if you're trying to gain residential status. Particularly if you're a Hong Kong businessman with real estate interests. This costs $50,000 of which $5,000 goes to the intermediary. Some of it pays the tax on the phoney job he organises, while the rest is shared between officials in the Department of Immigration who process your application and grant your visa.

It's far cheaper to bring in drugs than Oriental businessmen. For five grand —and sometimes even three — a sympathetic customs officer will let you know when he's on duty so you can synchronise your arrival, or that of your courier, to coincide with his shift. This can be inconvenient, as it may only give you 24 to 48 hours notice, so do have your courier on stand-by. In spite of recent efforts by the Department of Immigration to tighten regulations regarding the issuing of passports, you'll be glad to hear that for between $2,000 and $2,500 you can still obtain a false passport. Just place the money and your photograph in the right hands and within a week you'll be a new person!

If you don't have the contacts or the cash, $300 will buy you a birth certificate with which you can apply for a passport. Experts will alter undesirable details from your own passport for $200 but this can be dicey as careful scrutiny will detect the changes. You can obtain a birth certificate for yourself free of charge if you go to a country cemetery, note the name and date of birth of someone born about the same time as you, then apply for their birth certificate at the Registrar-General's Department. If you come across the right official there, for a couple of hundred dollars they'll put your application at the top of the pile to save time.

Say you were facing trial on several heavy charges, then $50,000 would do you a lot of good. It would be split between your barrister and the charging police, with $2,000 to a court official to ensure you appeared before a lenient, understanding judge. Your five figure fee would get the police to paint a rosier picture of you in court, reduce the number of charges against you from say 32 to two, and result in getting you a much lighter sentence. Incidentally, you have the drug industry to thank for these inflated prices!

If you were charged with less serious misdemeanors, like possession of marijuana or receiving stolen goods, you'd have to give your barrister $5,000 to distribute among the charging police who would expect $1,000 apiece to keep your past record and present lifestyle out of their report and make you sound like a fairly straight guy in court. As a result, you would probably get off with a fine, maybe even without a bond, and certainly no jail sentence. Good value, huh?

Until recently, you could have bought your way out of any New South Wales prison and been released on special licence for $15,000. A helpful parole officer sometimes organised your release by recommending it, for which he also received his cut.

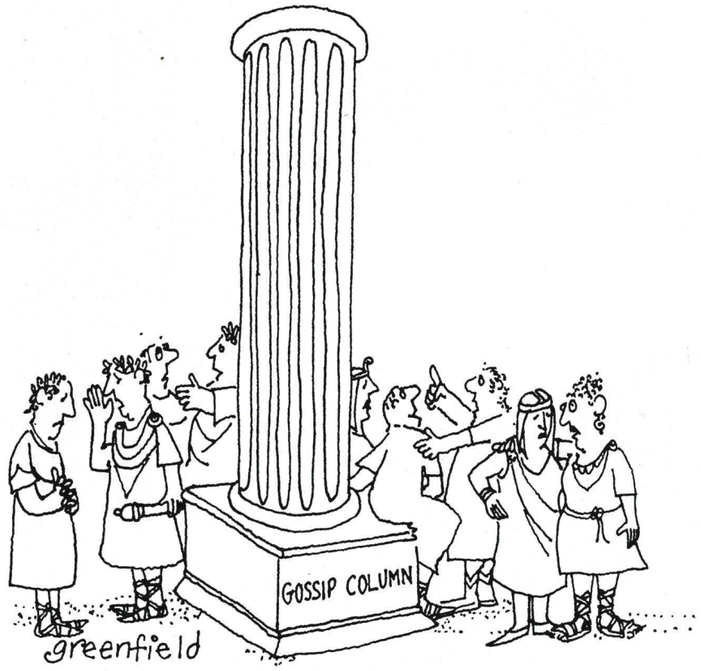
Occasionally the price of freedom was servitude of another kind. Big-time criminals bought themselves a hit man by paying for his release. And that brings us to another type of activity — the 'contract.' For years the standard rate was $3,000 but that was before inflation. People who know reckon the top professionals charge $50,000 and up. You can get people to do the job for $10,000 or even less, but the experts advise against it. They say that if you can't afford the best, you're better off to do it yourself because amateurs will botch the job and dob you in as well. To illustrate their point, they mention two recent cases where a husband trying to dispose of his wife, and a wife trying to dispose of her husband, were both undone by the inept people they got to do the job, at cut-price rates. Sydney City alderman and journalist Tony Reeves, who stood on a lot of very sensitive toes during his investigation into the disappearance of Juanita Neilsen, found out recently that a hired gun had been offered $50,000 to kill him. "I'm flattered," he said. "That's top rates."

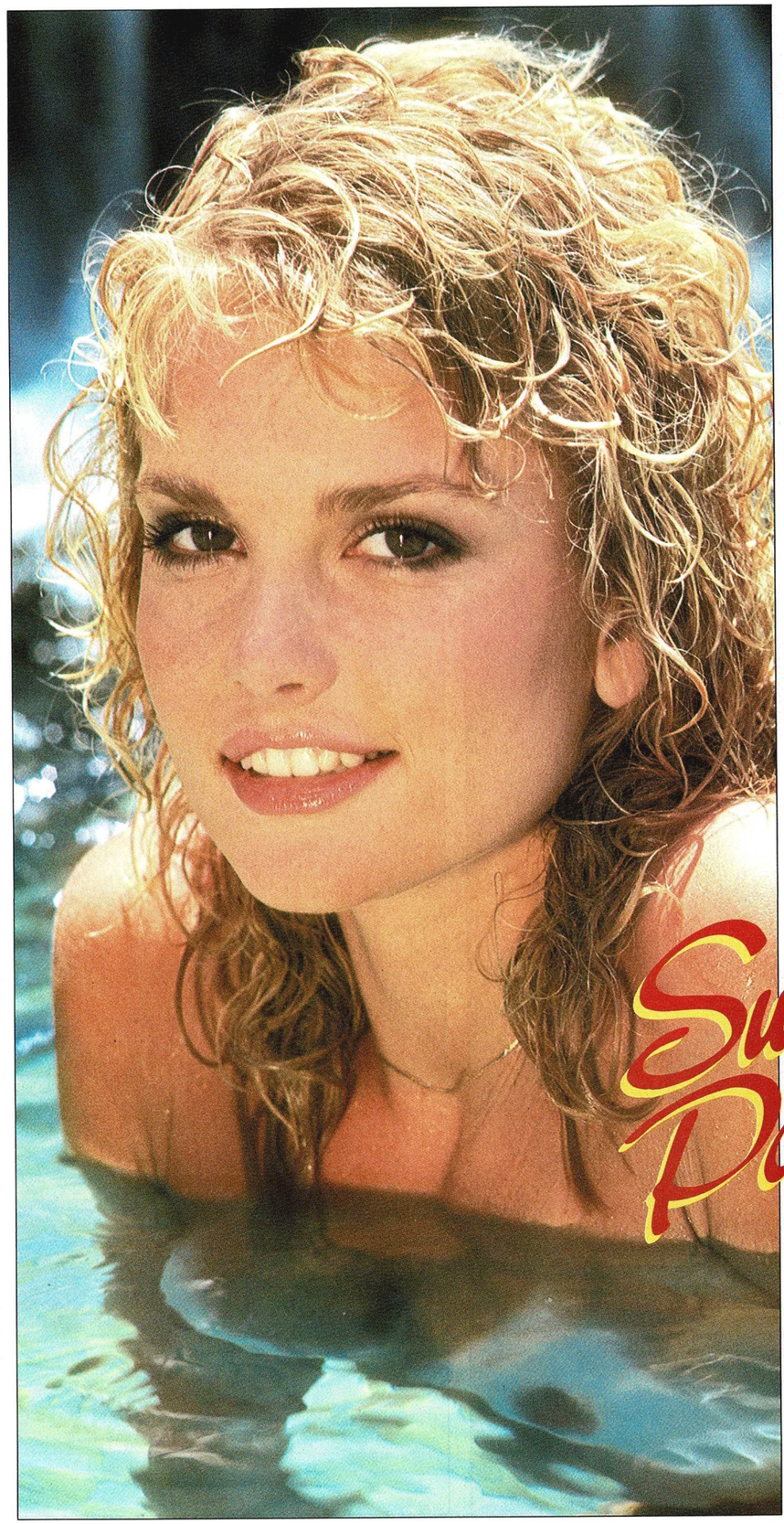
Maybe you don't want to have anyone killed, you only want to frighten them a little. Maybe they cheated you at cards or stole your girlfriend. The scale of fees in the face bashing and limb breaking department ranges from $200 to $1,000. Two hundred dollars gets someone roughed up to teach them a lesson, $300 breaks arms and if you want knees broken, that'll cost $500 because you'll probably need two guys. If you're not fussy about professionalism, a hard-up kid will bash in someone's car with a sledgehammer for $100.

And speaking of cars, do you sometimes wish yours could disappear so you could collect the insurance? That can be arranged. For $500 you can have it taken away and burnt beyond repair. Or you can have it stripped for scrap metal for $1,000. Either you can let the strippers keep the fee or split the scrap metal and insurance pay-out with them.

Got a hot car? For $1,000 your car-stripping friends will provide you with a legitimate engine number from another car they've stripped, so you can go ahead and get your car registered. They will also let you have parts for expensive imported cars.

(continued on page 120)

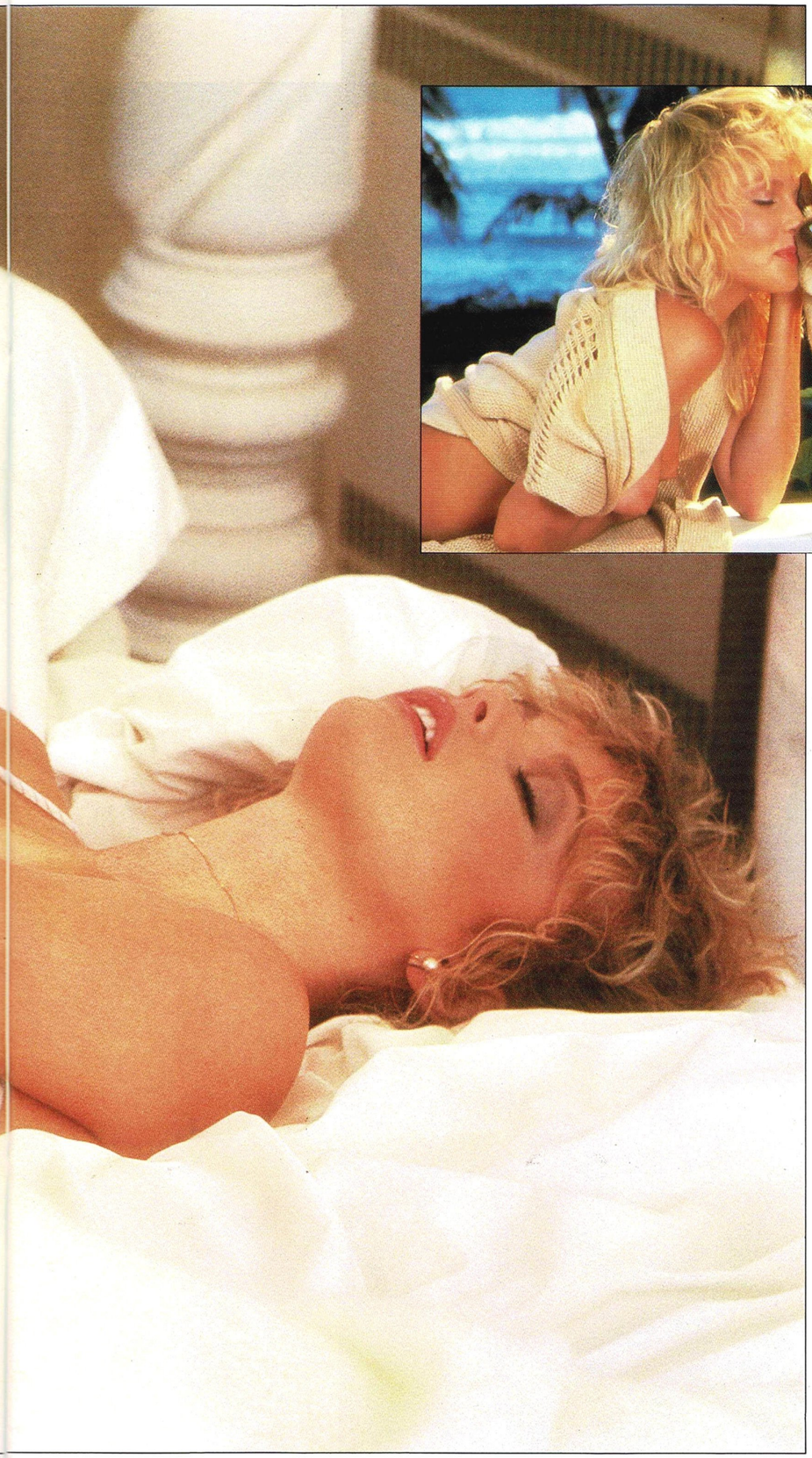




Surprise Package

There's rarely a predictable moment around lovely Lesa Ann Pedriana

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA



It's a sunny afternoon and Lesa Ann Pedriana is restless. This is not a day to be inside. While strolling through the beachside park she comes upon an exercise area with rings suspended from a swing frame; Lesa Ann suddenly grabs the rings and executes a neat back flip. Then, without a word about it, she continues the conversation. It occurs to you that the last girl you were with never did that.

***S**uch outrageous behavior is the norm with Lesa Ann. She's positive, cheerful and you'd gladly follow her over a cliff. She thrives on variety and impulse in her dress code and she loves life. "I just like men. I like knowing about them and learning from them. I like dating men who are different just so I can learn from them."*

I think part of my sexiness is my spontaneity. If I was on a date with a guy, we'd be riding in the car, probably on the way to a ritzy place, and when he would least expect it, I'd take off all my clothes and say, 'Let's pull over on a side street.' That's what I consider sexy. . . things like that."

ILLUSTRATION BY KARL WIRSUM

THE MIND OF A NEW MACHINE

Can the science of artificial intelligence produce a computer that's smarter than the men who build it?

A GROUP of university scientists spent years working on the ultimate computer, a machine with so much knowledge and so much calculating power that it could answer the questions that had vexed mankind for centuries. Finally, the day came when they were ready to plug in their creation. One of them pushed the ON button and, standing nervously at a terminal, typed in the first question.

"Is there a god?" he asked.

The machine thundered back, without hesitation, "There is now." Jokes like that were current in the '50s and '60s, when computers were vaguely sinister, if invisible, machines that usually hid out in the basements of huge government agencies or powerful corporations. It was a time of technological progress, and a sense of predestination about that progress. Cars were getting bigger, planes faster; why wouldn't computers just keep getting smarter, until the day — *probably really soon* — when they would be smarter than any person? This faith presented new ethical questions: do computers have souls? It also led quickly to the familiar science fiction territory where a computer calculates that it knows more than the fools who tend it and decides to seize control.

That fear of runaway computers has eased in recent years as the machines have become commonplace in the office and home. But the notion that scientists will one day turn out truly intelligent machines, or that intelligence can indeed be mechanised, remain truisms of the age in which we live. Everything about our experience with computers — in fact our idea of progress — leads us to those conclusions. Nowadays, it seems, we are bombarded by stories about computers outperforming people in areas long regarded as uniquely human. The Japanese have earned considerable attention with their "Fifth Generation" computer project, an enormous research effort aimed at producing an intelligent machine by 1990. Computers — unerring, tireless, astonishingly swift — seem to have a terrific head start on the road to

Article by Lee Gomes

super-intelligence, and we appear to be proceeding at a steady clip toward that goal. Imagine how the world will be turned upside down with the advent of an intelligence of *our* creation — yet greater than our own.

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Getting computers to do more than routine data processing tasks like printing out payroll cheques is the province of an area of computer science called artificial intelligence, or AI. The phrase was coined during the 1950s, AI's early years, and has troubled some in the field ever since. As one researcher says: "It sounds like something ersatz, like artificial flowers, or something unpleasant to contemplate, like artificial insemination."

But a more significant problem came from the use of the word "intelligence". It seemed to assume what had yet to be demonstrated — that a machine could, in fact, work like the human brain. As a result, expectations were raised early on about how much AI would be able to deliver. That trend was generally encouraged by early AI workers, who were caught up in the optimism of the post-war years in technologically advanced countries such as the US. One researcher predicted in 1956 that within 10 years, computers would be writing critically-acclaimed music. A lot of time has been spent since then living down the excesses of the young science.

The phrase "AI" also presented definitional problems. What would constitute an intelligent computer? Just what is intelligence, anyway? The most famous way of answering that question came from a British mathematician named Alan Turing, in what has come to be called the Turing Test. In one version of the test, a person is placed in a room with two terminals, one of them connected to a computer, the other to a person in the next room. After "conversing" via the keyboards with both entities, the test taker must decide which was the computer and which was the fellow human. If he can't decide, or if he guesses wrong, then the computer is declared to be, for all intents and purposes, intelligent. (The existence of the Turing Test has given rise to the dinner party game of trying to come up with the most "revealing" question to put forward in a test if you had only one question to ask. Douglas R. Hofstadter, the computer scientist and writer, suggested it be, "If you only had one question to ask a computer in a Turing Test. . .")

AI scientists don't really spend any time trying to build a machine that can pass the Turing Test, and tend to view discussions of it as the domain of laymen; they have their "semantic networks" and "heuristically guided searches" to keep them busy. Still, inquiring about the test is convenient shorthand for getting AI researchers' opinions about how smart they think computers can eventually become. Lately, they seem to be growing increasingly noncommittal about when, if ever, a machine will actually succeed at the task. Answers tend to be along the lines of "some time between the next 10 and 1000 years." While there may be disagreement on when a computer will be able to take on the Turing Test, there's no disputing that, so far, no machine anywhere has even come close to passing.

Or has one? Consider the following: some years ago, the vice president of a large computer company came into his office on a Saturday morning to catch up on work. He wanted to use the computer, but thought that an employee in another room was logged on. So he sat down at a terminal and, thinking that he was talking to one of his workers, had the following exchange:

Do you think I can use the computer this morning?

— *Why do you ask?*

I might be able to make some additional sales.

— *Why aren't you sure?*

My customers have never seen a demonstration of the system.

— *Does this mean very much to you?*

Of course it does.

To an unwitting observer, ELIZA did a convincing job of imitating a human being. But it was all a con.

— *You seem very positive about that.*

This is ridiculous.

— *What do you mean this is ridiculous?*

Please ring me on extension 491.

No one called, of course, since the vice president wasn't communicating with anyone at all, but with a computer program called ELIZA that had been left running by mistake. ELIZA was written by an MIT computer scientist named Joseph Weizenbaum, and was designed to conduct itself much as a psychiatrist does in the initial interview with a patient. The program spent most of its time asking questions about the operator's previous response, trying to draw the "patient" out of himself. That process, in a therapist's hands, involves training, insight and skill. Lacking those, ELIZA operated through a series of clever ruses supplied by Weizenbaum. For example, it would look for certain stock phrases, such as "I am . . ." and then spit back some automatic reply, such as "How do you feel about being . . ." If ELIZA didn't recognise any pattern in the words it was given, it replied with canned shrink-talk, such as "I see," or "What does that suggest to you?" So saying "Help, I've set my clothes on fire," might prompt the computer to reply: "Please continue." To an unwitting observer, like the company executive, ELIZA did a more than convincing job of imitating a human being. But underneath, it was all a con.

No one knew that better than Weizenbaum. Like many AI researchers, he was interested in language, and was curious to see how well he could get the *appearance* of a conversation going between a computer program and a person. Since the two needed something to talk about, he structured the program around the kinds of exchanges that routinely come up in a psychiatrist's office. But the computer/human dialogue could just as easily have been about cooking eggs, he said. Weizenbaum expressly denied that any psychological, or even linguistic, "understanding" was taking place in his program.

But to his great surprise, a lot of the real world saw it differently. Weizenbaum's secretary asked to be alone in the computer room so she could talk to ELIZA. He got phone calls from desperate people eager for a little time with the program so they could work out their problems. A psychologist wrote that while "further work must be done on the program before it's ready for clinical use," ELIZA would soon take its rightful place in psychiatric work. If drugs and electric shock couldn't empty out the psycho ward, perhaps time-sharing would.

Of course, ELIZA was in such demand partly for the same reason we so often talk to ourselves — humans tend to be more willing to speak freely if they think no one else is listening. But the episode also demonstrated a common fallacy: that computers and people go about their business the same way. It looked as though ELIZA was working as a skilled and understanding therapist. But in reality, the program was merely searching through strings of letters for key words, and then replying with stored phrases that had a high probability of being appropriate. Those who believed in ELIZA were making one of the biggest mistakes people make when they get around computers. They figured that if a machine acts like a person on the outside, then it acts like a person on the inside — that it has all the complexity and, well, *intelligence* that people have.

That's one of the sub-plots of the AI story, and lately it seems to have been forgotten.

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What will happen when computers become intelligent? If we're lucky, they may decide to keep us around as pets.

— Arthur C. Clarke.

Around 1970, a few years after the ELIZA stir, a young MIT graduate student named Terry Winograd was finishing work on a program he called SHRDLU. (The program was named after the phrase "etaoin shrdlu," part of the argot used by the operators of linotype machines.) Winograd shared Weizenbaum's interest in language, but he wanted to write a program that actually "understood" English sen-

(continued on page 118)

ROCK'N'ROLL DREAMTIME

Anthony O'Grady reports on why Down Under bands are on top of the world

AUSTRALIA is famous for kangaroos, wallabies, wombats, koala bears, mug lairs and the best all-round rock bands in the world. It wasn't always this way — the mug lair tradition was 125 years in the making and Australian bands have been world renowned only since the late '70s, even though this continent has been a rock'n'roll producing nation since 1957 and Johnny O'Keefe.

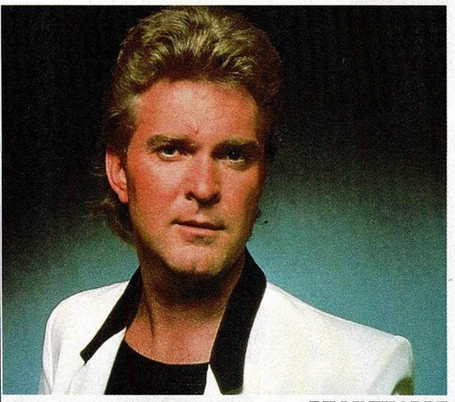
Why Australian bands? And why now? The answers start flowing once you pinpoint what this thing called a *band* really is. The Little Heroes are a band. They've released three albums, had a big hit single (One Perfect Day) and several respectable chart entries; the third album, *Watch The World*, was released internationally. The Little Heroes have been around for four years but, according to Roger Hart, the band *as a band* has just started.

The first album, he says, didn't even start to represent his songs.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK

MONDO ROCK

DIVINYLS



BILLY THORPE

ALLNITERS

The second, *Play By Numbers*, got the songs right, but back then The Little Heroes consisted of himself as singer/songwriter backed by three musicians. And that's not what anyone could call a real band.

Then Roger linked up with Paul Brickhill, ex MEO 245. "That's where it really started," he stresses. "It wasn't planned that way. It was something that happened step by step. It wasn't even something I realised had happened until it was right in front of me. When Paul came along it was a revelation — suddenly I could relate the moods and ideas of the songs to someone and he was picking up on them and taking them a step further and getting everyone else involved in the way the music was formed and played. Before, it was a case of me taking a song to the group and saying, 'Okay this is the way it is.' It was me and them back then and I always felt uneasy about that. Now it feels like a band."

Since the turnaround, The Little Heroes haven't blitzed the Australian charts, or cracked the world Top 40. But to see them play is to realise they've earned the right to be described as a band. Call it "chemistry": another name for the bond of strength and understanding that turns players into a musical equation greater than the sum of the individuals. Chemistry doesn't mean a band will make it to the top of the charts, or that they'll even have a blissful time getting the music together. The players don't even have to relate to each other as people as band chemistry is a lot different from personal chemistry.

A prime example is the Rolling Stones, still described by many as the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world. Bill Wyman sees Charlie Watts hardly at all except when the Rolling Stones are recording or touring. He sees Keith Richard even less and their personal relationship is not what you'd call idyllic: Bill still resents Keith picking up one of his riffs, taking it to Jagger and emerging with Street Fighting Man, and no sign of Bill Wyman's name on the writing credits or royalty cheques.

"Yet," says Bill, "we are the rhythm section that *is* the Rolling Stones. When we three are on a stage something great just happens and it will happen for the rest of our lives. It's some sort of shared sense, if one of us makes a mistake the other two have already shifted to accommodate it. It's not that we're the best players in the world, but collectively I believe we're the best rhythm section in the world. The fashion pages say the Rolling Stones is Mick Jagger, the hip music papers like to think Keith Richard is the Stones. But really, the Rolling Stones is the rhythm section —Keith, Charlie and me. It's got nothing to do with how we get on as people, it's what happens when we play together."

Chemistry. Sometimes it's there in full bloom right from the start. One version of the Stones legend has it that when Wyman, Watts and Richard first played together, the chemistry was so immediate and potent they fell about in ecstasy. The bond was further developed, tested and proven ultimate throughout the mid-'60s when the Stones were gigging up to 150 times a year.

But mostly the bond has to be worked and sweated, even starved for. Dire Straits are regarded as one of the world's best stage bands and the praise has a lot to do with the way Mark Knopfler, bassist John Illsley and drummer Pick Withers mesh. Their understanding stretches back to the brief blooming of pub rock in England back in the early to mid-'70s.

"We used to live in the same flat, we had no money but God! did we enjoy playing together," comments John Illsley. "We'd stay up till three in the morning playing our favorite records, playing guitar. The idea of the band, the way we fit together to make music, began back then. Now we're all quite well off and we don't live together any more and sure, you get sentimental about the early days because they still mean so much. But it's okay, the important thing is that the *idea* of the band keeps going."

There's a glow a band has when the players come off stage after a hot set, and it has nothing to do with sweat. I've seen it from Skyhooks to Dragon to Cold Chisel to Roxy Music, and with many, many others, and the feeling is so palpable you can almost squeeze it. You don't have to have seen it before to recognise it, you can feel the chemistry.

Success? "If I wanted to make money," says Roger Hart, "I wouldn't be doing this." Like most who end up as full-time music creators, Roger was driven rather than attracted to the calling. "My father didn't want me to own a guitar, so when I got one anyway it was an electric not an acoustic," he says. "I loved the loud, fuzzy sound. I went to art school and lost interest in painting; I ended up as a tram conductor in Melbourne and I used to go home and write down observations of people — things that caught my eye. I bought a tape machine and made my own records, got used to myself as a singer/writer and discovered I liked my own songs. And I thought, 'Well why don't I form a band?'"

Five years later he's just starting to feel what it means to be in one. And the feeling is more prevalent in Australian rock than just about anywhere else in the world and the catalyst for the chemistry is as unique to this country as the kangaroo: it's pub rock.

"I think the main thing about the way Australian bands develop is the fact that they have to slog it out in the pubs," comments American record producer John Boylan. "The situation just doesn't occur in America, there's no way you can cover the United States by slogging it out in the pubs. The thing that got me so excited about The Angels and Cold Chisel and a lot of other Aussie rock bands was that they were playing just about every night and that more than anything else had developed a sort of rhythmic pulse that is unique to Australian groups."

One of John Boylan's first involvements in rock'n'roll was with the US Southern Rock group Commander Cody and if ever there was a place in the world that puts bands through the same regime as Oz pub rock it was the American Southern States bar rock circuit in the late '60s and early '70s. Back there, back then, a band had to grind to the top past a hundred competitors with near-ceaseless gigging. And those that survived roared out of the South and crushed all those namby-pamby East Coast bands underfoot. Examples? The Allman Brothers, Black Oak Arkansas, Lynyrd Skynyrd and Grand Funk Railroad. Not every one of 'em was the critics' choice, but they all could whip up a storm on stage.

After Commander Cody, Boylan's career included putting together a backing band for Linda Ronstadt. Then after a year of gruelling roadwork, the background boys felt *they* had the right stuff. They called themselves The Eagles.

Boylan also worked with Boston (their big hit was More Than A Feeling), but the group itself was less than a band, more of a blueprint for guitarist Richard Perry's songs. Boston folded after two albums and an abortive world tour that made their name synonymous with boring. Their one claim to stage fame was their light show, the most extravagant and expensive in rock'n'roll at that time.

Boylan first came to Australia in 1975 to take part in a seminar on studio technology. "Where's that? Some place near Germany?" asked his friends back in LA. They don't ask those sort of questions in LA anymore, mostly because of a band Boylan had already heard of and was keen to check out while he was in Australia — The Little River Band. LRB started out more like a marriage of convenience but their goal was to build a band that would crack the world charts. Formed in London by Glenn Shorrock, Beeb Birtles and Graham Goble under the guidance of manager Glenn Wheatley, they headed back to Australia, filled out their line-up, wrote material, rehearsed and played the pubs. Within a year they were one tight stage outfit.

"Frankly," says Boylan, "I thought their appeal would be the same as the groups that were dominating at the time — The Eagles, Jackson Browne or Linda Ronstadt — as they had the same sensibility in their music. But at the same time, the harmonies, with Beeb's voice being so strident, were reminiscent of an English sound. So I thought that particular combination might strike a chord in the United States. In fact, I was convinced it would."

Fittingly, Boylan ended up producing what turned out to be LRB's most successful albums. Certainly he understood the chemistry within the band which, at its peak, was a creative tension between Goble, Birtles, Shorrock and guitarist David Briggs. It came to pass, also fittingly, that Little River's first impact in America was in the Southern States, where Bill Bartlett, a dee-jay in Jacksonville, Florida, grabbed an import copy of their first Australian album and flogged it on the airwaves.

Bartlett had been in Australia in 1972 and had been flabbergasted by the power of Oz bands in concert. He was also aghast that so little Australian music was being played on local radio. "Don't you have any national pride here?" he asked when invited to appear on a TV rock show of the era, *Happening '72*.

Back in Jacksonville, he became a one-man crusade for Australian music. After so-so reaction for the heavy rock of Billy Thorpe and Lobby Lloyd, he hit paydirt with LRB. "Record stores were calling me asking, 'Where do we get this album? We're getting hundreds of orders!' We set up a satellite news conference with the band back in Australia and girls were calling up asking, 'What does Beeb look like? Is Glenn as sexy as he sounds?' Capitol Records finally released a compilation of LRB's first two Australian LPs and it went Number One in Jacksonville. The band came to America and they sold out two shows in Jacksonville — 10,000 a show and the rest is history," recounts Bartlett. "Capitol put their machine together and the group became one of their biggest acts ever."

"We were doing supports to groups like The Average White Band on the East Coast," recalls Glenn Shorrock, "then we hit Jacksonville and we were stars, the reaction was amazing, everyone knew the songs, everyone knew who was in the band. It gave us a real taste of what stardom in America would mean."

Bartlett also did a John The Baptist lead-up for Skyhooks and AC/DC. Ego Is Not A Dirty Word went over the top in Jacksonville and The Hooks headlined to 10,000 there on their only American tour. Jacksonville was AC/DC's first solid base of support in America.

"Jacksonville," grins Bartlett, who now heads up a department in Capitol Records' headquarters in LA, "just loved bands who could do it live and the Australian bands who came through were all dynamite on stage, even though the music styles varied a lot. The thing about their records was you could tell they were *real* bands, not just people in a studio together. There was that special feeling in the music, y'know."

Just call it chemistry.

The fact is that Australia is the one country in the world where bands are still required to pay their dues on the road before they can make a career on the charts.

"We'd been together for five years before we got a recording contract," says Don Walker of Cold Chisel. "In the five years that we made albums, we had success on the charts but the basis of the band was always live performance."

"A lot of bands in England and America today," says Tim Finn of Split Enz, "are just appalling on stage because they're formed to make records first and follow up

(continued on page 129)

MIDNIGHT OIL

JIM BARNES/COLD CHISEL

MENTAL AS ANYTHING

IVA DAVIES/ICEHOUSE

beauty by degrees

Here's a Playmate with an educated interest in the subject of sex.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS • CENTREFOLD BY RICO METTBACH

Margaret Bailey is a girl with more than a passing interest in sex. This 20-year-old Aquarian is in her second year of a Bachelor of Science degree course at Melbourne University and, when she graduates, plans on her psychology major providing entree to a career in sex therapy.

"I'm interested in sex," says Margaret. "It's one subject that can be as complicated as anything, but it ought to be fun of the best kind."

Happily for the man in Margaret's life, her sexual interest is something more than academic. Here's a girl who thrives on confronting the new, taking on those challenges that, although they might frighten her, also turn her on.

"I thrive on a sense of danger," enthuses Margaret. "That's why my leisure pursuits are one-on-one activities. I love sailboarding and horseriding — me against the challenge of learning something new."

Home for Margaret is a Melbourne beachfront apartment and she considers it the perfect springboard for someone as active as herself. The average week is divided between study and a fairly busy social life.

Margaret's immediate target is a masters in psychology so that she can qualify as a clinical psychologist before moving into sex therapy. It means plenty of hard work over her books, but Margaret is excited by the challenge and prospect of achievement.

"I'm a hard worker and very ambitious," she says. "Once I set my mind to something I don't give up easily. I respond to challenges, especially in my university work. In sport I like to master the technique and then enjoy the relaxation and excitement it brings."

Despite living so close to the beach, Margaret admits being scared of the water. But that fear hasn't suppressed her passion for sailboarding. She tried the sport after borrowing her boyfriend's board and now he is the first to admit that Margaret is pretty accomplished.

Margaret describes herself as a bit of a flirt, but flirting is as far as it goes. Her loyalty to the one man in her life rules out any waywardness.

"I'm faithful by nature," she says, "and I expect it in return."

Sexually and physically she is a sensitive soul, admitting that she responds readily to caress and touch. But behind that sensitivity is the powerful ambition to do well in her chosen career.

Unrealistic? No, not if you are willing to work hard, says Margaret. It means sacrificing part of her social life, but the evidence suggests it has not suppressed her wit, good humor and often cheeky nature. After all, those qualities are sure to come in handy for a fledgling sex therapist.

"Fantasising about sexual situations turns me on. I like to share those fantasies with the man I love. I have a very colorful imagination."

"If I go out I prefer the company of a group of friends. If it's just me and my man I'd prefer to spend an evening in bed cuddling, especially on a rainy night."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Margaret Bailey

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Margaret Bailey

BUST: 34" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 7 st. SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 28.1.63 BIRTHPLACE: London, England

AMBITIONS: To become a psychologist, stay healthy and happy

TURN-ONS: Big guys, beards and red sports cars

TURN-OFFS: Oafs, hypocrites, big headed and dishonest people

FAVORITE BOOKS: Historical Biographies, dirty books and text books I can understand

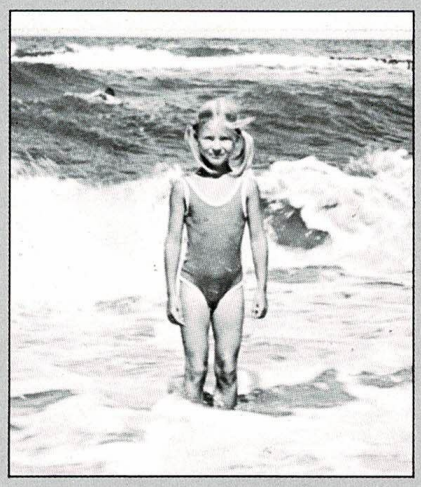
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Dire Straits, Roxy Music, Pink Floyd, Rowan Atkinson

FAVORITE SPORTS: Windsurfing, sailing, horseriding

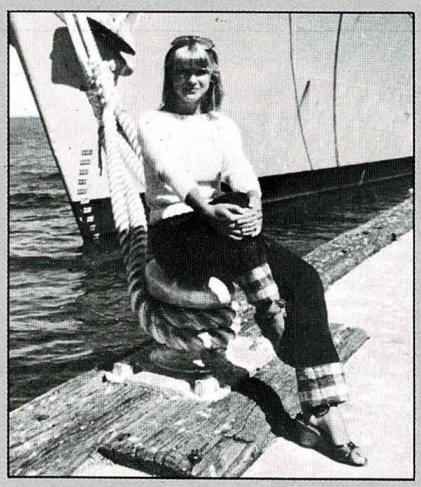
IDEAL MAN: Tall, strong, successful, understanding, supportive and a wicked sense of humour

SECRET FANTASY: To sail around Australia with my favorite man.

9 months



9 years old



17 years old

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Whilst her lord was away on the crusades, the lady of the manor contented herself with the attentions of a young peasant. Being of superior breeding, however, she felt it was beneath her to fondle his sexual organ and so she entrusted this task to a handmaiden.

When the young peasant had raised an adequate erection to service his lady, the handmaiden would excitedly announce that he was ready. And this, of course, is how the expression "serf's up" originated.

A husband and wife, strolling through the zoo with their small son, passed the elephant enclosure. On peering in, the small boy was confronted with a rather well-hung elephant. Pointing at the animal's three-foot appendage, the curious youngster turned to his mother.

"Hey Mum, what's that?"

Startled by the question, she quickly replied: "Oh, that's nothing, son."

On hearing this, a broad grin broke out on his father's face and he proudly announced: "Don't worry, son. Your mother's just spoilt."

Walking through the streets of Rome, three nuns were killed instantly when they were hit by a truck. Greeted by St Peter at the gates of Heaven, he was quick to apologise.

"I'm terribly sorry, but there's been a mistake. You three have all arrived too early," said the somewhat embarrassed saint. "You may return to earth as anyone you desire. Accept this as my way of rectifying a terrible mistake."

Turning to the first nun, he said: "Who would you like to be?"

"Oh, I would like to return as Sophia Loren. I'd be rolling in money, live in a mansion and finally be able to dress as the woman I've longed to be."

"Very well," said the saint and with a clap of thunder she was gone.

"And you?" he said, looking at the second.

"Oh, I'd like to become Brigitte Bardot. Imagine the men I'd be able to land with a body like hers."

"Very well," he replied and she disappeared immediately.

"And who do you wish to return as?" he asked the third.

"Sarah Pipelini," came the reply.

"Sarah Pipelini?" came a voice from above. "I've heard of the other two, but who's she?"

"She was on the front of yesterday's newspapers," said the nun confidently. With a puff of smoke, the paper appeared before them bearing the headline: "Sahara Pipeline laid by 400 men in 10 days."

Three guys were at the urinal at the races. As they were having a pee, Trevor said to his friend: "How big's your one, Bill?"

"Six inches," came the reply.

"What about you, Joe?" Trevor asked the third man.

"Mine's two," answered Joe.

"Well, mine's about four," said Trevor. "Hey, I've got a great idea! Seeing as we're down to our last five bucks, let's put it on number 12 in the next race 'cause six and four plus two makes 12."

Number 12 bolted in at 500 to one and the fellows were absolutely jubilant at the win.

"I think I should get more money because mine's the biggest," said Bill.

"Well okay, but I should get more than Joe because mine's bigger than his," argued Trevor.

At this stage, Joe began jumping up and down and shouted: "Well you pair of galahs, I should get all the bloody money because if I hadn't had an erection at the time, you would've backed number 11!"

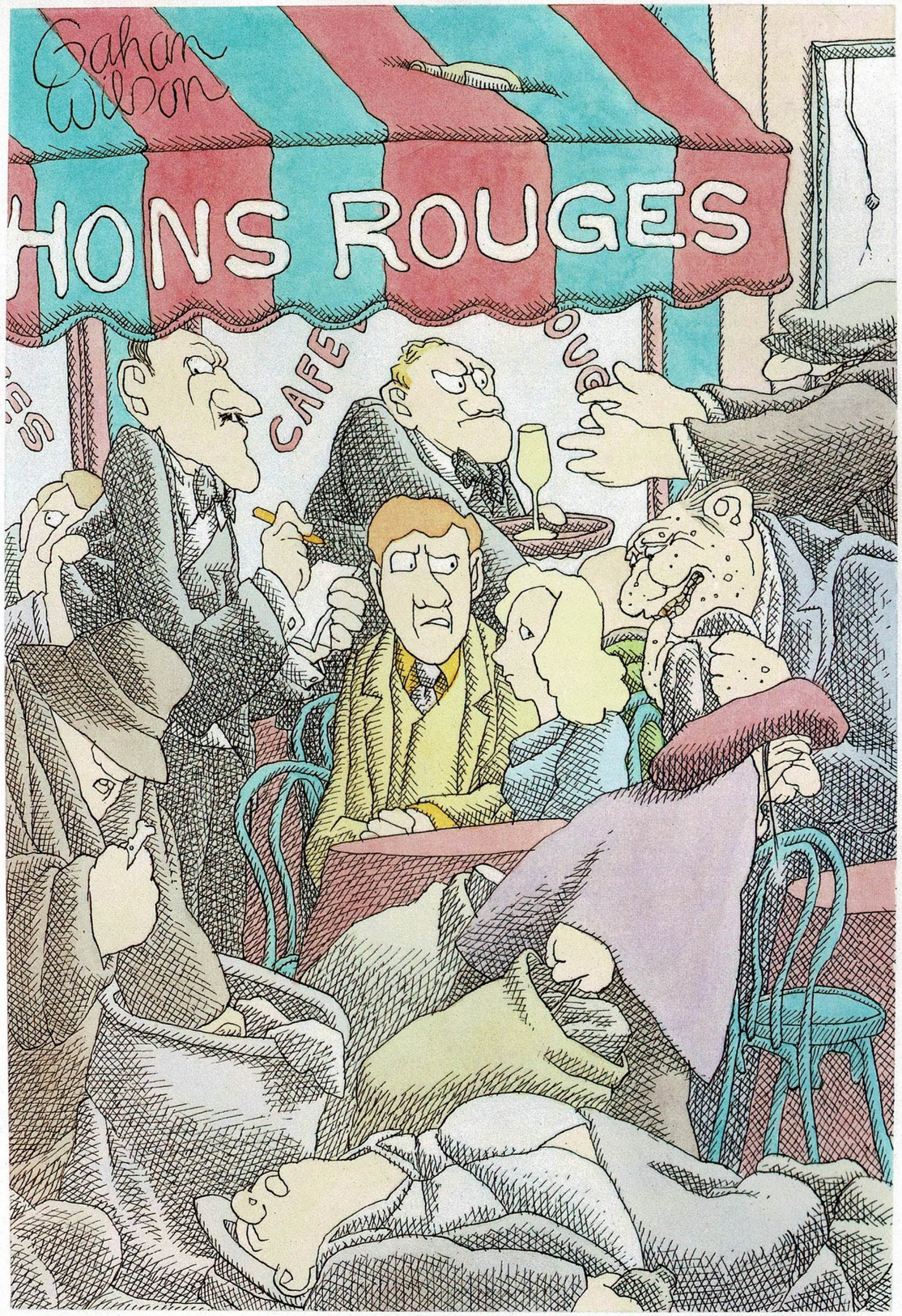
A massage-parlor mogul named Drew
Insists that it's probably true
He established the specs
For masseuse-furnished sex
With the slogan "We're pulling for you!"

A sailor is marooned on a desert island with only a female sheep and a male Doberman for companionship. The animals soon get it on sexually, and all goes well until the man becomes unbearably randy and makes his move for the ewe, at which point the dog comes between them, snarling, fangs bared.

Days later, a raft drifts into sight. The sailor swims out, finds a beautiful girl on it, takes her to shore and feeds and comforts her. "You are so good to me," she responds gratefully. "I'd do absolutely anything to show my gratitude."

"Would you?" smiles the sailor as he unfastens the length of rope that holds up his ragged pants. "Well then, here — use this as a leash and take the bloody dog for a walk!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"I guess it's really not the right neighborhood for a sidewalk cafe."

WINNING SQUASH

An animal-cunning guide to beating the office jerk.

Sport By Stuart Coupe

I KNOW A BIT about squash. In fact about 10 years ago I used to daydream that there wouldn't be too many months before it was Geoff Hunt and I battling it out for the Australian Championship. Naturally I'd win.

I was 16 years old. Already I'd been Tasmanian under-21 Champion for two years in a row, won more championships than I could remember, played A grade men's squash, and was sponsored by a sporting company. For two years I'd worked weekends at the local centre and taught squash fundamentals to dozens of other aspiring world champions — everyone from the 50-year-old woman who didn't return one ball in 30 minutes to some very talented 10-year-olds.

At 15 I'd had my first experience of an Australian Squash Championship, playing for the Tasmanian junior team in Adelaide. The following year the championships were in Perth and the organisers decided that because of the costs involved, the junior team should get as much playing experience as possible and play in both the junior and men's championship. This sounded like a good idea until the draw came out a month before we left. First round of the Australian Championship — Cam Nancarrow (NSW) versus Stuart Coupe (Tas). Everyone except me thought this was pretty funny. Nancarrow was number one

ILLUSTRATION BY ERICH MAAS

FROM PRISON RACKET TO WORLD TITLES

Squash developed in and around prisons and taverns which, as squash historian Rex Bellamy points out, is not surprising considering that both had an ample supply of walled yards and men with plenty of time on their hands.

The first reference to rackets (from which squash developed) was at the beginning of the 19th century in connection with the Fleet prison in London. The game was played around taverns as an alternative pub game to skittles. Between 1820 and 1840, a softer ball was introduced and rackets developed into squash, becoming popular at English public schools such as Harrow. In 1850, two roofless courts were constructed at Harrow and three years later the first covered courts were built at the Prince's Club in London.

The first courts created specifically for squash were built at Harrow in 1864. It is considered that in this year squash was born and took on a totally separate identity from rackets. In 1891 the first squash court was built in the USA but a championship wasn't held until 1907. Squash was established in Australia in 1918 when the first court was built in Sydney at a physical culture institute. The same company built a court in Melbourne a decade later. This court had rounded corners and included among its patrons famous tennis player Harry Hopman.

At the conclusion of his tennis career, Hopman took up squash seriously and won the Australian Amateur Championship at his first attempt. Between 1933 and 1937, Hopman appeared in five successive finals, winning three.

In the early years of the game's history in Australia it was usually considered to be a secondary activity, a way of developing coordination and fitness for other sports. Don Bradman was another talented player who started off playing squash to keep in shape and ended up winning the South Australian Championship in 1939. Bradman has said that he considers squash to be "one of the most exhilarating of all games."

Other keen squash players include cricketer Bob Simpson and former Prime Minister Billy McMahon.

According to Ken Hiscoe, "McMahon was never that great but did okay considering that he started when he was 60 or whatever and still has a game now." McMahon was instrumental in organising for a squash court to be built at Parliament House.

An Australian Amateur Championship was inaugurated in 1931 and four years later a National Association was formed. The first Australian Open Championship was played in 1939.

Squash didn't take on in a big way in the early years as Australians reacted conservatively to the game and the change came when public courts were built exclusively for squash. As the number of courts and players increased so did the standard. The early Australian champions learnt a lot from overseas players, especially those from Pakistan such as Dardir, who came to Australia in 1962.

"He would play four of us top amateurs one after the other and we wouldn't win a handful of points between us," Ken Hiscoe told Rex Bellamy. Hiscoe went on to become the first truly great Australian player, becoming the first Aussie to win the British Amateur Championship. This was in 1962, a week before Hiscoe turned 25.

Australia's reserve for that tour was a 16-year-old by the name of Geoff Hunt. Hunt went on to become the greatest player in modern day squash winning, on numerous occasions, the British Open Championship, the Australian Open Championship, the International Amateur Championship and others.

Australia proved its squash supremacy in 1976 when the first official world open championships were held. Both titles were won by Australians — Hunt triumphed at Wembley and Heather McKay romped home in Brisbane.

Since those days, Australia has produced a steady stream of great squash players and, with Pakistan, has dominated world squash.

seed for the championship. But then I started to think. Geoff Hunt had travelled with the Australian team when he was 16 and he'd given the top players a run for their money. Maybe Nancarrow wasn't going to get it so easy after all.

The first day in Adelaide, Nancarrow and I shook hands. I tried to cripple him with a "don't mess with me, Cam" handshake. Then I noticed he was a left-hander. During the warm-up, things were going well. I returned everything, threw in a few fancy shots, looked as casual as possible, and just to show my confidence, asked if he'd like to serve first. He declined but won the toss anyway.

A few stylish shots from me and the score was two-all in the first game. Did I notice a look of worry on Nancarrow's forehead? A classy drop shot into the left hand nick, and I started thinking about where I'd put the championship trophy in my bedroom.

Nancarrow took off his jumper. "He's really scared," I thought, keeping mine on in an attempt to let him know I was barely getting warmed up. Then, in about 15 minutes, my dreams of world squash domination vanished. The passing of years makes me think that it was just that I didn't want to embarrass the top seed in the first round but people who watched the game remember it differently.

To make matters worse, I ran into a Western Australian named Dean Williams in the junior championship. He managed to fluke a 9-0, 9-2, 9-1 victory. Today he's one of the top players in the world: that's what the experience of playing me as a youngster did for him!

After those experiences, I scaled my squash playing down and spent more time developing my style as a rock'n'roll journalist. I mean, who wants to get hot and sweaty on a squash court when you can meet rock stars?

In recent months, having interviewed enough rock stars to last a lifetime, I had a long hard look at myself in the mirror and decided it was long overdue for the sandshoes and rackets to be hauled out of the cupboard and into the vicinity of my local squash centre. These days I'm mixing with neither world champions nor the types who spend at least three hours a day seven days a week on a court. I'm lurching around squash courts with the archetypal average player.

Maybe that average player is someone like you, the player who's keen on the game, has learnt the fundamentals, has a grading at the local club, but is constantly thwarted by one better player.

It's a typical Wednesday night game after work. It's four-all in the fifth game and you're feeling good. Deciding to jog two kilometres each morning before going to the office has paid off — your stamina's better and you're able to keep pace with most other players in your grade. The new racket you bought last week adds an extra confidence to your shots and the new shoes your wife bought for your birthday are giving you more bounce around the court.

You've played this half-wit at least a dozen times — he's won on every occasion but this is the first time you've taken him to five games. It's not so much that you mind losing if someone's better, but as well as being better, this dude's a real jerk. He works in the same office and acts as if he owns it . . . and he plays squash the same way. He gets in the way, calls for a let every time you get within six feet of him, and plays every point as if he's defending the Australian Open for the fourth time and it's nine-all in the fifth. And he hardly ever pays for the drinks after the game.

For all this carry-on, he's still playing C grade at the local club. He's clumsy, has a backswing that would look better on a golfer, insists on running into you, hip first, whenever possible, and there's always an uncanny relationship between an extra long rally when he's done all the running and the need for him to stop and slowly tighten his shoelaces.

So you're four-all, he wins serve with a dodgy backhand cross-court, and suddenly varies his delivery. Instead of a hard, fast tennis style delivery, he lobs the ball high and slow into the back corner. You're at a loss how to get it back and in a matter of minutes, the game's over. And he still doesn't pay for the drinks.

It's obviously time to get serious. The other guy's either been having lessons or getting in some extra practice because he's never varied his serving style like that before. You decide to follow suit and take definite steps to improve your game. What do you do?

There's some obvious improvements you can make to your game simply by being aware of them, and putting them into practice. Tactics for winning start before the match. Use the warm-up to get your shots working. Don't just slam the ball back at your opponent — concentrate on getting a good length as well as loosening up your muscles. Use the warm-up to find out as much as possible about your opponent. Maybe the office jerk hit a few high balls in the warm-up and noticed you didn't handle them well, so kept that information in reserve for when he needed it. Also use that time to try and get an idea of how fit the other guy is. If he's puffing after a few minutes, it could be a good tactic to try and prolong the rallies and wear him down that way instead of going for outright winners.

Once the game's started, keep your opponent moving, concentrating on playing the ball up and down the walls. The idea is to dominate the T position in the middle of the court and have your opponent doing all the running. Don't hit across court unless you're totally in control and confident you can pass your opponent. And never, never hit the ball back to your opponent. Keep him moving around those four corners.

Too many average players try and hit winning shots off every ball. There's no future in that at all — you'll wear yourself out, get frustrated and find yourself hitting wild, erratic shots. Finesse and control are what squash is all about. Work your opponent around the court and wait for a loose shot from him before going in for the kill. Squash is more about *where* you hit the ball than how hard you hit it. Trying to king hit everything isn't going to help one bit!

If you find that nothing's working, or that your opponent has countered all your tactics, then change your game. The last time you played the office jerk he obviously realised things were a bit too close for comfort so he varied his game. If your opponent is keeping you on the hop by volleying your shots down the wall, concentrate on keeping them lower and closer to the wall, or boast the ball more and draw him towards the front walls. If you're both hitting the ball hard and fast, try and slow the game down. Play high shots, use more lobs and prolong the rallies.

Maybe your opponent is having trouble returning serve on his forehand. Why not serve from the left-hand box when you win serve again? There's nothing in the rules that says that when you win serve that the first delivery has to be from the right-hand side.

Overall the gains from gamesmanship are slight. It's who's fittest and plays the best game on the court that counts most.

Although you probably can't stand the sight of your opponent, you're going to have to look at him more than you'd like. In squash, unlike most sports, your opponent is frequently not in front of you. Turn and watch every shot he makes — it'll give you those extra few seconds to see where the ball's going. Don't telegraph your intentions to him. Practise good squash technique of using the same backswing for every shot so until the last moment it's difficult for him to tell whether you're going to play a dropshot, a boast, a long drive down the wall or move in to volley a high delivery.

Then there's what's called gamesmanship — but there's a thin line between that and cheating. Our friend from the office is obviously playing unfairly by constantly stopping to tighten his shoelaces after long rallies. Other scams like this include taking long walks around the court after strenuous rallies, kicking the ball across court so you have to walk to pick it up, bouncing the ball repeatedly before serving, and any number of delaying antics.

In his book on squash, Geoff Hunt recounts incidents where players who don't like slow balls have dipped the ball in hot water during breaks between games so it'll warm up and bounce more. One Melbourne team once supplied a ball that had been punctured by a red hot needle and then put back in its original box. The player in question, who obviously preferred a slow ball, won his match in straight games.

Obviously all these tricks are totally unfair but there's some basic gamesmanship tactics that can help you towards victory. Hunt recounts an instance where his father was level at two games-all with his opponent. Both were physically exhausted but while his opponent sprawled on the floor, Hunt's father summoned up all his determination and did a quick, casual jog around the court which no doubt had a demoralising effect on the other player.

Self-discipline is an important aspect in countering some types of gamesmanship. You'll frequently come across players who'll try and unsettle you by running into you repeatedly or niggling you with comments. Ignore them: your game is going to suffer if you react to it and your opponent will be thrown off guard if there's no reaction.

Overall the gains from gamesmanship are slight. It's who's fittest and plays the best game on the court that counts most.

Now, those tips are a good start to improving your squash game and if you work at them maybe the office jerk won't look quite so up himself next time you play him.

But there's numerous other ways to improve your game. One is to ask someone better than yourself. In my case I decided to ask Ken Hiscoe, someone I'd watched on many occasions during my squash career — and who, along with Geoff Hunt and Heather McKay, is one of the greatest squash players Australia has produced.

Today Ken owns his own squash centre in Sydney's inner-city suburb of Surry Hills. He still plays regular competition matches and coaches the NSW junior squad. In Ken's opinion, a few lessons from an expert will improve anybody's game.

"Obviously once you understand the game I think you should have a couple of lessons from a good professional," Ken says. "You learn a bit more about the game this way, and for instance, if your swing's wrong, a coach can tell you how to correct it, and things like that. The other thing that helps is playing someone better than yourself."

Unlike tennis, there's a relatively small number of professional squash coaches and there's no full-time pros at centres so it's a matter of finding who's available and when. Expect to pay around $20 for a 45-minute lesson with a good coach and that fee includes the hire of the court.

Another way to improve your game involves spending time on various routines which can be done either with a partner or alone. "There's a lot of drills you can do on the court, whether it's by yourself or with a

partner, and I know we used to do them religiously when we were on tour, every morning for about an hour," Ken says. "Even the lower grade players can start doing those drills and that does improve your game."

There's an enormous variety of drills and routines that can be used to develop various aspects of your game. As an indication here's the most basic routine for two players learning to get the feel of the ball, as recommended by Pakistani master Dardir: "Five minutes hitting straight and cross-court to each other. A lobs, B volleys, five minutes on the forehand, five minutes on the backhand, then change positions. Each on his own with separate balls, five minutes backhand, five minutes forehand, concentrating on keeping the ball close to the side wall and playing to a good length."

To drink or not to drink, a big question among serious and aspiring squash players. If you're serious about improving your game should you stop drinking alcohol? Okay, breathe a sigh of relief — most top players agree that in *moderation,* beer and wine can be relaxing and healthy, helping to settle the nerves, replace lost liquid, and promote squash's social appeal.

"Some of the best racehorses in the world have done well on a drop of Guinness now and then," says Jonah Barrington. Hiscoe, a man known for enjoying a drop, agrees. "Beer's a food. There's a lot of goodness in beer. Malt and yeast and all that stuff. If you're pretty fit you'll run it out the following day. A few beers are good for you, providing you don't have eight every night. If you have a good thrash once a month, there's nothing wrong with that. But you don't go and iron yourself two or three times a week."

Barrington is one player who never drank during his top competition days but now sees some value in moderate drinking. "Jonah is still playing darn good squash but he's relaxing more now than he's ever relaxed in his life," Hiscoe comments. "He's training just as hard but he used to be a guy that was all tense, couldn't sleep of a night and his whole life was squash. Now occasionally he'll have a glass of wine or beer and he's finding he's sleeping better. When he goes out he actually makes a point of having a glass of wine or whatever because it relaxes. He wouldn't have dared do that in the earlier years."

Not everything about improving your squash game has to be done on a court. Some can even be done in bed. Take reading, for example. There are numerous books written about squash, all filled with ways to improve your game. Obviously some are better than others. "A lot of them are too technical — you've got to be a bloody barrister to work them out," says Ken Hiscoe. Among the best are *Geoff Hunt On Squash* (Cassell Books), Jonah Barrington's *Barrington On Squash* (Stanley Paul) and *Dardir On Squash* (Gilmour Associates).

Armed with all this information, tips and practice routines, there's absolutely no reason why, within a few weeks, you shouldn't deal with the office jerk in very stylish fashion.

And then what happens? You move up a grade and run into more hustlers with a whole bunch of new tactics and shots, and it's back to routines and the coaching book again. It'll go on forever but one thing's for sure — your squash game will keep getting better.

PLAYERS AND PRIZES

Squash boomed in Australia from the mid-'50s onwards and by the end of that decade there were more squash courts in Australia than any other country in the world.

A second boom period was during the late '70s when an enormous number of squash centres were opened up across the country. In talking about the game's growth in Australia Geoff Hunt says: "Australia is the only country where the game is opened up and available to the average person in the street. See an article about an average Australian and you find that he plays squash. That's an indication of how squash is in Australia. That's the reason Ken Hiscoe and I started. Cam Nancarrow, Bill Reedman . . . we've all come from an average working family and have got through."

Pakistani champion Rehmatullah Kahn has argued that the accessibility of squash courts is a major factor in the game's popularity. "I like the idea of squash in Australia because anyone can walk in and play, which is good for squash and good for people," he comments. "You can hire any equipment you need. Another thing I like is that every court owner makes sure his courts are very clean. Everybody seems to play squash in Australia. Go to a public centre and every night somebody is playing a competition."

A recent national survey estimated that over 750,000 Australians play squash at least once a week, and the game continues to gain popularity. There are currently over 600 junior teams playing regular Saturday competition in Sydney alone.

Popular as it may be, squash has never been a great spectator sport because of the environment it's played in, and consequently the potential for commercial gain from top-level squash has always been small. The world's best squash players earn only a fraction of what top professional tennis players or golfers are capable of winning. Over the next few years this could change. The invention of a new style of court is increasing the number of people who can watch squash games, and will enable improved standard of television coverage.

Ken Hiscoe explains that all the major overseas championships are now being played on what is called a twin view portable glass court. "What that means is that the spectator can see in but the player can't see out," he says. "It's glass but on the inside of the wall there's little dots so the ball can grip the wall unlike pure glass where it's going to slide and the ball's going to slip. When the lights are on, from the inside it's like a white plaster wall, but from outside it looks like a normal glass back court. What it means is that they can put the court in a big stadium and people can watch around the whole court."

At recent overseas championships, more than 2000 people have been able to watch matches. There is only a handful of such courts and they're very expensive to construct and transport but Hiscoe expects that there should be one in Australia by the middle of this year.

The use of these courts will result in more money being injected into the game and as Hiscoe says: "That means that more kids will take it up as a full-time sport."

The prizemoney for big league squash is escalating but it's still nothing like the potential earnings from tennis. The International Squash Rackets Federation tournament was played last year in New Zealand with overall prizemoney of $60,000. The winner made off with $10,000. McEnroe won't pull his sandshoes on for that, but maybe over the next few years these new courts and improved television coverage will push squash earnings to the level of the top tennis players, cricketers, billiards players and the like.

SNOW STORM

It's winter Down Under and the world's hottest snowmen are looking for action.

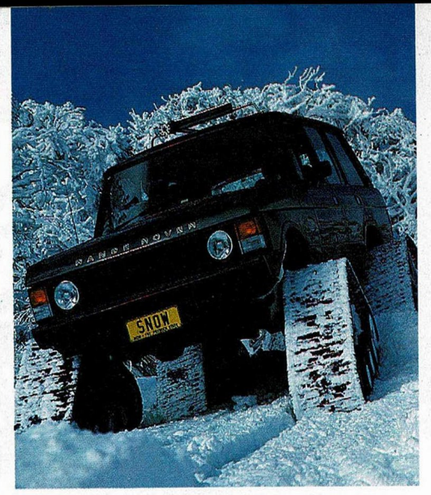
With the spectacle of the Sarajevo Winter Olympics still fresh in the minds of Australians it is appropriate that the international ski circus should now shift Down Under for the major Southern Hemisphere ski competitions to be contested chiefly at Guthega — the newly emerging glamor resort of the NSW ski-fields.

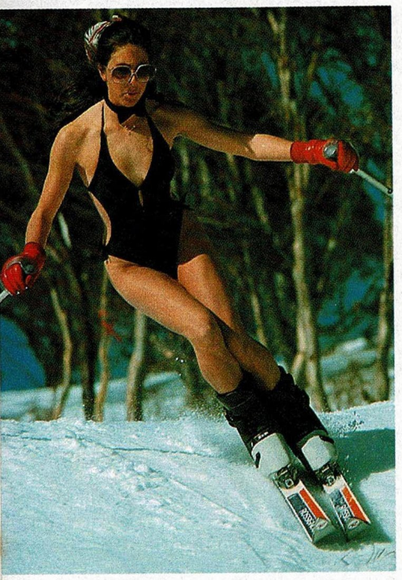
The two really tough events of International Alpine competition will be held at Guthega in August. Because it is the European off-season and the Australian series is now so well established it promises to be a sensational series. Particularly as the rising star of Australia's ski troupe, Stephen Lee, will almost certainly lead his local team into a head-on confrontation with the internationals on more even terms on his home ground. Then there is the added bonus for all grades of skiers at Guthega this year —the continuation of the Range Rover Australian Freestyle Championships.

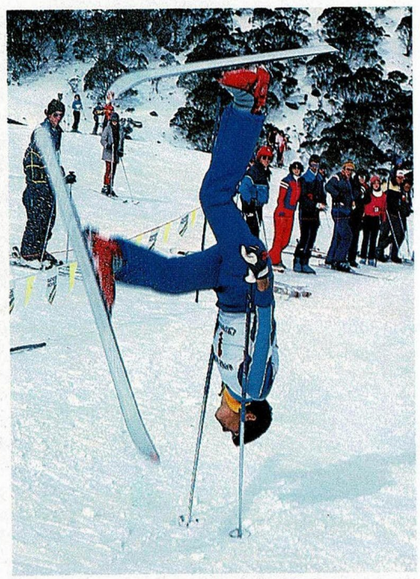
Unlike the Alpine events where Japanese, Austrian, Swedish, Swiss,

Sport by Rob Luck

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMONS







Aerial action (top left) will stun spectators during this year's Range Rover Freestyle Championships at Guthega; Range Rover will provide course support with their cat-tracked vehicle (top right); PLAYBOY *will be there again with action girls (centre left); radical new techniques have literally turned the freestyle discipline of ballet upside down (centre right); whoopee action in the bump-ski section (above) will complement the alpine disciplines (previous page).*

Yugoslavian and New Zealand teams will compete, the Range Rover titles are for Aussies only.

This has proved an excellent move as it has increased the depth of talent among locals who could formerly have had no hope of matching the top internationals in this most spectacular sport medium.

The 1984 snow season opens at Guthega this year with a weekend of riotous living from June 9-11. On-snow activities follow at a fast clip until July when Guthega launches a month of champagne skiing — appropriate for a champagne resort — and every adult who buys a day ticket will get a well-lubricated start to the day with a glass of Great Western Champagne. For the whole month!

July sees the start of the Ovaltine recreational racing series, a giant slalom course on which average recreational skiers can test their skills and get a yardstick for performance improvement with professionally timed double-runs. Oh yes, and there are prizes too. Another novel feature at Guthega is the Mono Ski Clinics run through the season from July 14-15 which are sponsored by Look and feature world famous mono ski exponent Pierre Leon instructing in the radical art of going down on one.

July gets rounded out with another of skidom's most spectacular competitions — head to head giant slalom. Organised by Peter Stuyvesant, this is an exercise in dual-lunacy in which two competitors run side by side through a suicidal giant slalom course featuring two mid-course jumps. Even spectators who get too close are at risk!

The real Skifest starts in August. It opens with Look Mono Ski Clinics, rages along with Life, Be In It on-snow educational programs organised by SASKI for South Australians who take the long trek to the snow, and then really gets underway with the Range Rover International Race Series for Slalom and Giant Slalom. This runs for a week of hot competition including the Australian and New Zealand Continental Cup, and the Australian Open Championships. These are FIS International rated events which will pit our best against their best in what looks like the closest ever international series held here.

Guthega will extend its umbrella of social and sporting activities through the snow country and particularly in areas like Jindabyne, base station and jumping-off point for recreational day skiers.

Range Rover will be using the series to show off its new tracked vehicle — the first in the world, developed in Australia, and used to provide rapid support for officials, competitors and safety organisers in the major International events. Also sponsored by Range Rover, the Freestyle Championships for three disciplines — ballet, aerials and bumps — will be staged over the August 25-26 weekend.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

GO SKI YOURSELF!

Playboy's guide to what's cool on the slopes this winter

A few winters back anybody who told you men would be wearing turquoise ski suits on the slopes would have got snow kicked in his face, right? After all, this is Australia we're talking about here, not the sissy snowfields of Colorado. But the truth is real men can wear bright colors, like turquoise and red and electric blue — and look great. Color is confidence and this year it will be everywhere like great splashes of paint on the white landscape. Now, pay attention. When you've quite finished trying to look inside her Quebec bib and brace trousers by Nevica, $70, take a look at the rest of the outfit which looks just as good on him. Over the top of the bib and brace pants he's wearing the Montana jacket by Nevica for $110. The segmented edge, wood core skis are the UR 20 Carbon by Dinamic and cost $340. The Challenger gloves are by Look and cost $37. The newly developed non-scratch goggles are by Cebe and cost $48. Okay, back to the girl. Her hat is by Look and costs $10, her Lady Stenmark goggles, also by Cebe, cost $30. The boots are by Le Trappeur and cost $200.

Now turn the page. . .

Fashion by Vitek

In addition to brighter colors new technology means ski-wear and equipment is getting lighter. It not only looks better, it works better. In this scenario the athletic gentleman on the left is testing the strength of the latest Dynasty skis by Dynastar at $250. His Casino suit by Kitex is $230, Salomon SX90 boots $250 and accessories include gloves by M.G. $39, Kickturn hat by M.G. $6.40 and the very useful M.G. Bum Bag for only the best dressed ski bums costs $16. Our snowgirl is wearing Cortina ski pants by Tails $180, Texan parka by Snug $180 and Ripple gloves by M.G. $28. The chap on the right is wearing a Zermatt parka by M.G. Down $180, Exhibition pants by Tails at $135 and Ripple gloves by M.G. at $30. You think upside down is a funny way to model ski gear? Wait till you get to Guthega — you'll see even funnier positions before the season is over.

Our upside down man is wearing the new Tequila parka by Snug for $180, Cortina pants by Tails $180, a Jet skivvy by Maser $25, and Salomon gloves $32. The First V.A.S. skis by Rossignol are $298. Our snow bunny is wearing the SX50 boots by Salomon at $140, Cortina pants $180 and a Hanni skivvy by Maser $21. Our man in red is wearing a Flight parka by M.G. Down at $160, Tails trousers $135 and M.G. gloves $39. His Poseidon boots are by Nordica at $160. All glasses and goggles in this presentation are by Solar. Now, where can you get it? Here is a short list of stockists: Sportski, George Street, Sydney; Slalom Sea and Ski, Canberra; Alpine Ski Sports, Hunter Street, Newcastle; Alpine Ski Centre, Hardware St, Melbourne; The Ski Barn, Queen St, Brisbane and Dianne Magees, Grenfell St, Adelaide. Otherwise, try any leading ski store!

FRIGID WOMEN

Some females just can't warm up to sex — but be cool, there are ways

A WOMAN HAS PLACES in her body that exist secretly, and when cold penetrates them, they lose heat and exist no more.

Nicole West is sitting in a sex therapist's office with her husband John, a psychoanalyst, listening to the sex therapist explain what he wants them to do. She is smoking a joint and wearing shorts; John is not so well built. They have been married 14 years. During this period they have had sex 25 times. The sex therapist wants Nicole to tell him precisely what it is she doesn't like, what it is she *really,* precisely doesn't like, and Nicole says she doesn't like John to touch her, and the sex therapist says well, they'll start out with some non-sexual touching, and Nicole says John is hairy, she doesn't like his hair, and the sex therapist says well, they'll start out with some nice foot massaging and says well, Nicole, take off your sandals. John's hands are already starting to sweat, and Nicole, sullenly, gracefully, twisting her long body, reaches behind him for an ashtray and flips her roach into it.

"Did the foot massage get things going for you and John?" I ask Nicole.

"No, it didn't," she answers.

"Why didn't it work?" I ask.

"If there's one thing John *hates,*" says Nicole, "it's feet."

●

This is an article about frigid women. From time to time I am actually going to try to talk about frigid women, but it is not going to be easy because frigidity is vague. It's a fog that rolls in, spreads, thickens, smothers everything, then recedes. You can't attack it directly because nothing is there. It's a subject about emptiness, fertile with ambiguity.

Sixty to 70 percent of women experience difficulty having orgasms in intercourse. Thirty percent rarely have orgasms or have

Article by E. Jean Carroll

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGDICH

extreme difficulty having orgasms. Using certain techniques, women can overcome the difficulty but the techniques aren't as interesting as what goes on between the overcoming and the coming, and this is getting suspiciously near what frigidity may be about: the groaning of the bedframe, the burning groin, the gathering gall, the steady glide from the afterglow to the afterglare.

●

Nora Harlow, author of the book *Lover to Lover,* and her husband, Dr Gene Able, the Director of the Sexual Behavior Clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University in the US do not like the word *frigid.*

"First of all, " says Miss Harlow, "there is no such thing. The word is wrong. There is no such condition. There are women who are cold as hell and can have orgasms in two minutes. Frigidity does not exist. We ought to talk about what *does* exist."

"What exists," says Dr Able, "are women who have deficits in their ability to fantasise, in their ability to learn how their bodies should be touched and to teach others how to touch their bodies. There are women who have difficulty teaching themselves how to orgasm and therefore teaching their lovers how to bring them to orgasm. There are women who have these deficits. We don't argue with that."

"Let me tell you something about biology," says Miss Harlow. "So you have your woman who is all ice. She has never had an orgasm in her life, right? She owns 20 cats and is hostile to men. Okay. Now, let me tell you what happens when she goes to sleep. Her vagina fills with blood and she lubricates *six* times a night. And every woman is exactly like her."

"Just like men," says Dr Able, "who can't have erections during the day due to behavior factors; they have six erections during the night in REM. All men do."

"So frigid women do not exist," says Miss Harlow. "However, 47 percent of happily married women *do* have difficulty having orgasms. Almost half of married women! It is surprising. It is not only surprising, it is unbelievable, because it's so easy to change. Sex therapy is the only area of medicine where we have cures and people do not use them. It is perfectly phenomenal."

"And the reason people don't do anything about sex problems," says Dr Able, "is because they're dumb. Dumb. I'm sorry."

"Thirty-five percent of happily married men say they have premature ejaculations," says Miss Harlow. "You can cure premature ejaculation in a matter of *hours*. It should be extinct. *Nobody* should have it. And there is a *high* correspondence between women having sexual difficulties and lovers who ejaculate quickly."

"It is like this," continues Dr Able. "New lovers start out with sexual activities A through Z. Then they just begin doing what they enjoy best, and that's X Y Z — those things closest to orgasm. So they drop A B C and D. And those things don't get associated with orgasm anymore. Instead, just the things very close to orgasm occur. But if they just do X Y Z again and again and again, they lose interest. If you like chocolate ice cream and you eat a litre every day, you think, 'Hey, this is really great,' the first week; but two months later you won't like it."

"And there's another reason women lose desire," comments Miss Harlow. "It's because their actual body sensations change. If they have an erotic experience that drove them crazy on their honeymoon, and then they try to have the same erotic experience on their third anniversary, it will vary because they do not have the same body. That's a mistake lovers make. They think, 'I found it out once, and I know everything about her,' but they don't. That person has a new body. You have to find out what that lover's body feels like right *now.*"

Miss Harlow is a very pretty woman with dark, curly hair and rosy skin and a person can only listen to so much of this.

"Do you still desire Dr Able?" I ask.

She smiles, and looks away from Dr Able.

"Of course. I mean, I'm no fool."

"And when you met, was it love at first sight?" I ask. [*Silence*]

"Were you sexually attracted?" [*Silence*]

"I don't like the direction this is going," says Dr Able.

"No, it's all right," I say.

He smiles and pulls his tie between his thumb and forefinger.

"Do you want to turn that off?" he asks, looking at the tape recorder.

"No."

"Oh. You're not going to turn it off?"

"No."

"Then you're not going to get any information."

"No?" [*Silence*]

"I'll bet you two have a fantastic sex life."

"Well. . . I don't like the direction. . ."

Miss Harlow's brow is pure. Her eyes are lifted. A vein at her temple stands out and throbs throbs throbs.

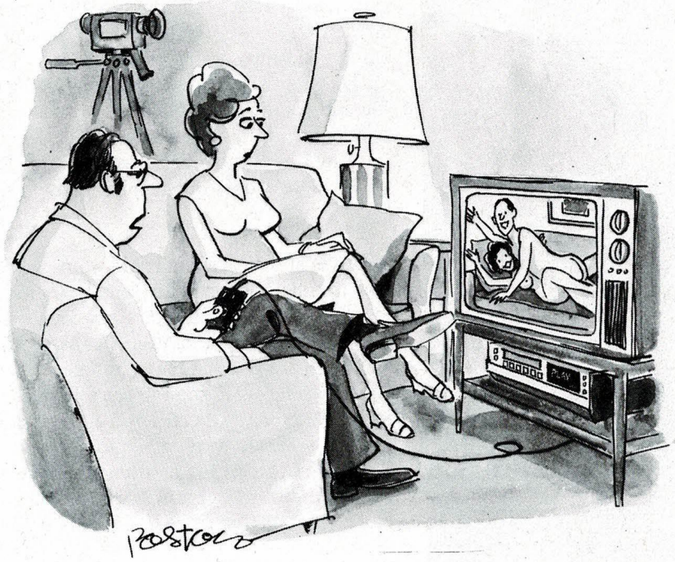
"If you know techniques that make you more passionate," says Miss Harlow, "what idiot wouldn't use them?"

●

"We've been to other shrinks," says Nicole, after talking about the foot massage. "John was sleeping nude, and he would really be all over me, which I couldn't *stand.* God! He was creepy. His hands were nervous. His body was sticky. I hated the way he touched me, so one of the shrinks said maybe John should wear some clothes, so we went home and pretty soon I had him *completely* covered. From his head to his toes, every inch, so I would not have to touch him. . . *anywhere.*"

Nicole's attractions are huge. Her voice has a sudden drop to it and she is tall and powerful-looking and has dark red-gold hair and straight, dark eyebrows and there is an expression in her eyes that says: I have nothing to offer but my own confusion. "But I loved him," she says, "*insanely.* I had just graduated and had started modelling and was in a lot of magazines and men were *throwing* themselves at me, and John came along and was cool, and intellectually it was a great match. Physically, we were in mortal combat. The first time we made love it was over before I knew what was going on. He was *very* fast at it. He said it would get better. I believed him. He was a *shrink,* my God.

"But then he started telling me that women didn't want foreplay. He said there was something juvenile about all that. He



"I knew it would come to this. Now we've got to send them *a video tape of* us *screwing."*

"No need for the gun, Watson — I've uncovered Moriarty's little game single handed."

knew that I liked to do it. He knew that I'd spent a lot of time doing it when I was in school, and I had, and I *loved* it; but John thought now that I was an adult, it was a stupid thing, and it was probably a little weird. He sold me on that for a long time. I really wondered if I had had an abnormal adolescence.

"So the first year we were married we had sex four times. There were certain places where he didn't want to be touched. His nipples, for one thing. He hated his nipples being touched. He wasn't very good at telling me what he liked. He treated it like it was something disgusting and gross I was doing. I thought, well, maybe I am not attractive to him. Maybe I should do something. So I went out and bought this black nightgown, this very sexy black nightgown, and I washed my hair and took the gown out of the box and put it on in the bathroom and meanwhile, John was in bed, reading. Something on mental disease. Propped up in bed. So I came in kind of nervous, and in order to get into bed I have to crawl over him because there's no room on my side, and I come walking in, frightened, excited, you know, thinking this is going to be it. And he looks up at me. He puts down the book on mental disease and looks at me, up and down, looks at me and says, *'What are you trying to prove?'* I am standing there in a see-through black nightgown — a see-through black nightgown! — and I stood there a long time. And in that time every part of me that had any relation with sexuality completely shut down."

●

Bob is nice looking, but blocky and it was love at first sight for Lisa, except for the first couple of minutes when she was afraid Bob might be a professional athlete, but then it turned out he owned a big advertising agency. "I was screwing around a lot," says Bob. "I was in a period of not forming any attachments. I was *amazed* that Lisa was so attracted to me. I mean she is the type of girl that gets a *tremendous* amount of attention."

"Well, Bob was very sensual," says Lisa.

"Very animal," says Bob.

"Very animal," says Lisa. "*Very* sexy. We moved in together right away. But we had a very stormy first two years. When we made love, I wasn't having orgasms. I was lubricating. I was doing everything. Except I was holding back. I liked sex. I loved Bob. I am the classic case. I think my lovers before just *assumed* I was having orgasms. I was putting on a great show."

Lisa is tall, black-haired, bosomy, 28, works in interior design, and has been with Bob five years. "She is so totally attractive," says Bob, who is 38, "the level of envy that my friends feel is just *incredible.*"

"But I couldn't climax," says Lisa. "Whenever we had sex it was like my genitals and I were separated. It was like they belonged to another person. My legs felt like wood. It was like a shield closed over my pelvis.

"When Bob would massage my breasts it would be like it was happening to another person," says Lisa. "The times when I'd really start to feel it, whenever it got to the point when I felt it was time to climax, something would happen to me. No man, no hand, *nothing* could get me to climax."

"And as we got closer and closer," says Bob, "I would get upset that she wouldn't orgasm. I thought it was a rejection of me."

"And, of course, it was," says Lisa. "I would lie there afterwards completely frustrated while he snored. But I finally got to the point where I said, *'Why am I doing this to myself?'* There was a lot of rage there, but I didn't realise it. I was a very nice person. I was a very agreeable person. And very sweet. Sweet is the word I'm most often described as. Nice and sweet. And who can orgasm under *those* circumstances? I didn't have what it took to hold up my end. I didn't have *any* sense of what I was entitled to. I thought as long as the man comes, *that's* the important thing. That real old-world kind of shit. Well, I had been under the bed long enough already. It was time to come out."

Nicole: "The first year we were married we had sex four times. He treated it like it was something gross and disgusting I was doing."

Bob is getting excited and wants to tell the story about how Lisa started going to a class called the "Self-Expression Workshop", but I interrupt him. He is a fervent, open-hearted man, and doesn't need to be asked many questions, but there is something I long to know.

"Have you ever run into this before?" I ask.

"Why, yes," he says. "Right after my ex-wife and I divorced, she said she'd been faking orgasms for seven years."

●

Women have two notions, among others: one is that there is nothing better than being cold and having no sex, and the other is that life would be a little less loathsome if they had it all the time. Dominique is the owner of a burlesque theatre, a professional photographer and a mud wrestling champion. She's wearing jeans and a revealing top, she has a really extremely pretty face and rubs her breasts as she asks me to tell her one guy who doesn't want to fuck a broad, and says that's all they want to do and that she, herself, was nearly fucked to death, and that every guy who looked at her wanted to fuck her, and they still want to fuck her, but now that she's 36, she doesn't want to fuck any more.

So that's why she said, 'fuck this shit,' she doesn't want to get laid all the time. So I ask, why not? And she says she only wants one guy. She wants a total relationship or nothing, and that's why she stopped fucking, it was too much of a drain on her, it really was a horrible drain, because you go to bed with somebody and then you grow fond of them and then they're not fond of you any more, because when guys like to fuck you, they get all the fucking that they can get and then they move on to the next one, so she says it's too much for her to deal with; fucking interferes with her work; fucking interferes with her making money and she earns a vast amount of money, and money is what really makes her happy, and she says when guys just fuck the belly off her and then say good-bye, she's a woman and she gets emotional over that.

"So how are things going now?" I ask.

"Well ever since I stopped fucking and got into making money, I'm very happy," says Dominique.

●

Bret Lyon, Director of the Self-Expression Workshop in Santa Monica, California, guesses that about 70 percent of the women who take the class are having difficulties with sex. One of his students was Lisa. Lyon says Lisa had a lot of tension and he got her to be more aware of her body.

"She got very sexual in the classes," he says. "She started getting into these wonderful animal-like interactions.

"You see, the main thing I do is get people to accept pleasure. I get them to the point where they can just allow things to come out. We start with subtle movements of the body. Then we work on breathing, involving all the muscles. Then we deal with sound, allowing whatever sound that wants to come out, to come out. Both men and women usually start with little sounds. Then they build very quickly to a lot of sound and a lot of emotional release. A lot of crying. A lot of laughing. A *lot* of hysterical laughing. Hysterical laughing happens to be my favourite."

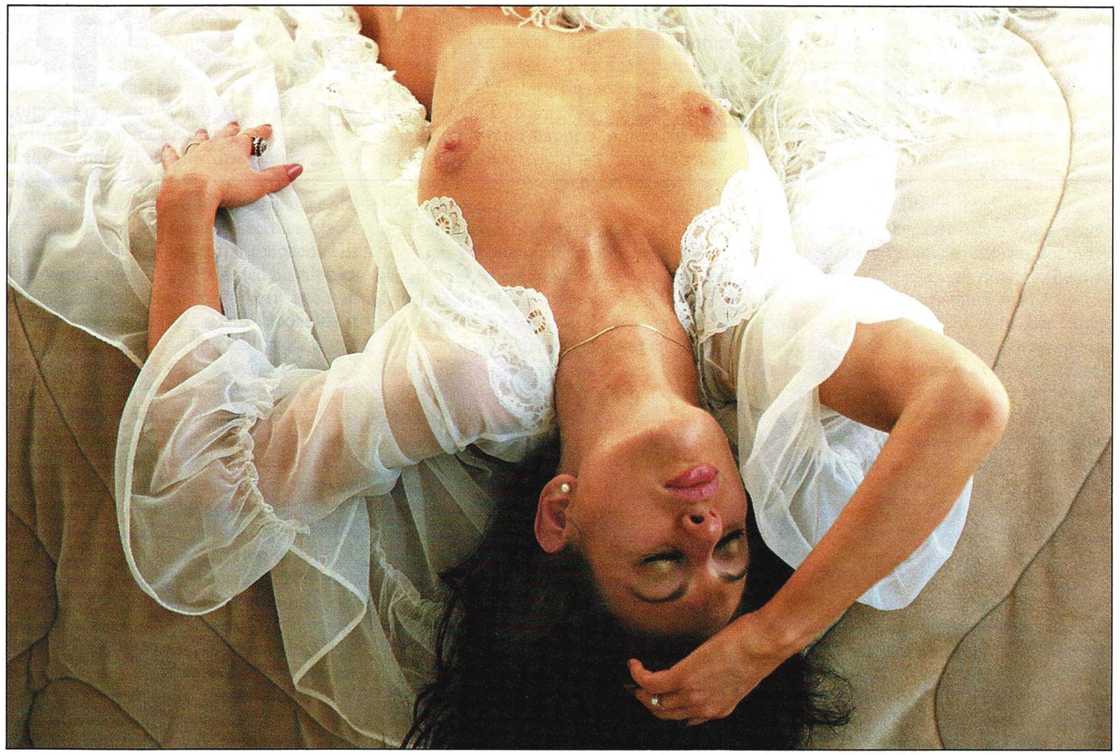
Lyon and I are talking long distance. I don't know what it is I want from this interview, but I am certain that I'm listening to a California nutball, and yearn for the icy tones of Miss Harlow to hail down on me. But Lisa says sex therapists were advising her to use a vibrator, and she tried vibrators, but they didn't feel good. And with a psychotherapist, all she would have done was talk about it. "But in Bret's class I really got to *do* things," says Lisa. "I was *rolling* these guys around on the floor. I was growling at them. We'd be trading sounds back and forth, and I might start hissing or moaning or laughing or screaming or whatever. And these *scenes* would evolve. Fight scenes, love scenes. Coming close and pushing away. So I got to experiment with that. Nowhere else in the *world* could I have had a chance to experiment like that. I learned to be vulnerable. I learned to be

(continued on page 136)

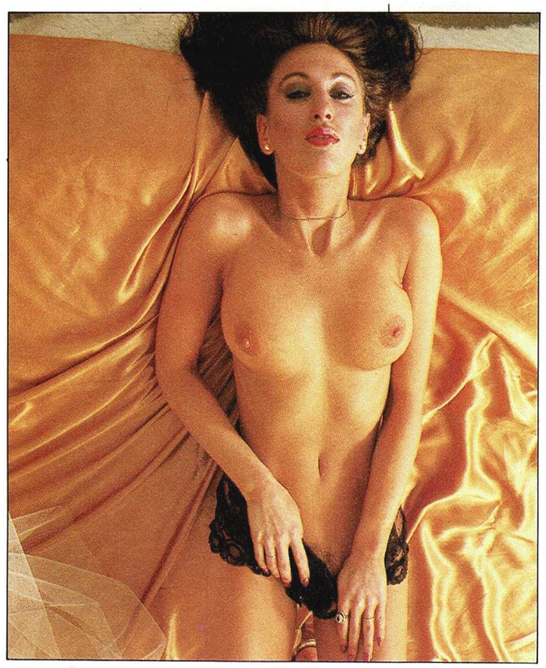
WELL CAST

There is no way Angela Menzies-Wills intends letting the grass grow under her feet. This fast movin' Melbourne girl has already created an impressive past, present and future for herself with high options in academic pursuits, modelling and acting. But the call of the bright lights has proven strongest, prompting the Bachelor of Arts graduate to shelve schooling and the catwalk for an acting career.

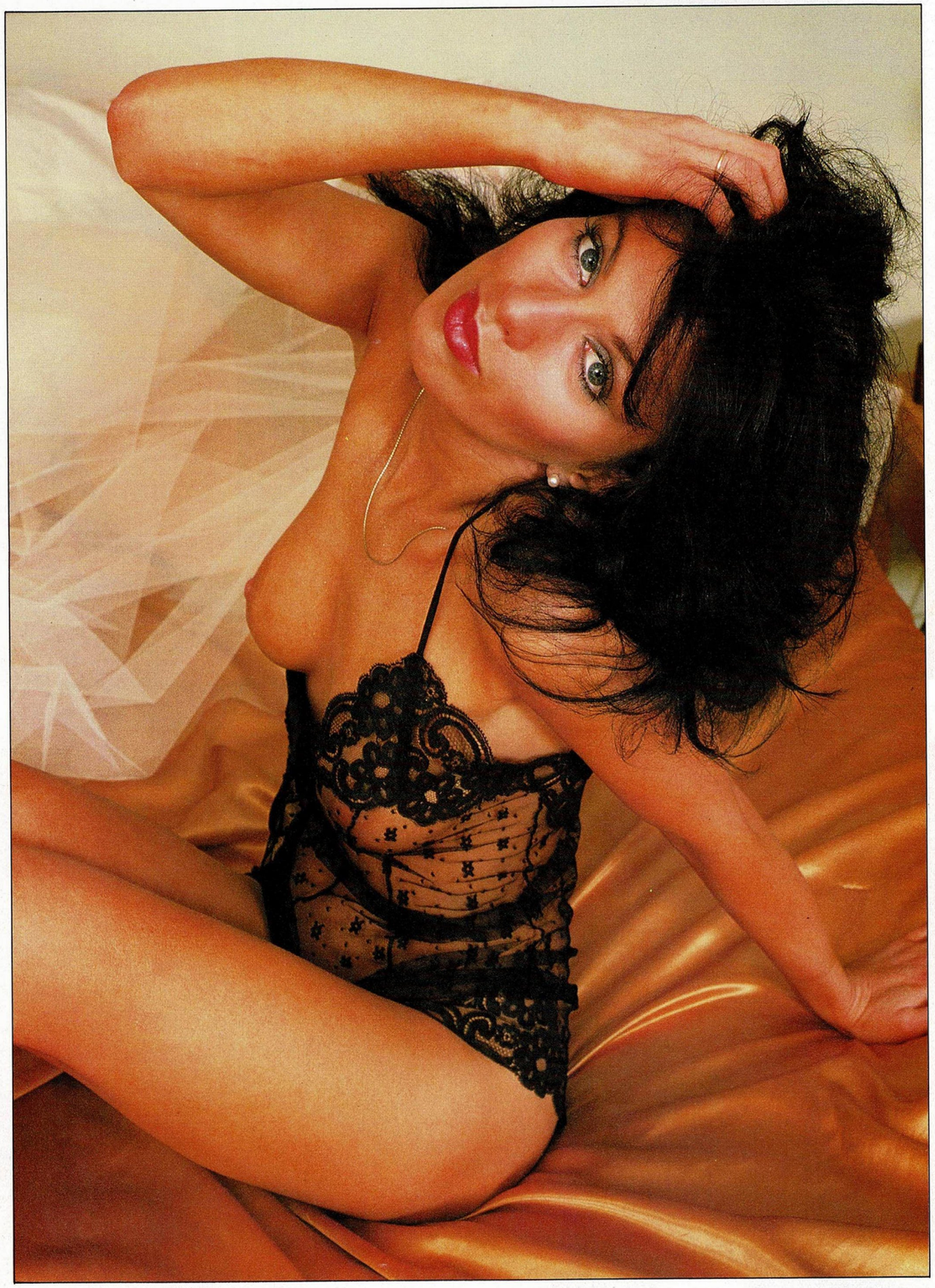
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSS BARNETT



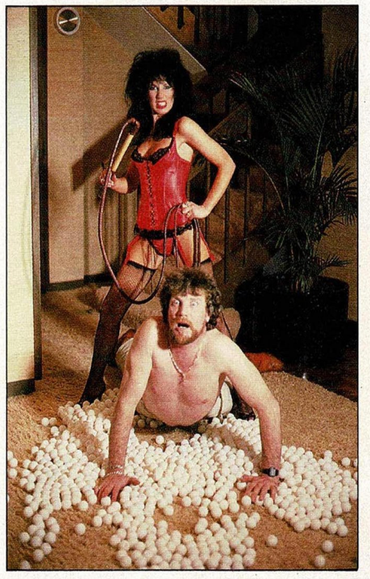
"It's not surprising I've chosen acting," says Angela. "I've been involved in theatre since I was five so I knew it would always be my favorite." Happily for audiences, movie producers have found a formula for displaying Angela's talent and abundant natural qualities. It means featuring in such movies as the recently-completed Coming of Age *in which Angela, as leading lady, gets to bare body and soul for a light-hearted, loss-of-innocence romp.*

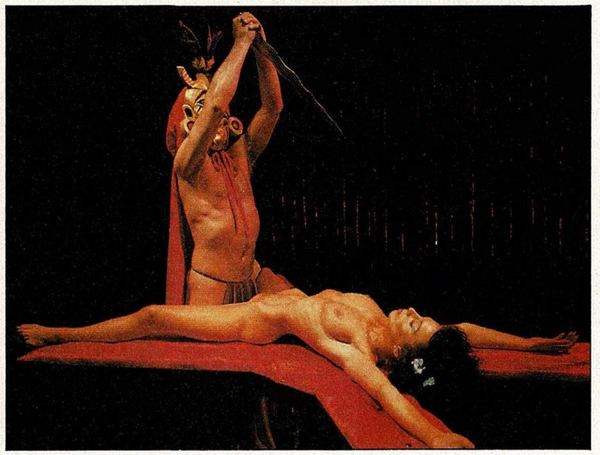


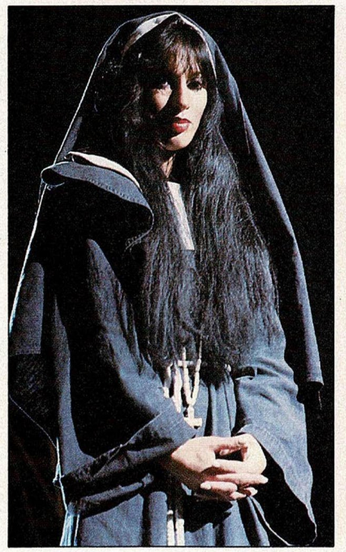
A girl of fairly conservative Melbourne upbringing might have had reservations about appearing in the movie's hot sex scenes. But not Angela. "I've always done what I've wanted to," says the former student who rejected the idea of a stuffy legal career in favor of majoring in psychology and the university of life. Authenticity might be the keynote for the movie as Angela gets to play opposite her real-life partner Dave Evans, a guy whose foremost call is as a professional singer-songwriter.

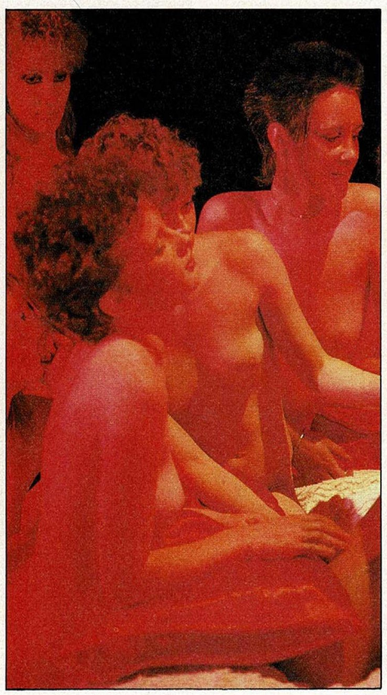


"I was worried about how I'd look in the movie's nude scenes," confides Angela. "But when I saw the early edit I was thrilled. David had to be pleased too because he was sitting next to me having to deal with watching us both nude on film." Angela is a girl we'll certainly be seeing more of. With plenty of television drama, stage roles and now feature films to her credit, hers is a face and figure bound to be in demand.









OLD PLAYERS NEVER DIE

...they just leave their balls behind

WHEN I WAS just a kid my best friends and I supported the local rugby team. His name was Dick Scott. Dick wasn't the entire team of course but to me and my mates there was never anyone else on the field. Dick might have run on with 14 other players week after week but to us they were just his helpers and the less they got in his way the better. Probably there were some other good players in the side, possibly, Heaven forbid, they might even have been better than Dick, but despite their prowess, thinking back on the team after all these years, I can't remember one other name.

To look at, Dick Scott probably wasn't all that great. In fact, if the truth be known, he was hardly the epitome of the champion rugby player. He was short, overweight and as I later found out, short-sighted but to us, he combined the physical attributes of a Greek god with the skills of a football genius. He was fast as the wind, had the eye of an eagle and the kick of a mule. He was fit, brave, resourceful and always hard but fair.

A few true rugby enthusiasts might remember the name Dick Scott. In our neighborhood, at least, it was the name on the lips of everyone under five foot. How well I remember those Sunday afternoon games of touch footy where every player, on both sides, would prepare for the kick-off with a cry of: "Okay, you guys, I'm Dick Scott," or in whining tones pleading with my mother: "Gosh Mum, Dick Scott doesn't have to eat All Bran." (When I eventually met Dick I realised it might have been better if he had.)

But while his unconscious Svengali-like influence on us was complete, Dick's exploits on the field were also immense. He was a very high points scorer, actually holding a few records for goal kicking at one stage and for season after season, he was the mainstay of the district 1st XV. He never got to play any higher though, a fact which seemed to us a shocking oversight on the part of the representative selectors.

One of my more vivid recollections of a true rugby childhood is that of sitting with the gang at the Sydney Cricket Ground watching Australia soundly beaten by the visiting All Blacks. After every score by the visitors — and there were many — we would shout in chorus : "Bring on Dick Scott!" It was a sincere but nonetheless ineffectual protest against what we considered the greatest blight on the game since Dally Messenger's mum had given him permission to play league.

Fiction by Michael Colman

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

To watch Dick Scott in action was a weekly ritual. My father would drive a group of us to the railway station and we would catch the train the six stops to the ground. Ignoring the admission money our parents had innocently given us, we climbed two fences, squeezed through a hole in a third and negotiated four strands of barbed wire to gain illegal admission. Once inside, we quickly put the saved money to good use and, armed to the teeth with musk sticks, rainbow balls and jelly babies, took our place on what we called the Dick Scott Stand — the hideously uncomfortable corrugated iron roof of the home side's dressing-shed. Without fail, every week at exactly the same time, just before Dick and his helpers took the field, the ground announcer would tell us "for the last and final time" to get off the roof. We never did.

For the next 80 minutes we were treated to an exhibition of rugby magic. If Dick ever missed a goal, then I don't remember. If he let the opposition in for a try, it escapes my memory. If he dropped a pass, it wasn't his fault. He was a scoring machine: his goals went over from everywhere. As soon as he stepped forward to place the ball on the mound, the scoreboard automatically recorded three points. It was even suggested that he shouldn't be insulted by having to go through the time-wasting process of taking the kicks.

I'll never forget the excitement we felt when the ground announcer, soon after telling us for the second, last and final time, to get off the roof, enlightened the crowd that the goal Dick Scott was about to kick would be his one thousandth point for the club. A hush fell over the ground. History was being made. Dick placed the ball and went into his famous pre-goal preparation technique so often imitated by the kids at the local park. He threw a small handful of dirt into the air to test the wind. He took two deep breaths to clear his throat and closed his eyes twice to adjust his vision then moved in for the kick. No one spoke.

Hendo, the smallest of my mates, leaned forward and dropped open his mouth. The ball soared high, its flight traced by the arc of eight pre-pubescent necks. Hendo clenched his fists and closed his tiny eyes as tight as he could then let out a high-pitched squeak as our cheers told him the kick had been successful.

We had our suspicions but it was not until we all squeezed into the close atmosphere of the train carriage on the way home that it was confirmed that Dick's moment of glory had been a little too much for Hendo's young constitution.

I don't remember when I started drifting away from Dick Scott and football games. It must have been a gradual transition though, because I do remember the horror I felt when Dick was dropped to the second grade side. We still went to watch him of course, then left before the firsts came out.

Our devotion to our hero was complete and it wasn't restricted to the field. The brand of meat pies sold at the ground was Scotts. We called them Dicky Scott pies, shortened eventually to just "Dickies" — it is a nickname I still have trouble shaking.

As the years went by, I found myself being drawn to other pastimes. About the same time Dick was relegated to third grade, I was just discovering cars, parties and weekends up the bush.

It was funny how things changed, but I never lost my affection for the game and even sometimes found time for a bit of a run myself and although I would never be a Ken Catchpole, John Thornett or Dick Scott (in my warped bias I always put those three in the same class), I did, through various means not so long ago, find myself with a friend at Dick's old club having a few beers and a chat about the old days. We were minding our own business when before we knew what had happened we'd been recruited for a game the next day with the club's seventh grade, a scratch outfit which apparently had no over-abundance of either personnel or talent.

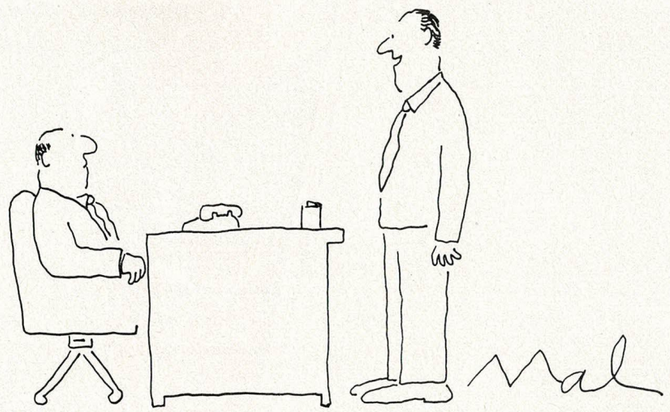
It had been a long time since Hendo and the rest of us had been ordered off the roof of the dressing sheds for the very last and final time and even longer since Dick Scott's name had graced the pages of *Rugby News,* but the game still held a certain aura and so we agreed. Whether it was the free booze-up offered after the game, or the memory of golden afternoons watching the local team and munching hot dickies, I'll never know.

The match, as it turned out the next day at the ungodly hour of 9am, was against the nearby university veterans side — old boys and current students ranging from one anaemic-looking 18-year-old to a collection of crocks and beer-bellied oldies who seemed barely capable of seeing the ball, let alone catching it. It was an unbearably hot morning and the effects of more than a few too many beers the night before made it worse as we were welcomed by the recruitment officer of the previous evening. He was a short, squat, cross-eyed fellow who gave the impression he was looking at you when actually he was addressing himself to someone about four feet to your right.

"Men," said Crosseyes (a nickname bestowed with typical rugby club feeling and compassion), "as you know, this is for the Villegun Cup." (I hadn't known). "This means a lot to us — the sevenths have played for this cup for the past eight years and we've won it the last two. By the rules of the comp if we win it this time, we get to keep it, now let's do it. Let's be able to say to our kids in years to come that one hot day me and 14 of me best mates went out and played a bloody hard game of footy and won the Villegun Cup. Let's be able to take them down to the club and show them the trophies and point to the Villegun Cup and say: 'Kids, I helped win that cup.'"

It was an awe-inspiring speech, tempered only by my friend vomiting next to my car and the fact that one of the players felt compelled to point out to Crosseyes that as the club was licensed, it would be impossible to take our children into the trophy room, sparking a dispute between a few of the others on whether the trophy room was actually part of the licensed area or not. By the time the discussion had ended in a stalemate, the original combatant throwing up his hands and saying: "Okay, it's not my bloody funeral — you just take your kids in there then and see what bloody happens to you," I must admit I was a little less than keen to die in defence of the Villegun Cup.

The game itself would never have made rugby history. It was just another of those collections of never had beens and never would bes running around a paddock making enough noise and raising enough sweat to justify drinking a few too many beers afterwards. In fact, if not for one certain feature, it is doubtful I would even remember taking part at all.



"Sir, may I have the afternoon off to cheat on my wife?"

It was when Crosseyes announced the team that it dawned that this was, for me, no ordinary game. When he read the last name, I realised a lifetime's ambition was about to be fulfilled.

"Fullback," Crosseyes read from the back of a beer coaster, "Dick Scott . . . where is the fat fool?"

My heart leapt into my mouth. My legs began to tremble. Dick Scott, *the* Dick Scott, was about to take the field . . . with me!

A voice behind me answered Crosseyes' question. "He's a bit crook, Crosseyes. I think he's just had a bit of a spit."

The sound of someone clearing their throat — the kind that sounds like they are trying to clean out the inside of their feet as well — boomed from the dressing-room. The door burst open and there, red-faced and dragging bleary-eyed on a cigarette butt, stood a fat, bespectacled, balding little man in ancient football gear who looked a tiny little bit like he could have once, a long, long time ago, been Dick Scott.

"Strewth Crosseyes," he said spitting on the ground, "can't we just call this bloody thing off and get back to bed?"

It was shattering. He looked to me like an old race horse which should have been put down years ago but still took children for trail rides at a broken-down riding school. We took the field.

"Ready?" shouted the ref. "Ready sir," cried Crosseyes, looking me straight in the eyes, and amid much coughing and wheezing we were under way and soon down 4-nil. The anaemic 18-year-old ran round Dick to score. My former hero's attempt to stop him was to stick out a fat little pink leg which missed by six feet and spit at him when he was grounding the ball.

"If you can get them in the eyes it blinds them," he told me confidentially as we awaited the unsuccessful conversion attempt. Smelling his breath, I did not doubt it.

It was an experience I will never forget. As well as the ill effects of my hangover, I had a pain in my stomach from my childhood dreams struggling to escape. Somehow, just before half-time, we managed to draw even. Dick's conversion attempt rolled three feet along the ground before it came to a dead halt, much to the amusement of the university spectators. Dick answered his critics as only a true rugby man can. He pulled down his shorts and bent over in front of them. I only just managed to avert my eyes in time.

As we gratefully sank to the ground at half-time, Crosseyes subjected us to his full repertoire of emotional cliches.

"You're playing like a lot of old women," he said, staring at the front row forward's wife. "Socks down game down," he implored, wagging a finger at the goal post. "They can't run without legs, get in there and show a bit of tiger." He stared at us blankly. "Anyone got anything to say?" he asked.

Only one had the breath to talk. "I was wondering, Crosseyes," he said, "if we win, do you think the club would put the cup in the TV room. I know kids are definitely allowed in there. That way, we could . . ."

The ref blew his whistle before the debate could be restarted. Refusing every plea from players begging to be replaced, Crosseyes allowed himself to be pointed in the right direction and led us back on to the field.

Despite the dirty water and mouldy oranges at half-time, the second stanza was no better. The game dragged on, the heat became more oppressive. If there is a Hell, I told myself, this is it. A university player made a break and Crosseyes tackled me. One of our players simply walked off, reminding Crosseyes he'd told him during the week he had to go to a wedding. With no replacements, I was moved to the front row, the only consolation being my opposite number was in worse shape than I. "Go easy on me, I'll go easy on you," he whispered in the first scrum. We shook on it.

With seconds left, the ref awarded us a penalty on the sideline at half-way. The referee signalled full-time as Dick waddled up to Crosseyes.

Dick answered his critics as only a true rugby man can. He pulled down his shorts and bent over in front of them.

"Give it 'ere Crosseyes, I'll kick it out and we can all have a few drinks," he said panting and sweating profusely.

"Doesn't work that way, Dick," Crosseyes said, facing the car park. "Rules of the comp. If it's a draw we play 10 minutes each way."

The effect was the same as if he'd told Dick the brewery had burnt down. "What!" he screamed. "That's 20 bloody minutes. I can't play another 20 minutes in this bloody heat, you lunatic. Give me the bloody pill and I'll have a shot."

It was an impossible kick. The All Black superboot Dick Clark would have missed it in his prime, the young Dick Scott would have had trouble with it, and the Dick Scott I had seen today was joking to even contemplate it. Dick placed the ball with all the concentration of old. He did all the things which made him famous, tossing a handful of dirt into the air to test the wind, taking two deep breaths to clear his throat (although I must admit he had a violent coughing fit after the second). He closed his eyes three times to adjust his vision and broke wind loudly. (I didn't remember that part from the old days but then again, I had never actually been on the field with him before.) Then he moved in for his kick. I won't say it was a perfect kick, in fact to this day Crosseyes swears it missed by 10 feet. It never got higher than a foot above the crossbar the whole way, but that's how high it stayed and, as they say in the sports pages, it shaved the upright. But nonetheless, it made it and, wonder of wonders, the bloody Villegun was ours. I made an instant note to produce some children so I could take them to some unlicensed area of the club to show them the cup.

The others staggered off the field in a state of relieved exhaustion. I floated. As it turned out, the magnificent trophy we had competed so fiercely for was about as big as an egg cup and the free booze-up was a little less than advertised.

We had to pay 40 cents for a plastic cup of beer and if we lost the cup, we couldn't get a refill, but by that stage it didn't matter. We had won and Dick Scott, *the* Dick Scott, had won the bastard for us. There was a Santa Claus and fairy tales do come true. Old fullbacks never die, they just play for the sevenths.

As for Dick, he took it all in his stride. "Just like your kick in the '68 final," I called to him. "Not quite as far," he said, not the least surprised I should remember.

He picked up two plastic cups and put them on the table in front of me as goalposts. "Now the '71 semi, that was a better kick. Into a 40 knot sou-easter, five to go and three broken bones in me foot . . ."

Dick then proceeded to outline every kick he had ever made. He was, it turned out on top of all his other faults, a bore. Still, to one of the regulars from the Dick Scott Stand who had just had his faith restored, he seemed fascinating.

Hendo dropped around the other day and when I told him this story we jumped into the car and went down to the club to see the Villegun Cup. It wasn't there: seems Crosseyes put it on a table in a pub the night after the game and took a whisky glass home by mistake. "Never mind, we'll have a beer anyway," I said and looked down the bar and there was Dick, flanked by a couple of 80-year-olds. He had two beer glasses on the bar as goalposts and was using a salted cashew as a football to relive the goals he had scored for Combined High Schools in the '50s.

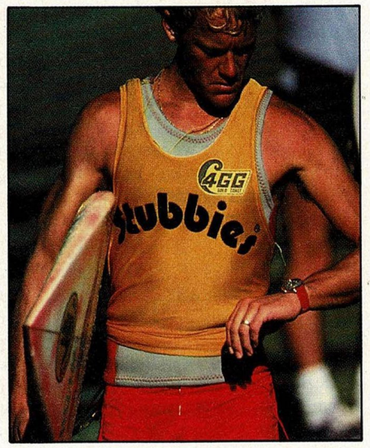
"Look Hendo," I cried, "it's Dick." Hendo gazed down the bar and then, with the eyes of a 10-year-old kid sitting on the roof of a dressing shed, pleaded: "That's not our Dick, is it?"

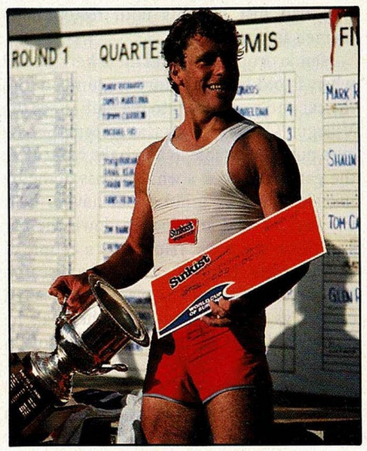
"No," I said putting my arm around him, "only joking."

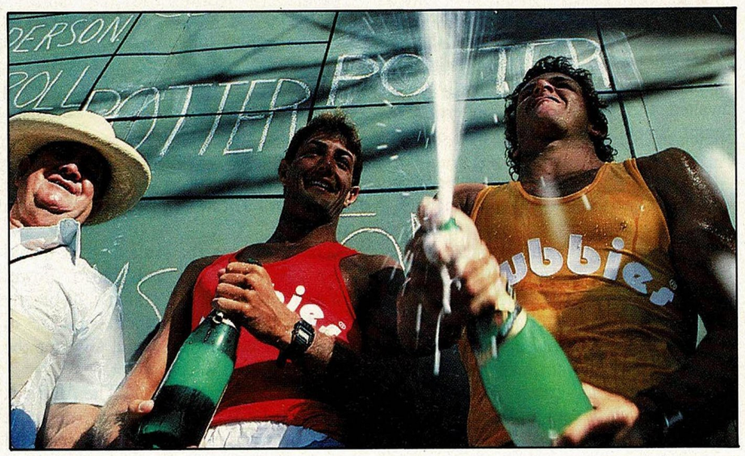
Why break a grown man's heart? Besides, the way I look at it, it's the principle of the thing, and I'll drink to that any time. Make mine a schooner of new . . . oh, and a hot dickie with sauce — that's the only way we have 'em in our gang, isn't it guys?

SURFING'S NEW ORDER

Nick Carroll reports it's the season of change in the ranks of professional surfers







IT WAS early 1975, and 19-year-old Queensland kid Wayne "Rabbit" Bartholomew sat on his surfboard about 150 metres off the beach at the Banzai Pipeline. The surf was big, big, big, even for the legendary wave zone on Oahu's North Shore. A solid seven-metre swell pumped from the north-west, having formed 3000 kilometres away to race across uninterrupted ocean and slam into Hawaii's coral reefs. All the big-gun spots were collecting it —Sunset Beach, Waimea Bay and the Pipeline reef itself, probably the most dangerous wave of all, breaking in two metres of water over lumpy, razor-sharp lava.

Rabbit, together with big West Aussie surfer Ian Cairns, had paddled out early that morning to snag a couple of set waves on the Banzai second reef. Now Cairns had disappeared, caught by a freak wave that broke way, way outside the pair, and Rabbit floated nervously by himself in no-man's-land, wondering

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER SIMONS

This page: Wayne Bartholomew shows the stress of competition at Oz's premier pro event, Surfabout. Opposite clockwise: gaudy judging tower; Peter Townend checks pre-heat time; winners celebrate; Tom Carroll with profits.

Four-time world champion Mark Richards (above) and heir apparent Tommy Carroll (below)

what to do next. Twenty minutes later he was quietly freaking out. Twenty minutes since Cairns had vanished and on the third reef, maybe a quarter-mile outside, another huge set was feeling the bottom for the first time. It erupted like dull, spooky thunder. He could almost taste the fear. Rabbit had three choices. He could paddle frantically wide of the set, avoid the curdling foam and head for the inside reef, a smaller wave and, hopefully, safety. He could panic and paddle around in circles until a big wave picked him off and deposited him, injured or miraculously intact, on the beach. Or he could sit on his board and let the wave come to him.

He sat. The white water outside backed off and the wave jacked up on the second reef like a hideous vision from a Japanese horror movie. Rabbit spun his board around and started paddling into the thing. He felt ice-cold, over-riding his fear, thinking of nothing but the drop down that huge face. The wave lifted him, slowly, slowly, then he was up and racing to beat the lip to the bottom. He went past the small pack of surfers further in like a rocket, easing back on his heels for a long turn up into the dark bowel of the wave, feeling rather than seeing as that tremendous lip lunged out over and past. His board seemed to tremble with the power under and around him. Then the wave *breathed;* all the pent-up foam and spray, compressed in the tube behind the young Queenslander, shot out in a stinging blast, carrying him away out onto the face again.

Rabbit was free. He'd never felt so free. The last section of the wave shut down on him. It took him to the cleaners but he didn't care. He came up on the beach with a rush and fellow Aussie Peter Townend ran up yelling his lungs out: "You did it, mate! You've made it!"

It was a watershed year for surfing. In 1975, surfing moved from being a fringe activity for rebellious youth to a professional sport practised by professional athletes. Pro tournaments were beginning to sprout in Australia and South Africa. Rabbit Bartholomew, Peter Townend and the handful of others who were leading the move had to bust a gut travelling the world on a shoestring, lending their support to the

fledgling pro circuit. Most of all, they had to literally risk their lives in the huge surf of Hawaii where the richest events of the day went down. Rabbit and his peers could win enough in Hawaii to make their other international jaunts financially viable — if they were lucky.

But Hawaii meant more than just a cash reward. It was the place where, for thousands of years, surfers of one kind or another had been proving their immortal bravery and skill. The waves of Australia and Africa were kid stuff by comparison.

A good showing in Hawaii meant credibility plus, it meant you had what it took to be a top pro, and although the pioneers of the money scene could foresee a day when there'd be more cash up for grabs outside the Islands, they never thought Hawaii would cease to be the vital proving ground of the surfing world.

In those days — the mid-'70s — surfing was as weird, spaced-out and iconoclastic a sport as you could find. If you were a "surfer" — especially if you were a *good* surfer — there was a tacit understanding between you and the anti-war, pro-drug, rock'n'roll youth culture you moved within that you were more than just someone who rode waves on a lump of foam and fibreglass. Rather, you were an exalted being, almost a priest of post-hippie mysticism. Surfing was an act performed in total harmony with Mother Ocean. It purified the soul. It afforded flashes of amazing insight to those who'd faced down its mystic, inconceivable challenge. It resembled nothing more nor less than some ancient Eastern martial art, strangely transplanted into the turbulent latter half of the 20th century, Western style.

Surfing had always been something of an outsider's sport anyway ever since the Hawaiian Olympic swimmer Duke Kahanamoku had introduced it to the sunny climes of California and Australia early in the century. For one thing, it was just a little too individualist — something you did by yourself, like masturbating, unlike the team sports such as football or cricket. How could a sport build moral fibre and a team spirit if it consisted merely of wallowing about offshore catching waves and enjoying the sunshine? It just wasn't on. The seriously macho surfers joined the burgeoning surf club movement in Oz or hid out in California or went to Hawaii to ride Sunset Beach.

Hawaii! It was the perfect icon for a sport as cultish and mythical as surfing had become by the early '70s. The North Shore of Oahu was a freaky, country-cool tropical wonderland, inhabited by a bizarre mixture of local and foreigner, youth and age. Native Hawaiians *(kamaaiana)* lived side-by-side in the lush green coastal scenery with hippies, artists, rock stars, drug dealers, copped-out ex-businessmen and surf madmen *(haoles)*.

The surfers were legends, heroes throughout the world wherever a wave was breaking. There was Gerry Lopez, a slender Japanese-Hawaiian who'd inherited the crown of Mr Pipeline from the Californian Butch van Artsdalen. Lopez's act at Pipeline was pure Zen — a blend of timing, precision and daredevil elegance that shocked the surfing world into near-stasis for years. He rode deeper in the tube than anyone else, stepping closer to the razor's edge than seemed possible. And like a true hero, he brushed his feats off with incredible cool. In surf movies and magazines he was quoted on lines like: "It's a cakewalk, once you know how."

There was Barry Kanaiaupuni, King of Sunset Beach. "BK" (as he was known) seemed to hail back to the original Hawaiian kings who rode Sunset as a test of their manhood and fitness to rule. He surfed the massive peaks with wired-up confidence, overpowering the meanest situation and blasting waves into ruin in an unmatched display of carefree spontaneity.

And there was Jeff Hakman, a shortish, powerful Californian who had moved to the North Shore early in life. At 15 the relentless Hakman was riding eight-metre Waimea with Buzzy Trent, Jose Angel and the other big-wave riders of the time. Five years later he was going wave for wave with BK at Sunset, earning a reputation as the coolest, calmest and most calculating surfer in the Islands. Hakman was a realist among the wild men. He had everything worked out to the nth degree — surfboard design, wave positioning, fitness levels — the lot. It was only natural that, when the fledgling professional surfing scene began to blossom in Hawaii under the auspices of contest director and former world champ Fred Hemmings, Hakman should take the lead role as unofficial headliner of the pro scene. He took out event after event with smooth consistency at Sunset and Waimea, while Lopez and protege Rory Russell held the reins at Pipeline.

Floodgates began to ease open. . . and a generation of Aussie and South African surfers came rushing out at the waves and reputations of Hawaii.

That is, until the floodgates began to ease open and the brash new generation of Aussie and South African surfers came charging out at the waves and reputations of Hawaii.

Cairns, Paul Neilsen and Terry Fitzgerald paved the way. The three Aussies had been surfing Hawaiian waves with original flair at the beginning of the '70s; Cairns and Neilsen had even won major pro events, and all three had joined the tiny elite cadre of foreign surfers who were invited to compete in Hawaii. It was unbelievably hard to break through the barrier of heroic mysticism that surrounded the Hawaiian scene. To manage it you had to freak the locals out with as heavy a display of bravado, courage and plain surfing skill as was humanly possible. You had to outdo the heroes. For the young newcomers — Rabbit, Townend, Mark Richards, Mark Warren, Simon Anderson and South Africans Shaun and Mike Tomson — it meant trading their fear off against their desperation and letting their sheer natural talent take over.

That was what Rabbit had been doing out there on that terrifying morning at Pipeline. What he and the other "wave rebels" (as they nicknamed themselves) continued to do throughout the Hawaiian season: taking over. Years later Rabbit recalls those halcyon days with a half-smile: "I definitely had a death wish at Pipeline. I think it's something you need if you're going to conquer Pipe. I was going over there to make it or die in the attempt! It was my major survival move — heading to Hawaii with a hundred bucks in my pocket for a three-month stay. But I made it. I was *there.*"

Rabbit, Cairns, Townend, Richards, Tomson and the rest were the world's first real surfing professionals. When the first Grand Prix circuit was set up by Hemmings with the aid of contest directors in Oz and Africa in 1976, it was the wave rebels who seized the advantage. Townend took the '76 World Title and formed the Bronzed Aussies, surfing's first promotional package, with Cairns and Warren. Tomson succeeded in holding off the Aussies in '77, Rabbit scored in '78 and Richards began a phenomenal four-time run in '79 which drilled him straight to the top of the All-Time Legends list.

Surf contests spread to Japan, Europe and the previously atrophied Californian scene. But Hawaii remained the centrepiece, the climax of the circuit and the proving ground for the tour rookies. The wave rebels held an iron grip on the Hawaiian contest scene, along with local up-and-comers Dane Kealoha, Michael Ho, Hans Hedemann and Bobby Owens. If some of them couldn't mix it with complete success in the tiny Japanese surf, they could always depend on Hawaii to set the balance straight.

Meanwhile, back home, things were starting to stir. In 1977, a Sydney promotional outfit put together the most unusual contest of all the minor pro-am events springing up around the country. It was the Pro Junior, unique worldwide as a moneyed event that accepted entries from teenagers only. It gave the kids, sunk as they were in adolescent hero-worship of the wave rebels, a chance to emulate their elders. None of the radical young surfers on the beach at Narrabeen in Sydney for the contest were thinking seriously of a future in pro surfing.

For some, things turned out a little differently.

Tom Carroll was the big winner in that 1977 junior bunfight. He was 15, a cocky, nuggety surf gremmie from Newport on Sydney's northside. From the outset Carroll's surfing career took a wildly different tack to that of the wave rebels — a tack reflecting the fast-growing nature of surfing as it shed its weirdly mystic image and headed toward the mainstream in a search for the corporate big buck.

Tom was a sponsor's dream. For a young surfer he had an incredible level of acceptance among the surfing public. His main rival in the junior ranks, Bondi's Cheyne Horan, was popular all right, but there was something about Tom's flashy surfing and cheeky grin that made him virtually untouchable.

Everybody was positive he was on the way to the top, and there was no shortage of people willing to help him get there: wetsuit manufacturers, clothing manufacturers, surfboard manufacturers — the lot. By the time he was 17 he was already travelling to Japan and Hawaii, with a decent sponsor-endorsed bankroll, unlike the financially strapped Bartholomew had been forced to do only three years before.

Despite the differences between the young Carroll and the wave rebels, they were in fact remarkably similar. Most importantly, Tom's surfing bore all the stamps of that vital ingredient — credibility. He was supremely aggressive in the water. His new peers, the pros, developed a healthy respect for the youngster's innovative approach. In Hawaii he never backed off, even in the face of the meanest Pipeline barrel or Sunset peak.

In short, he had the Right Stuff, and everybody knew it. Even the earlier generation of Hawaiian heroes sensed the presence of a new force.

The secret behind Tom's gung-ho approach was his carefully-concealed sense of awe at the achievements of both the Hawaiian heroes and the wave rebels. Ever since he'd first clambered on to a lump of coolite in the Newport Beach shorebreak, he had spent almost every spare minute soaking up the surfing media and its giant Hawaiian splurge. He was committed to the job of surfing those North Shore waves, and surfing them on a par with the best. Once he got over there and began to mix it with the top guys he was as happy as a pig in poo.

Breaking into that elite circle hadn't been as hard for Tom as it had been for the wave rebels, probably because the cards had been stacked a little more in his favor. People were ready to accept the young innocent-looking hotshot who made friends so easily.

But complete acceptance was more complex. If you wanted to make it all the way, you had to travel the world circuit seven months out of 12, learning the subtle intricacies of the new competitive method. These were more or less invented by the wave rebels, who were all past masters of wave choice, consistency and psychological pressure. If you put it all into practice, you might force your way up into the precious top echelon of the Grand Prix ratings. Those ratings were the new cutting edge of surfing, emerging to overshadow mere surfing brilliance or big-wave heroism. Carroll was at a major disadvantage to the other young up-and-comers here. He was a goofy-footer, which means he surfed with his right foot forward on the board. A natural-footer is the opposite — left foot forward — and is advantaged by the structure of the world circuit, in which most rated events go down at right-hand breaks. On a right-hand wave the natural-footer has the trump card of being able to ride the wave facing the wall. He can react faster in critical situations and increase his speed with far greater ease.

Another stumbling block for Tom was, ironically enough, his own savage confidence. His utter disregard for personal safety led to a series of injuries, including a perforated stomach and a chronic ligament problem in his right knee which put him out of action for four vital months. But he kept fighting back. He climbed into the world's top 10 by 1981, and in 1982 he won his first truly major international event, the World Cup at Sunset Beach. Finally he was beating his heroes, on the terms they had set for him.

Surfing. . . shed its weirdly mystic image and headed toward the mainstream in a search for the corporate big buck.

But the terms of success in pro surfing were on the brink of change. In order to woo the corporate dollar, the surfers had had to compromise one of the sport's sacred precepts — the belief that waves, good waves, were needed to make a contest successful. Increasing media commitments and the need to draw large beach crowds meant that tournaments were held on fixed dates and regardless of surf conditions. These, more often than not, were pretty awful; small, weak and messy.

By 1983, in fact, it had become a sight more important to be a skilled small-wave surfer if you wanted to crack the international circuit. Indeed, a new wave of young competitive surfers was crashing up the ratings list, their successes solely dependent on their speed and flexibility in junk surf. Tommy Curren, a slightly-built 18-year-old from California, was a classic example. In the space of a single year he won the world amateur title, turned pro and took out four major big-money events, establishing himself as a threat to anyone on the circuit.

Curren's charge toward the summit of the ratings was a perfect illustration of the shifting values within professional surfing. Even more telling was the fact that, out of a total $800,000 available in prizemoney on the circuit, only $60,000 was up for grabs on the Hawaiian leg. From being the epicentre of the pro scene, Hawaii had dwindled to fill a relatively unimportant position on the Grand Prix, compared with the $230,000 Australian circuit or the burgeoning Californian scene, where the headquarters of pro surfing's ruling body, the Association of Surfing Professionals (ASP), were now based. The North Shore was financially without a punch.

The Hawaiian leg of the circuit was due to start in November 1983. Rabbit, now 28 and as wily a competitor as existed on earth, held a narrow ratings lead over Carroll. Behind the duo came the hungry youngsters including Curren, and 17-year-old South African Martin Potter.

Shaun Tomson was still up there in the top five with most of the other wave rebels holding back for the last legs of the tour: Hawaii and Australia. Few of them, apart from Rabbit, were interested in making Numero Uno. Four-time winner Richards was just one who'd gone into semi-retirement. For Rabbit and Carroll, though, the Hawaiian leg was vital. They could be sure that, in the thundering violence of their favorite surf zone, they could steal a march on the young small-wave wizards.

But Hawaii's number was up, and had been up for months — maybe years. When local contest director Fred Hemmings — spurned by the pro scene the year before, when the reins of the world circuit had been torn from his hands by the financial muscle of ASP — announced he was withdrawing his events from the tour due to clashes with the ASP rulebook, there was a commotion amid the ranks of the pros; but not much of a commotion.

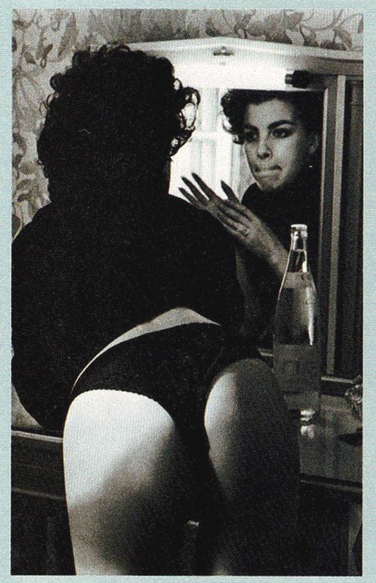
Some went to Hawaii anyway, for a holiday. Most put their heads down and went looking for the smallest waves they could find, warming up for the giant Aussie circuit in April.

Hawaii — the Mecca of surfing in the early '70s, where the righteous stuff of the world's best surfers had been put through the wringer only eight years before, where Lopez had been Mr Pipeline, where BK had been Mr Sunset, where Rabbit had ridden that terrifying, exhilarating wave to break down the exalted door of surf stardom — had become irrelevant.

From now on, the world pro surfing title would belong to the guy who could rip the smallest, rather than the biggest, waves in the world. Cultural credibility had been traded for currency, and somehow, somewhere in the translation, surfing had lost another little bit of originality, had become just that little bit more mundane.

MISTRESS

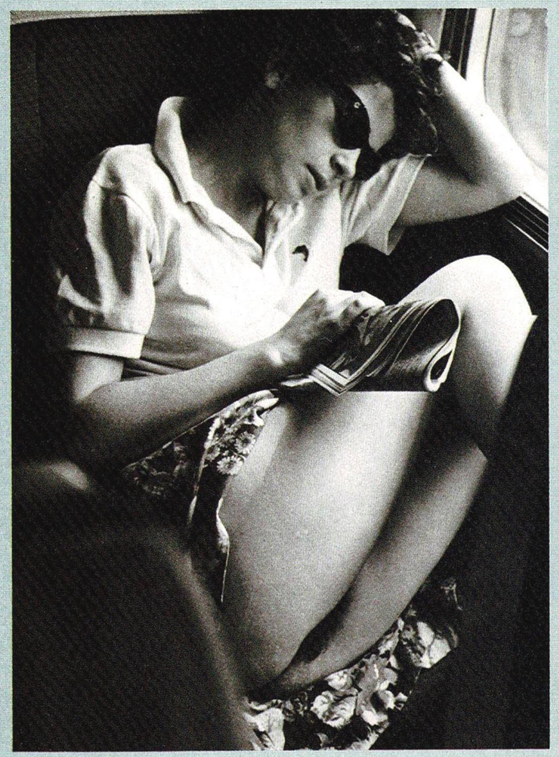
A gifted French photographer trains his eye on one of his country's cherished traditions

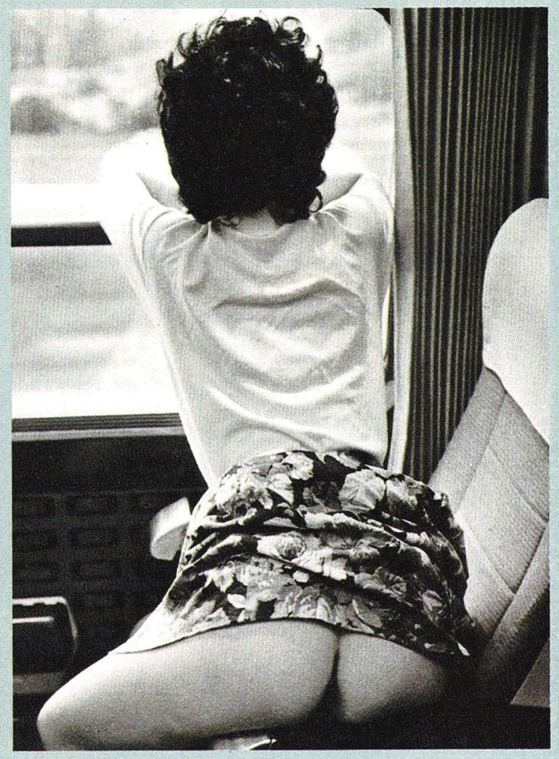


Mistresses can come in all shapes and sizes —though those found in France usually have terrific figures. A mistress is not thought of as "the other woman". She is often, in fact, the only woman — sometimes, she may also be the wife.

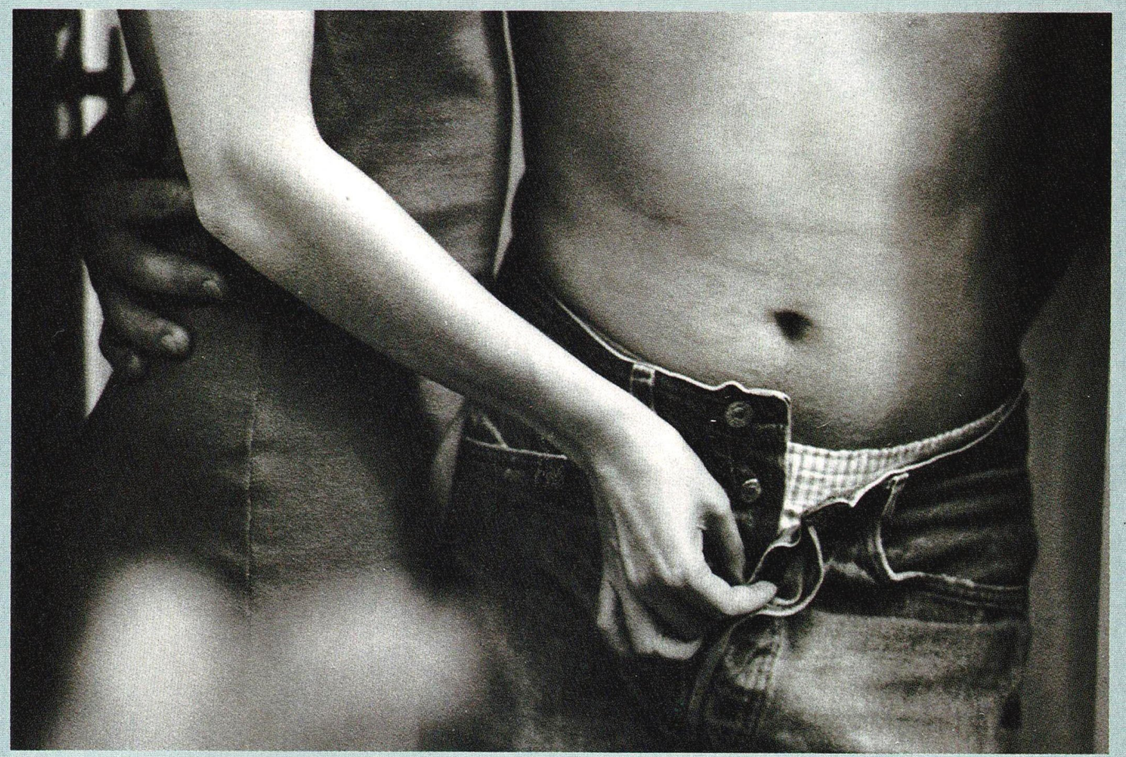
JEAN-FRANCOIS JONVELLE was born in the south of France, and he has come to be known as one of the foremost advertising photographers and TV commercial directors there. He started off shooting fashion for French *Cosmopolitan* and German *Vogue*. *Mistress* is a collection of black-and-white photographs of several women who have found their way into his life. Frenchmen take such excursions very seriously. Note Jonvelle's adoration of women: "The most beautiful thing imaginable is to live with somebody you love, to share the little things." Happily, his pictures are more specific.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-FRANCOIS JONVELLE

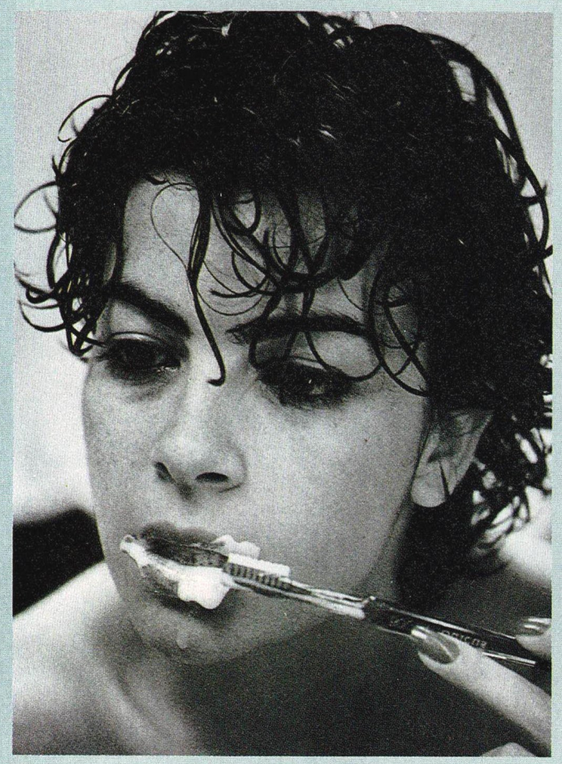


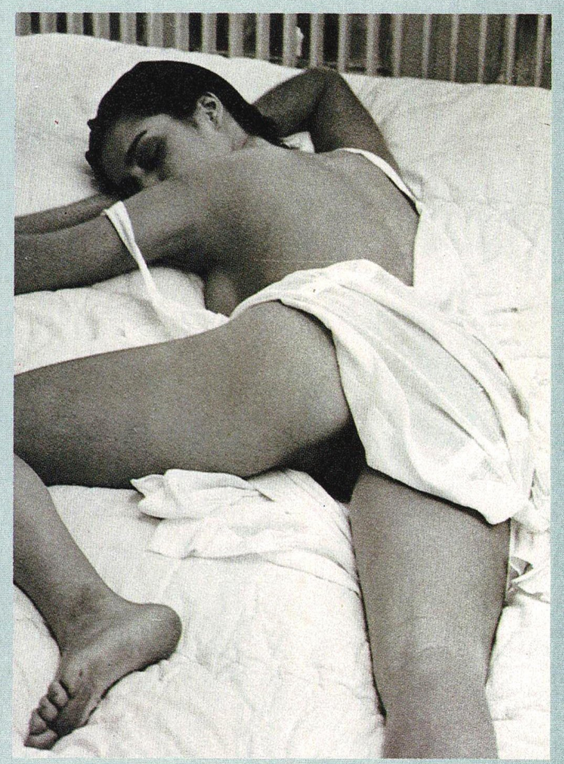


Mistresses think nothing of taking long trips on public transport to visit their boyfriends. On those trips they pack very lightly; but that doesn't mean they arrive unprepared. Mistresses are inquisitive and poke their way into real life as though there were nothing to be afraid of. The more they discover about themselves, the more they know about the world outside them.



Mistresses are often aggressively friendly. They would rather that their intentions be absolutely understood than have them remain buttoned up. Mistresses take extra time to polish their smiles. Although they seem to need less sleep than other people, they do take their rest periods seriously. They even acquire a wardrobe specially designed for naps.





It surprises some people that mistresses are as vulnerable in their bones as they are in their hearts. But when they break, they mend quickly and look great while they do. They are open all night and don't mind if you drop in on them unexpectedly. Sometimes, when the lucky man is not around, they pass the time by sharing their most powerful emotions with each other.

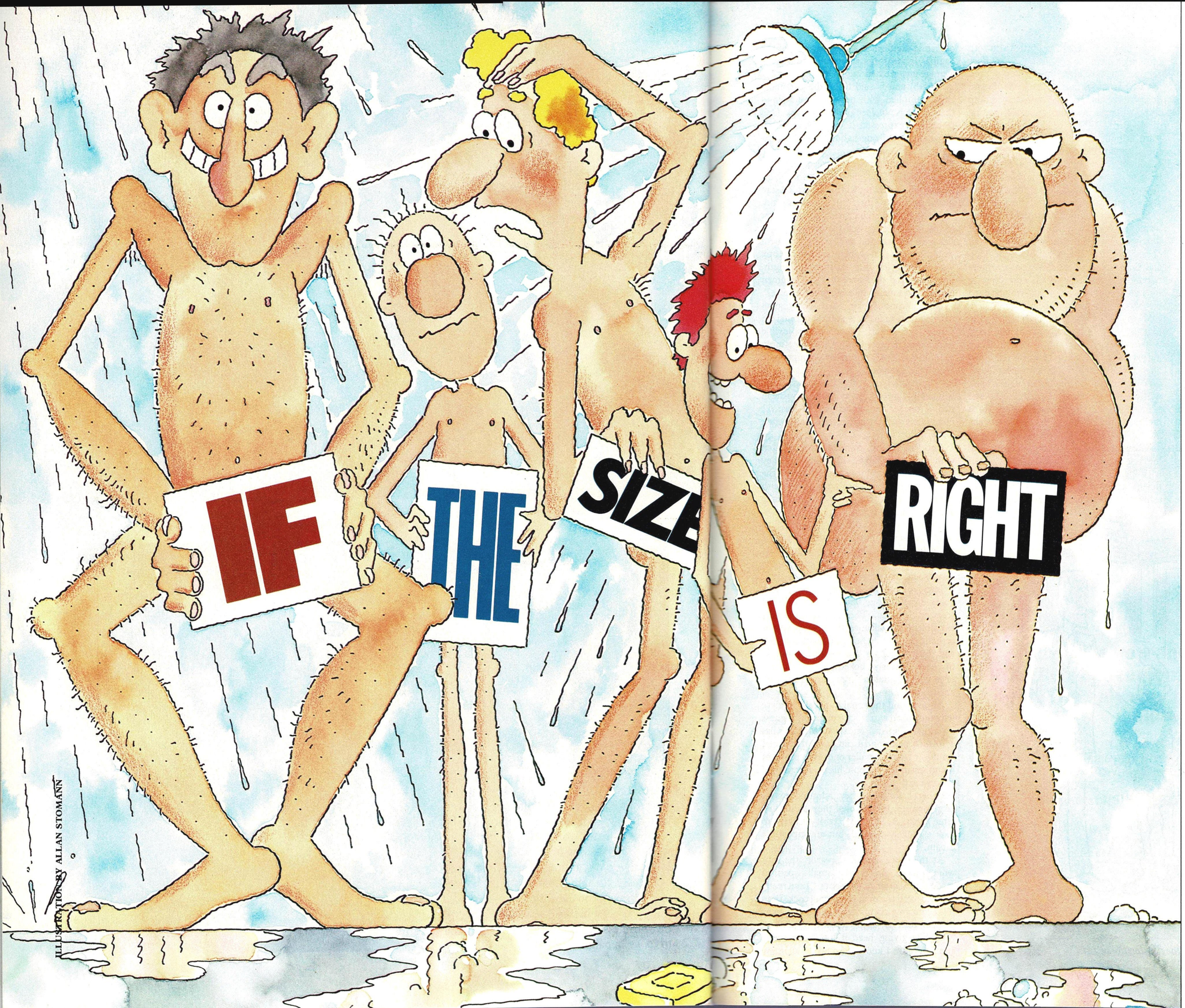


ILLUSTRATION BY ALLAN STOMANN

The long and the short of the great penis debate

HOW WELL DO you fill out a pair of Speedos and is it really important? In the entire sexual scheme of things, it seems crazy that so much emphasis has been placed on the size of the almighty prick. Is being "well-hung" really important? Do you think that extra inch gives you an extra edge in bed?

As anticipated, most of the men I asked felt that to be a good lover they must be able to bang away for hours on end with a large and erect penis. They felt that being "well-endowed" was a distinct advantage.

But how do women feel about penis size? Do they, as singer Frank Zappa suggests, prefer "a dick that's a monster"? Apparently not. A large number of women say the only thing to do with an outsized penis is hug it and sigh.

I spoke to 50 sexually-experienced women on the subject of penis size. They were basically asked whether size and shape make a difference, and to outline their individual preference. The unanimous opinion was that big is not necessarily better; oh yes, size does matter — but mainly to men.

What is a "big" penis? The largest penis ever measured by a sex researcher was 13 inches. Beyond this, you'd have to visit the zoo. Elephants can sport penises of up to six feet in length; blue whales apparently have penises over 10 feet long. Studies reveal that the average length of an erect penis is six inches with a circumference of five inches. The average length of a flaccid (relaxed) penis is four inches with a circumference of four inches. However, flaccid penises tend to differ more in size than erect penises. And researchers Masters and Johnson say that smaller flaccid penises tend to enlarge more than large flaccid penises.

So, if you're in the three-inch vicinity when flaccid, take heart.

Article by Liz Lill

The man with a six-inch flaccid penis in the changing rooms might look quite a guy, but when his penis is erect, it perhaps only ends up at seven inches. That's a fair drop from the 10-inch "whopper" his mates think he's got. On the other hand, that three-inch penis is likely to more than double its length.

How can this be? Some men's penises, when flaccid, seem to be much looser than others and so hang longer; such penises are not as "shrivelled". Also, some men are partially tumescent most of the time. The "loose" or half-erect penis gains much less in length than shorter, tighter penises.

But what does this all mean? Why should you feel less a "man" than your mate who boasts a 10-inch cock? Someone once said that, in spite of Freud's theory, it is men, not women, who are the victims of penis envy. According to various surveys, women say that men with smaller penises are just as desirable.

The women I personally interviewed agreed that the man with a small penis shouldn't worry too much. As one woman said: "It's what the man *does* with it that counts." All 50 women felt that penis size does not make or break a lover. Several women even said they didn't care about penis size. Those not indifferent to size and shape reported that it's true that the sensations caused by a large versus a medium or a small penis are certainly different, but that size does not determine sexual satisfaction.

Nearly all the women claimed they are aware that penis length has little to do with bringing them to orgasm. What does produce orgasm after the penis has been inserted is the stimulation of the clitoral head by the clitoral hood as it is moved up and down over the clitoris by the thrusting of the penis. When the penis thrusts forward, it pulls on the outer lips which pulls the clitoral hood forward over the head. When the penis withdraws, it pulls the hood back over the head. Masters and Johnson discovered that this is how women achieve orgasm via the penis.

Mary (28) summed up most of the women's views: "I won't say that size doesn't matter, because it's obviously an obsession with certain men. But if they stop and think about it, it's ridiculous to entertain the idea that a big cock is a prerequisite for a good lover. It's like saying women need big boobs to be good in bed."

When asked to state a preference, only four women admitted to liking large penises. Thirty-four said they like medium length penises, while four preferred small ones. Apart from eight women who didn't care about size, all said girth, if anything, was more important than length. As one woman put it: "Sometimes a snug three inches sparks off more than a slim seven-incher."

There's truth in what she said. According to Masters and Johnson, even the rare man with the less-than-four-inch penis has sufficient actual length to stimulate what's termed "the orgasmic platform". The orgasmic platform is the front third of the vagina. It measures about two inches (the average unstretched vagina being six inches in length) and is said to be the part most richly supplied with nerves. So it follows that length is not absolutely necessary. One researcher expressed it well: "Any length above three-and-one-half inches is orgasmically superfluous."

The women I spoke to agreed with this. They said that, in their terms, "small" referred primarily to width. Provided the penis is "thick" or "filling", they said, length is of no real concern. Try telling *that* to the boys! I discussed the importance of size with 30 men, and only a couple of them would believe that women are truly happy with anything less than the standard length. Several voiced the belief that: "All women lust after is a man who's hung like a horse".

False! Contrary to what many men believe, women are often afraid of outsized penises. You see, the vagina is only flexible to a certain degree. Certain vaginas simply cannot stretch to comfortably accommodate very large penises.

"I'm scared of really big cocks," one woman told me. "I feel as if they'll rip me in two. I once came across one at least 11 inches long and I nearly died of fright when I saw it."

Another typical comment was: "Men with huge cocks can be sadistic lovers. They slam it in without a thought and ignore the fact you're in pain. They're so in love with their own cock that they automatically assume you love it too."

Even the four women who said they like large penises admitted certain positions could be painful. They said they preferred being "on top" in order to control the thrusts and that they avoided *soixante-neuf*.

Jean (26) told me: "I love big cocks. I love going down on one, looking at one, being screwed by one. They're more visually exciting than small ones. But some positions actually hurt. I find being on top the easiest, and during oral sex make sure I'm not on my back. I nearly choked on a man's cock once when I couldn't move my head. Talk about *Deep Throat!*"

All four said they couldn't really analyse why they liked extra-large penises. "I guess it's a kind of fetish," one said. "My lover has a 10-inch penis and I can't take it all but I wouldn't want a smaller one. He's proud of it and so am I. I suppose his pride's rubbed off on me."

Others admitted they admired extra-large penises, but claimed they didn't lust after them. As Sue (24) said: "Lovely to look at, lovely to hold, but an impossible dream."

At the other end of the scale, the four women who preferred "small" penises made the following comments: "I can really get into sex if the man has a small cock. I can relax knowing no matter how carried away he gets, he's not going to hurt me. . ."

"I like giving head if his cock's really small because I know I can take it all in my mouth without gagging. . ."

"Men with small penises are often great lovers. I love the way they move inside me. . ."

"They try harder. . . I've noticed men with small cocks are experts at cunnilingus. . ."

They admitted there was one disadvantage: in certain positions, the penis slips out. But as one woman said: "So what? We just ease into it again."

The women (over 60 percent of my sample) who were inclined towards average penises said this was so because they'd discovered from experience that these were easier to cope with. Jane (25) said: "Small penises are fine, but best of all I like that feeling of being "full" that only a bigger cock can give you."

Amanda (28) commented: "It's good doggie-style with a cock that's not too big, not too small. The movement is never quite the same with a small one and it's agony with a big one." Lynda (23) confided: "I like to really let go during sex. I don't want to be scared to move in case it slips out, and I certainly don't want to worry about the possibility of my partner ramming my insides out."

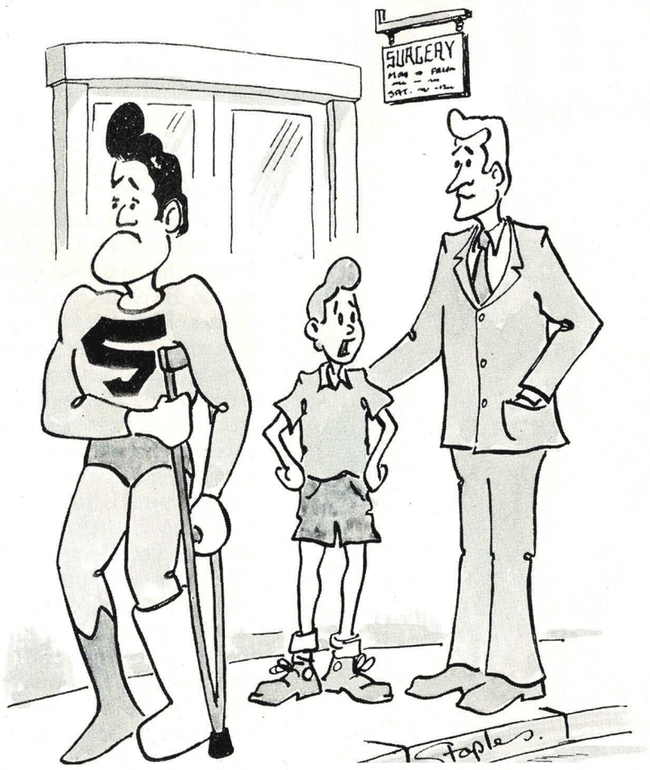
The women who said they were indifferent to size told me they did not want to talk about it because it was a "non-issue". They conceded that all penises do not feel the same but said they had no preference for any particular size as technique is more important.

So there you have it: small penises *do* feel different from big penises. Big penises are not necessarily better, but as the majority of women questioned preferred "medium", it does seem that reasonable size can make sex more enjoyable. Small penises are never sneered at: on the contrary, they are considered fun by women, especially during oral sex. You thought you'd never hear this, but larger-than-average penises are not sought after, mainly because the men they belong to are sometimes unaware that they are being insensitive in bed.

So don't go rushing out for a penis enlargement just yet. Your trusty tool is probably not below average anyway — at least now that you know your mates at the gym don't all have the eight-inch cocks you always thought they had.

Women told me they really don't care about size as much as you do, and, while my survey does not claim to be scientific, I feel the women interviewed fairly represent the modern female. I feel they were being as truthful as they could under the circumstances, especially as their comments are in line with those made by women involved in other surveys of this nature.

While they were prepared to say that all penises do not feel the same, they stressed that they don't want you to think there is such a thing as the "perfect penis" because, quite frankly, such an animal does not exist.



"Kind of shatters the illusion doesn't it."

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FACT: TOYOTA'S NEW SUPER RESPONSIVE ENGINES ARE A POWERFUL ANSWER TO TODAY'S DRIVING NEEDS.

The fact is that they literally deliver 'super response.'

That's also the feeling of the motoring writers of Australia, who are hard to impress at the best of times.

Their reaction to the new SR engines was unanimously enthusiastic.

"Toyota now has a range of engines almost bewildering in their diversity, but all of mouth-watering configuration." The Advertiser.

"The array of engines that have flowed from the development workshops...from Toyota is, quite simply, stunning." The Sydney Morning Herald.

Toyota engineers have achieved four remarkable goals at once: 1. Super responsive performance. 2. Less fuel consumption. 3. Low noise. 4. Less maintenance.

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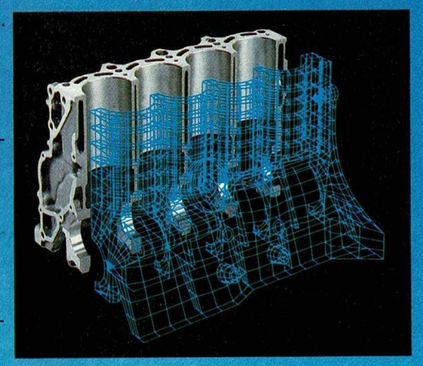
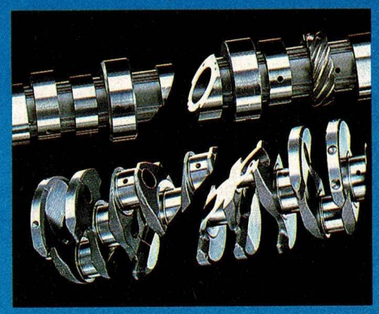


Special laser holography of the engine block led to huge weight cuts. New materials cut friction and reduced inertia. With design innovations such as pentroof combustion chambers and swirl control valves.



In fact, Toyota has developed several world firsts in the process. A hollow camshaft, and sinter-forged connecting rods.

The objective was to challenge all existing engine technology and break new ground. And many million dollars later, leaving no stone unturned, the SR series of engines is Toyota's super response.

"Make no mistake. These are very wonderful engines...the main interest lies in lifting the bonnet and showing the amazement underneath. They are for visual gasps and whistles of excitement." The Financial Review.

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TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

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MACHINE

(continued from page 56)

No one yet knows how to build an expert system that will deal with an irate customer.

tences, rather than just acted as though it did. Winograd, like Weizenbaum, needed to have something to talk to the computer about, so he chose a tabletop full of toy wooden blocks. After three years of work, Winograd had prepared SHRDLU to have conversations like this one:

Pick up a big red block.

— *OK.*

Find a block that is taller than the one you are holding and put it into the box.

— *By "it" I assume you mean the block which is taller than the one I am holding. OK.*

How many things are on top of the green cubes?

— *Three.*

While ELIZA used a few tricks to mimic understanding, SHRDLU was far more complex. It attacked each sentence like a ransacking thief, ripping it apart, searching for patterns, comparing what it found against what it knew and then figuring out the sequence of actions needed to do what it had been told. There was no obvious ELIZA-like rigidity here; if it didn't know what its human user had on his mind, SHRDLU didn't hesitate to say so. Despite the fact that SHRDLU's "universe" was only a bunch of blocks, AI enthusiasts, eager for some demonstrable advance to silence a growing number of sceptics, hailed the program as a breakthrough that pointed the way to even better things to come. Today, more than a decade after its completion, SHRDLU is still frequently cited as one of AI's outstanding achievements.

●

In the next two decades there remains the real chance that computers will be seen as deities, and if they evolve into Ultra-Intelligent Machines, there may even be an element of truth in the belief.

The Micro Millennium
by Christopher Evans

So AI researchers learned that they couldn't have the whole world just yet; they would have to be content with a micro-world — a carefully limited, clearly defined slice of real life. Winograd's blocks were a micro-world, which is why SHRDLU performed as well as it did. AI workers realised that micro-worlds could be considerably larger than a table full of blocks; that in fact one could comprise a fairly elaborate body of knowledge. With expectations scaled down to more realistic levels, an impressive collection of AI work has resulted.

In 1976, a group of AI researchers from SRI International in Menlo Park, California, began talking to geologists. They wanted to extract from the scientists all they knew about minerals and mining, and then write that knowledge up into a system of rules that a computer program could understand. So in a series of long, technical sessions, they forced the geologists to think explicitly about the way they put facts and theories together to reach conclusions. *If you spot some potassic alteration, what's the chance of then finding porphyry mineralisation?* Over several years, much of the knowledge that a group of geologists had about a few minerals, in a few areas of the country, was being deposited onto a computer program. It was a kind of mental mining, part of what AI workers call knowledge engineering.

Eventually, a system of rules for geological expertise was put together into a program called PROSPECTOR. Then, the Menlo Park workers got hold of some survey information from around Mount Tolman, in the eastern part of USA's Washington state. PROSPECTOR chewed over the data, and reported back that there was molybdenum in them there hills. While not exactly a vital cog in the wheel of American industry, molybdenum has its uses — spark plug points and furnaces among them. A mining company drilled where PROSPECTOR told it to, and found about $100 million worth of the mineral.

With the prospects of reward so richly illustrated, the incentive for widening the field of research has been clearly recognised.

A number of major companies are now heavily involved in AI, many of them working on expert systems. One that has made the biggest commitment is Schlumberger Ltd, a Texas-based company that interprets the results of test drillings for oil and gas. Since there are more "downhole" samples than human experts to examine them, Schlumberger hopes to speed up the work by developing a computerised expert system for the job. Elf Acquitaine, a company exploring for oil in the North Sea, is creating an expert system to help explain why its drill bits get stuck: a piece of information of no small value when down-time on off-shore rigs costs $100,000 a day.

AI researchers have not yet come up with a way of using *computers* to put together expert systems. That task, which must be done largely by hand, is both time-consuming and expensive. One estimate has a typical expert system taking between two and five man-years, and between $300,000 and $1.5 million to prepare. Since not every enterprise that could use an in-house expert system can afford a new research and development wing for the job, there are expert-system companies that will program one for you. Most were started by AI researchers attached to major universities, and have grown sufficiently large to make AI one of the financial community's newest high-tech glamor industries.

Employers who contemplate a double whammy of expert systems and robots to wipe out their work force should know that the systems have rather severe limitations. Without extensive human re-programming, for example, they can't learn from their mistakes. That keeps the programs confined to essentially technical areas, and away from problems that involve human behavior in all its wonderful unpredictability. No one yet knows how to build an expert system that will close a sale, or deal with an irate customer, or, for that matter, do what ELIZA was supposed to have been doing.

●

There are now in the world machines that think, that learn and that create. Moreover, their ability to do these things is going to increase rapidly until the range of problems they can handle will be coextensive with the range to which the human mind has been applied.

— Herbert Simon, an AI researcher

The discovery of AI by business in the past few years has prompted a new round of press attention to the field. Many of the articles accept without question most popularly-held notions of the inevitability, if not the actual existence, of an intelligent machine. Stories routinely assume that the thinking computer is already here, and some go on as though there are now machines spending their days in piercing moments of insight and wondrous fits of creation. Magazines and newspapers recently have talked about computers than can comprehend Shakespeare or answer questions about real-life human situations. It's almost as if we'll soon be having them over for dinner, brandy and cigars.

MIT researchers have developed a program that is an experiment in duplicating the human process of reasoning by analogy. It's routinely described as being able to read, understand and then compare Shakespeare's plays; one writer was impressed by its ability "to extract general insights about human behavior". But the program is hardly doing the same thing a college student does when he sweats through an essay exam in English Lit. Instead, it is fed highly schematised descriptions of Shakespearean plots; a dozen statements similar to "Macbeth murder Duncan coagent Lady-Macbeth-instrument knife" are all that the program is told about *Macbeth*. By churning through all the possible combinations of those statements, it can come up with matches between two plays. Rather than bringing anything resembling human intelligence to bear on the problem, its only real ability is to do algebra-like manipulations of internally-stored equations. If you asked it about the role that guilt or madness play in *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, you'd get a blank screen, since it was told nothing of them. The program doesn't know Shakespeare, but merely a list of statement/equations with a thin Shakespearean veneer; statements that could as easily have been about nursery rhymes or molybdenum deposits.

Yale University researchers have created a program called BORIS that is often said to be able to understand stories about everyday human relationships, and to answer questions about them as well. BORIS can be told, "When Paul walked into the bedroom and found Sarah with another man, he almost had a heart attack." If you then asked it, "How did Paul feel?" it would answer, "Paul was surprised." Maybe even speechless. Actually, the program can understand (process?) only two stories, and only because its programmers have prepped it by feeding in specific rules that anticipate what happens in the stories. One rule says that if a man and a woman are in bed together, it should be inferred they are having sex; another says that if a person sees others in an act that ordinarily requires secrecy, then that person is "surprised". Equipped with this thicket of rules, BORIS will be able to remark on Paul's surprise at his wife's infidelity. But change the story ever-so-slightly to introduce a situation not covered by the rules — say, by putting Paul in bed with another man — and it will be BORIS, not Sarah, that will be surprised into speechlessness.

For human beings, words have their meaning only because they invoke an almost endless network of internal associations. The word itself is only a kind of shorthand. But for a computer, a word is just a stored token; there is nothing "behind" it. You can no more say that a computer "knows" what it is talking about than you can say that an adding machine "knows" about mathematics, or that a poker machine "knows" about fruit because it can spin out combinations of oranges, cherries and plums. When printed by a computer, a word like "surprised" is to human language what a Hollywood facade is to a building.

●

Wetware is the brain, and I don't see anything in wetware that can't be duplicated in hardware with the right software running on it.

— An AI programmer.

If it bears remembering what computers haven't done, the opposite is also true. AI workers have been able to come up with ways to formalise, codify and then stuff into a machine a number of endeavors once thought to be uniquely human. Dreyfus once predicted that a computer would never be able to beat an average human player at chess. Though computer programs today can beat all but the world's very best players, he was, in a sense, correct, for they are playing almost two different games. A computer doesn't go about chess the same way a human does; instead, it looks through as many moves as possible, assigns a value to each one, and then picks the move with the highest score. If you left your queen wide open in the middle of the board, the computer wouldn't immediately "see" the opportunity the way a person would; instead, it would stumble across your blunder only in the course of investigating millions of other possibilities. But it ends up playing chess, and with a vengeance.

Computers can't always do the job the same way people do, but they can get the job done nonetheless. At IBM, for example, researchers have discovered that because most business letters are written in the same style, a computer program has a surprising degree of success in "understanding" them.

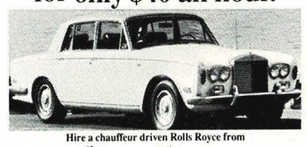
Along with expert systems, these stabs at solving small parts of the "natural language problem" have been another of AI's recent success stories. While remaining every bit as complex as Winograd discovered with SHRDLU, human language has yielded part of itself to the computer. The most striking example is in the area of "query systems", those bizarre codes we use to get information out of a machine.

At a Sunnyvale, California, company called Symantec, a group of AI workers is building a program that lets people use everyday English to talk to their computers. This is not state-of-the-art AI work; such systems already run on mainframes for large companies that pay $50,000 and up for the service. But at Symantec, they are putting together a system that will sell for around $750 and will run on personal computers.

Gary Hendrix, the president of the company, makes it clear that the system can't handle all of the English language. For starters, aside from a few special commands such as "list" or "print", the program understands only two verbs: *be* and *have*. "That sounds at first to be a terrible limitation, but it turns out to be not so bad," Hendrix says. "You can say 'Who is the owner of Fido?' instead of 'Who owns Fido?' It takes you a few minutes to get used to that, but then you're off and running." This sort of applied artificial intelligence may seem pedestrian to most of us, nursed as we have been on science fiction distopias full of malevolent computers escaping human control. But if AI affects our lives in the coming years, it won't be by depositing some full-blown sentient being on our doorstep and leaving us the problem of contending with it. Instead, it will likely be by delivering tools designed to make it easier to deal with the simple tasks we face each day.

While it's easy to show what AI hasn't done, and how the wild claims of AI boosters, like those that began each section of this article, have had little basis in reality, it would be less than wise to try to predict how far the field can ultimately go. AI workers have a knack for finding structures for human activities once thought to be spontaneous and unchartable. Even if their goal of capturing the mind forever eludes them, it's likely we'll be impressed at how much ground they can claim in the effort.

How to extract teeth grinding envy out of your closest friends for only $40 an hour.



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BRIBERY

(continued from page 46)

A good torch man will charge five to ten percent of the insured value of your property.

Major 'midnight spares' for a Mercedes can cost $1,000.

If you need to get a car registered quickly without fuss or waste of time, take it to a suburban branch of the Department of Motor Transport late in the day or, better still, on a Friday afternoon. Ask if there's any chance of pushing things through quickly. For $200 your chances will be very good.

Once your car's out on the road you can get into heaps of trouble. If you double-park or park illegally, and get stopped by a passing cop, it'll cost $70 if you strike the right cop. Naturally, speeding, going through a red light or negligent driving cost a lot more. Expect to empty your wallet and the contents of your boot as well. If you need time to pay it could amount to $300 plus a case of Scotch. For a casual passing motorist, it's pretty hard to bribe your way out of a parking infringement but if you own a business on a main street and depend on suppliers and customers being able to park outside, you'll have to keep your Brown Bomber well supplied with sides of lamb, fruit and vegetables or free dry cleaning.

If your car is involved in an accident, the tow-truck that rushes you to a panel-beater will almost certainly be getting a $200-$300 rake-off. The panel-beater who 'buys off the hook' pays up-front when the car's dropped off, but if it's a write-off, he doesn't get his money back. The tow-truck has to bring him another job instead. Spotters get $10 to $20 for alerting tow-trucks to accidents. Of course fee-splitting flourishes in many professions, even medicine. Some big pathology laboratories encourage doctors to send them work by offering them either a percentage of the fee, premises, or nursing sisters free of charge.

Ever wondered how so many unprofitable businesses just happen to burn down? A good torch man — a professional who uses the right chemicals that don't leave a trace — will charge five to ten percent of the insured value of your property. You can sometimes get their names from members of the Fire Brigade!

●

There's not much honor in prostitution but a lot of money if you have girls working for you. As living off immoral earnings is an offence, you have to pay protection money to stay in business. If you own a massage parlor, you'll pay between $500 and $1,000 a week to make sure you and your girls have no hassles with the police. A few cases of booze for the local cops at Christmas will help. The size of your protection fee depends on the size of your operation and your notoriety.

If you're reasonable, you'll realise you're better off dealing with the police than with some stand-over merchant who might make trouble and want to take your business over. Once prostitution is legalised, your dues will decrease but they won't be lifted completely. If you're paying $1,000 now, maybe you'll only have to pay $400 a week but since in your line of business there is always potential trouble you're better off to keep the law on your side. Big-time street operators who rent rooms to girls who solicit in the street pay $1,000 to stay in business. Call girls in business for themselves pay $100 a week. Since they fear competition, it's easy to find out from them if any new girls have started up in business nearby and before long the new girls too receive a friendly call offering them the protection of the law.

No doubt about it, providing sexual services is a costly business. If you run a gay nightclub, $1,000 per week will ensure your premises aren't raided and that in the event of an attack by local punks, the police will quickly come to your customers' assistance. But if you try to be smart and decide not to pay up, you'll have hassles, bomb hoaxes and raids and you'll end up without a business. Your overheads are much lower if you own a sex shop — $150 per week is all it costs to ensure you don't get busted for purveying pornographic material.

This is not a good time to be involved in back-street gambling operations. Years back it was much easier. You paid $250,000 up front, $1,000 each week after that, and you knew you'd be left alone. If for political reasons a raid was imminent, you were warned in advance so you could keep your regulars away. Instead, you got some local derelicts, paid them $10 each, and they took the rap. These days the heat is on but if you're game to run Russian Poker, the latest card craze, you'll pay $3,000 per game.

Should you prefer gambling in a more exotic location you can go on an overseas gambling junket and launder some black money at the same time. For a set fee as well as a percentage, an obliging entrepreneur will organise your return trip to Las Vegas and all your expenses there including your gambling money. On your return, you simply pay your gambling debts with black money.

The racetrack is another laundering possibility and if you fix a race or two as well, you'll make a tidy sum. The best races to fix, of course, are those with the biggest pools and payouts like the second leg of the daily double and the trifecta. After all, if you stand to lose a couple of hundred thousand, you'll want to improve your chance of winning. One way is to pay the jockey on

"Of course a nuclear holocaust would be horrible! But, as a lawyer, I'd probably have more work than I could handle!"

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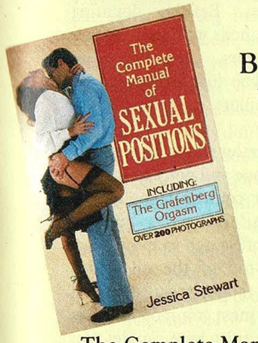

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odds. Put $1,000 on his horse at 25 to 1 and tell him the money's his if he wins. It's more usual though to offer him money to lose. For $5,000 he should manage to pull up his mount, even if he has to share some of the money with a couple of other jockeys. Or else you could offer the steward a gratuity not to find anything amiss when he takes the swab. There are over 200 different 'go fasts' and 'go slows' that a horse can be given before a race, while the tests are usually only done on 10 or 15 drugs. Offer him 10 percent of your winnings, which could amount to $10,000.

Team sports involved with organised betting, like Rugby League and Australian Rules, are susceptible to corruption. If you stand to make $30,000 on a first grade game, you might think it worthwhile to slip four or five grand to the referee or umpire to swing the game by awarding an extra kick or a penalty when the game's fairly even. When one team backs the other, they may put the ref or umpire in for a cut of a couple of thousand just so he makes the right decisions. For $1,000 you could get the hooker not to try too hard, because you can't win a game without the ball.

●

Where stakes are high, so are the pay-offs. Take liquor licensing. The hardest thing is to obtain an all-night or 4 am licence. These cost $20,000 down and $500 per week. If you're applying for a liquor licence, $5,000 will win friends and influence people who will speak warmly on your behalf in front of the licensing court. Sometimes in return you may have to cut your benefactor into a share of your hostelry action. Once you've got your licence, you'll need to look after your licensing sergeant so he turns a blind eye when you stay open a bit later or charge a little more than you should. A publican in the country may only pay $100 a week but a big city pub pays $400 to $500. Liquor-related businesses, like theatre restaurants for example, also have to contribute.

If you're an ambitious politician with higher aspirations you may need to encourage a fellow MP to stand aside so you can have his seat — $80,000 should do the trick.

Speaking of politics, government contracts and leases are a good avenue for revenue. Depending, of course, on the magnitude of the job to be done, you can get tenders accepted for electrical, building or plumbing work for a bribe up to $15,000, though one greedy official demanded $125,000 to sub-lease a city building.

If you know the right person at the Maritime Services Board, you'll get some good deals and leases. For a percentage of your profit, he'll tip you off about a good property or block of land that the MSB are about to sell. If you buy it for $100,000 and sell it for four times as much who's quibbling over 10 percent?

Whatever your business, you need a good working relationship with your bank manager so you can always get loans and overdrafts on special terms. If you own a massage parlor, an afternoon with one of the girls will put him in a receptive frame of mind. If not, don't be shy of offering him money: $1,000 per loan will be acceptable.

If you're a real estate developer getting money from the bank is only half your problem; the other half is getting council approval. If you have to by-pass unsympathetic councils and take your problems to state governments your costs escalate. Be prepared to contribute heavily to party funds and donate around half a million dollars annually to the relevant official. A diamond watch at Christmas or a trip in your private yacht or jet will help ensure that all your problems will be solved. If rezoning is involved, you may have to spend as much as one million dollars, perhaps even two, especially if you're planning big shopping complexes. Besides donating money and gifts, councils will insist on you using their surveyors, consultants or window suppliers who just happen to be either local councillors or their close friends.

With the right person in the right place, everything can be done and you can usually find someone on a council who, in the current jargon, 'eats.' Bribes can run the gamut from a case of Scotch to move your application to the top of the pile, to a hundred thousand to get a sub-division through. One of the most common issues is zoning. Bending the rules here can get you an extra two storeys of shops, flats or offices. The going rate is $1,500 per unit. Two thousand dollars will get a single home altered into a duplex, but for larger scale alterations you may need $20,000.

If you're building a shop or restaurant, you are required to contribute towards the council's expenses in providing car parking spaces. If you appeal against their estimate, you'll have to fight it in the Land and Environment Court. This is time consuming, costly and you may still lose. But for $5,000 the right person will get your contribution waived or greatly reduced and you'll feel you've won the lottery!

For between $500 and $1,000, various inspectors will overlook the height of your ceilings, the number of fire doors you've provided, the proximity of your building to water pipes and deficiencies in the standard of hygiene in your shop or cafe.

Strict regulations govern the number of telephone lines and extensions you may have installed, but an obliging Telecom technician will put in a new line for $50 and an extension for $30. For $200 you can have your whole house fitted with more telephones than you'll ever need. If you're installing one of those sophisticated new telephone systems like the Commander, don't pay $500 for an attachment that enables you to talk without lifting the receiver. It's not worth more than $50, if the right fellow installs it.

Now it must be pointed out that bribery is an offence, but if you do end up in jail, your money will still buy you a few comforts. For $50 a friendly screw will bring you a bottle of booze or a small stash and $200 will buy you a whole lot of co-operation! Pick an easy-going fellow and tell him that in a week's time a mate of yours will drop a small sealed packet for you and that there's $50 in it for him. He gets his dough, you get your dope and everyone's happy. You might even persuade your barrister, for a $300 consideration, to arrange an outing for you from time to time.

●

So there it is, your 1984 price list for graft. OK, you're saying, so how do I go about it? Here are some practical guidelines to help you on your way.

First, whom to approach? Most people aren't corrupt, so you'll offend them and get yourself into trouble if you come on cold and start offering bribes right, left and centre. You need connections, people who'll introduce you or at least whisper in your ear who 'eats.' Without some personal recommendation officials will stare at you coldly and say they don't know what the hell you're talking about. Or worse. It's understandable; they're afraid to deal with you because they don't know you. For all they know, you may be out to trap them. Introductions aside, it's easier to bribe officials if you're a big company. Why should they risk exposure for a one-off deal when they can have a long and lucrative association with those who pay big and often?

When deciding whom to approach, remember that seniority breeds corruption. Your junior official is likely to be overly idealistic and in any case won't have much power. It's the senior chap who has the authority to get things done without having to justify them to anybody. Where councils are concerned, you may be better off dealing with public servants than aldermen. Aldermen change every three years, the town planners, clerks and engineers go on forever. If there's an important deal to be made, get a couple of aldermen on side, without of course letting either of them know about the other. That way during council discussion, you'll have two people recommending your proposal which must increase your chances considerably.

In this game, a change of personnel can be disastrous. All you can hope for is an honorable mention in the dispatches of the outgoing officer but don't just assume he's passed you on to his successor. If your retiring bank manager summons you into the office to meet the new chap, you can be confident that he has, otherwise check out the new incumbent as soon as possible.

If you have time, cultivate the acquaintance of someone who works in a government department whose help you need. Find out where his watering hole is, chat him up. In time, you'll get to the stage where you can mention casually that a friend needs a certain favor and is prepared to pay for it handsomely.

Now, the donor sets the price, but how much? In the absence of a schedule fee, you have to assess the right amount that will balance need and greed. Don't skimp on the person whose help will make the deal possible. Your fee must look appropriate and must be in proportion to the magnitude of your profits. You wouldn't leave a dollar tip after a hundred dollar meal, would you? Err on the side of generosity; you may need this fellow again. On the other hand, remember that it's wise to leave something in reserve in case there's some discussion over the price. You can always up the ante but you won't be able to reduce it!

Now that you're clued up about who to pay and how much, you're probably wondering how you actually hand over the dough. Before you rush out to buy a supply of brown paper bags — yes, they're still in use — you may have an airline bag, a briefcase or even a shopping bag that would do. One bagman recalls delivering a suitcase full of green notes that added up to almost a million dollars. Sometimes the bagman will call on you, other times you'll deliver the money to the office or arrange to meet in a quiet cafe, a pub, a park at midnight or dawn or in a public toilet. One donor even recalls switching identical attache cases in a city lift.

One last important point regarding bribery. Always pay a deposit up front, the rest on completion. If you pay over the entire amount beforehand, and get no results, you won't be able to complain to the Consumer Affairs Tribunal!

CORRUPTION & MORALITY

"Don't talk to me about morality," said the man who's bribed officials in several continents. "Who hasn't taken their bank manger a bottle of booze at Christmas? Once I gave a talk to 500 people and asked them to raise their hand if they'd never taken anything that didn't belong to them. No-one did. Later a man came up to me and said he hadn't. This was a successful businessman who'd avoided paying tax for years!

"So we're really only talking about degrees of honesty, right? Now, speaking about morality, how come it's all right for a big prosperous store to buy something for $1 from some poor bugger in Taiwan or the Philippines, and then sell it for $51 in Sydney? I reckon that's highway robbery, but it happens to be legal.

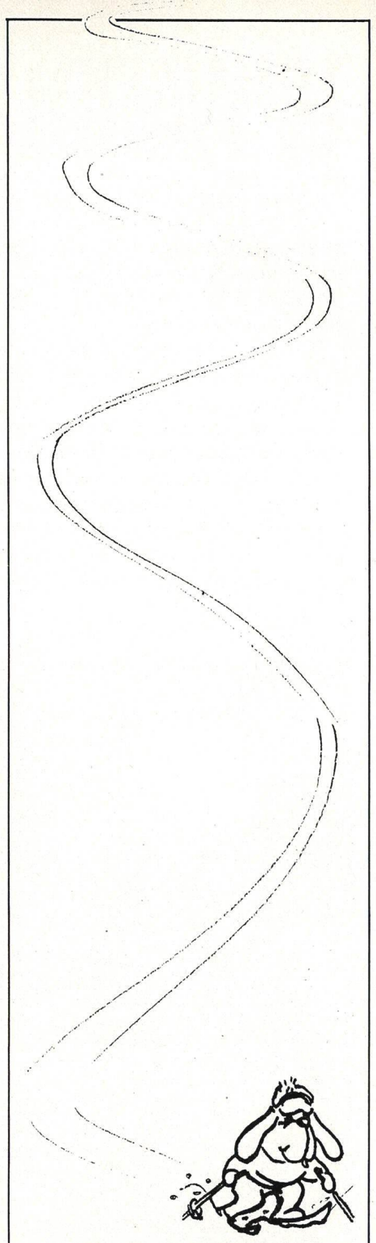
"Now take my bribery and corruption. I don't exploit workers or cheat consumers, I always keep my word to the people I deal with. What's wrong with me showing my appreciation for their help? Life's a steal because no-one wants to be poor. But if I can use my brains and expertise without hurting anyone physically or financially, why not?"

A real estate developer puts it this way: "Corruption dates from the time the snake showed Eve the apple. People say it would decrease if public servants got higher salaries but I don't believe it. Don't forget that highly paid officials also take bribes, and bigger bribes than the rest. I suppose accepting bribes is like having extra-marital sex; you risk losing something important but the pay-off is the excitement, the challenge, the extra advantages. No-one ever thinks they have enough, and no one thinks they'll get caught out!

"After all, with a bribe you're not asking anyone to do anything dreadful like going out to shoot someone, you're only getting them to make things happen faster. You're paying them to twist the rules, and in most cases these decisions would happen eventually anyway. You're bending fate a little to suit yourself. But unless you're prepared to be flexible in your thinking, you'll never become a millionaire!'

When a builder's mate didn't show up on a job he was doing inside a house in Sydney, the builder asked the only person there to pass a long pole up to him when he was on a ladder. It happened to be the lady of the house, an attractive woman in her 30s. He climbed the ladder, she stood behind him and passed him the pole with one hand. With the other, she got hold of something considerably shorter and softer which soon grew longer and harder. They spent the afternoon very pleasantly and as long as the job lasted, so did their afternoon delights. The whole job was worth $12,000 and by the time he finally got it finished — needless to say, he didn't hurry — there was still $6,000 owing. When he happened to mention this fact on his last day, she was furious. "What do you mean?" she stormed. "I've been paying you all along!" When he protested that he'd never considered their daily frolics as payment in lieu of cash, she played her trump card: "Would you like me to ring your wife and tell her in detail what you've been up to for the past few weeks?"

He never did get his money.



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UPWARDLY MOBILE

Presenting Hoverjet: the art of getting it up

IF YOU are burning tar some sunny day, you see a neat beach, and you just try to turn straight off the road onto it, one of three things is likely to happen: (1) You will crash, (2) you will get bogged, (3) you will get arrested or committed.

The trouble is that most devices which are built to carry people are mono-operational. Cars run nice and level along most roads, but as soon as they encounter a decent river or stretch of ocean they develop a pronounced nose-down attitude, lose a lot of forward motion, make strange gurgling noises in the engine-room and tend to wet the occupants (if they haven't already done it for themselves).

It's pretty much the same sort of disappointing experience if you try to come at the problem the other way around and get the boat up onto the land. You've probably seen it done around water-ski parks and such places, but the occupants generally get further up the beach than the boat,

Article by Rob Luck

Australia 'Too'

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CHAMPION

although they're not always aware of just how well they've done until some time later.

Over the years, some cunning inventors have tried to bridge the credibility gap between wet and dry and about the only worthwhile consumer by-product is sandpaper. There are quite a few gadgets called amphibians which can clamber in and out of the water, but most of them come in an unappealing shade of khaki, have guns mounted and are generally into wasting beaches rather than fishing off them or sunbaking on them.

They're also hard to get hold of unless you belong to a social group like the Green Berets, and if you park one on the front lawn it tends to block out the sun and monster your petunias.

There is of course a perfectly simple solution. It's called the hovercraft and it's an idea that's not all that much younger than your great-grandfather. Basically it relies on a downward-facing propeller pumping enough air into a cavity under a flotation device to relieve the pressure on its "footprint".

At the elementary end of the deal, this down-force blow-job has been used to enable housepersons to do things like mow the lawn and vacuum the carpet without having to drag something around on the end of a leash that is about as hard to move as a dog with the brakes on.

At the top end of the idea are concepts like the English Channel hover-ferries that have been cruising to and from that island off France for some years in most weathers. Good as they are, an outlay of $50 million or so is generally a bit over the top for the average sport-fisherman.

In between the two extremes there has been a thundering silence from the commercial developers of consumer craft. Obviously General Motors can't see a big market for family hacks that can be driven to New Zealand at the weekend and most of the boaties still think that cushion-craft are only suitable for chasing moonshiners through the Everglades.

That's until the Hoverjet. The Hoverjet looks like a mega-dodgem, steers like a bike, rides like a Roller, and floats like a boat.

It can cross water and land, and is a good deal less temperamental about surface conditions than most boats and most motor vehicles. So it doesn't need channels in rivers and it doesn't need bitumen on land.

It is currently used on weed and snag-choked rivers in Papua-New Guinea, Malaysia, and other countries where a conventional craft couldn't make headway. And it is used in outback NSW where farmers cross flooded rivers ranging from zero mm to seven metres depth. It has even been used for spraying new crops in rice paddies and servicing levee banks on saltpans. It has 210mm (8in.) of ground clearance under the hull to straddle snags, rocks and branches.

But most Hoverjets are used for recreation — transport-to-go for the sport generation. There are two motors. The one up front inflates the skirts or rubber cushions even as the motor is being turned over (pull-start or optional electric). The device is then floating and can be moved around by hand.

The rear motor fires the forward propulsion propeller, ensconced in an aerodynamic shroud, safe behind a steel grille. It can be revved up on the hand-throttle on the handlebars just like a motorbike. And the handlebars steer a system of vanes in the fancover that send you in the direction you want to go.

Unlike a car or boat, the Hoverjet doesn't instantly answer the helm because it's not stuck down to the surface. It drifts into turns so a technique of anticipation must be developed. You aim at the turn, start to swing before you arrive, and you are already sideways when you get there. Rap the throttle and the machine roars through.

Stopping is interesting. The first option is to cut the thrust by closing the throttle. With this one you can't be in a hurry to stop — the run-on might be a couple of city blocks. Next alternative is to steer left or right of what you're trying to miss. This might work, or give you the option of clouting something completely new. Step three is select reverse. This is not quite the same as in the Commodore. Take note: the unit has to be hurled left or right through 180deg and the throttle rammed full on. Reverse in fact is forwards back-to-front. There is one desperate move left when all else fails: kill the hover engine. This collapses the skirt and the Hoverjet drops on to the surface. It's like the wheels falling off the car or driving the boat flat out onto the beach.

The Hoverjet is good for getting up your neighbor's nose. You can drive it straight from motel door to beach, onto the water, out to the fishing spot.

Only three-star dills need emergency stopping techniques because the thing is really quite manoeuvrable and predictable. With the current 12.5hp engine it will go 50km/h (30mph) in ideal conditions (water or land) and it could be modified to take at least a 50hp engine at which point it may also need wings.

It will run for two hours on a 10 litre tank of fuel and is about as noisy as a small outboard-powered speedboat.

The device was systematically developed by a cluey engineer through a series of real-life prototypes, so it is well sorted and free of a lot of the bugs which trouble many of these gadgets. One of its secrets is the locally-designed and developed skirt or air cushion bag which is made from an undisclosed rubber/synthetic combination.

It acts as a buffer against impact and injury to people, it is a shock absorber and a floating platform and it is virtually unstoppable because of puncture-damage. This is due to the special design — the hovermotor blows air through the skirt at a pre-determined rate, and this "wastes" through a series of 20 or so holes or vents around the perimeter.

A wire snag or sharp rock would merely open another vent, slowing the vehicle slightly and calling for a quick sewing job or patch-repair. Facilities for this can be carried on-board — along with the rest of the "payload" — tent, fishing gear, even a small motorbike. The portable items store in a big locker under the seat.

The Hoverjet is good for getting up your neighbor's nose. For example you can drive it straight from motel door to beach, onto the water, out to the fishing spot.

It will climb a one-in-six gradient and with a run-up could make a short 30 or 40 percent gradient. It will cross beaches, sandhills, playing fields, parking lots, salt flats and tidal rivers. In fact, about the only thing that can stop it is red tape.

Most of this has been swept away in Victoria. It is registered there with the Marine Board (for $50) and no driving licence is required. Technically, you could drive it to town although the Candy Cars might decide otherwise. You can certainly drive it on waterways. As a Victorian resident visiting another state, it might be possible to drive the thing almost anywhere you were game. Down the F4 freeway mightn't be a favored choice but there are a couple of other million acres of land and water left anyway.

Most of other state requirements vary. For example NSW would require registration (boat) and licence (boat) just for the water. The guy at the Motor Transport Department just fell on his desk spike when we asked him about driving it around the street! The basic rule would be that on private land anything goes, on anything else, keep the throttle wide open. And keep near the water — police pursuit cars aren't amphibious yet.

The Hoverjet is marketed in Australia by Hoverjet Transport Division, Murray Partners Aust Pty Ltd, a company based in the World Trade Centre, Melbourne 3005. The company has been nominated for an export award because of the overseas sales of the Hoverjet for para-military, commercial and recreational applications. It sells for $5900, ready to go.

It is built by Bolwell Australia, famous for making Australia's best-ever sportscar in the '60s and '70s, and a leading manufacturer of cruising catamarans, industrial and commercial fibreglass components and the world's first flight-simulator children's ride games.

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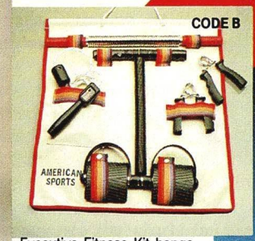

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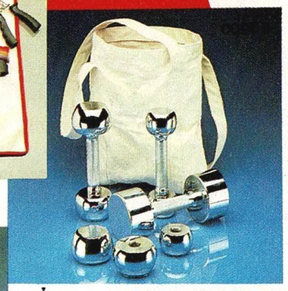

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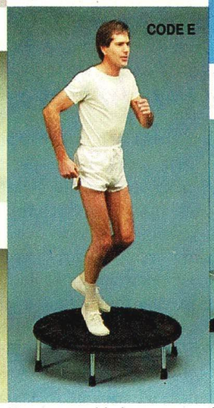

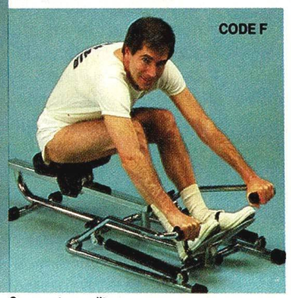

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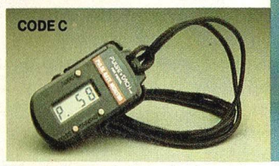

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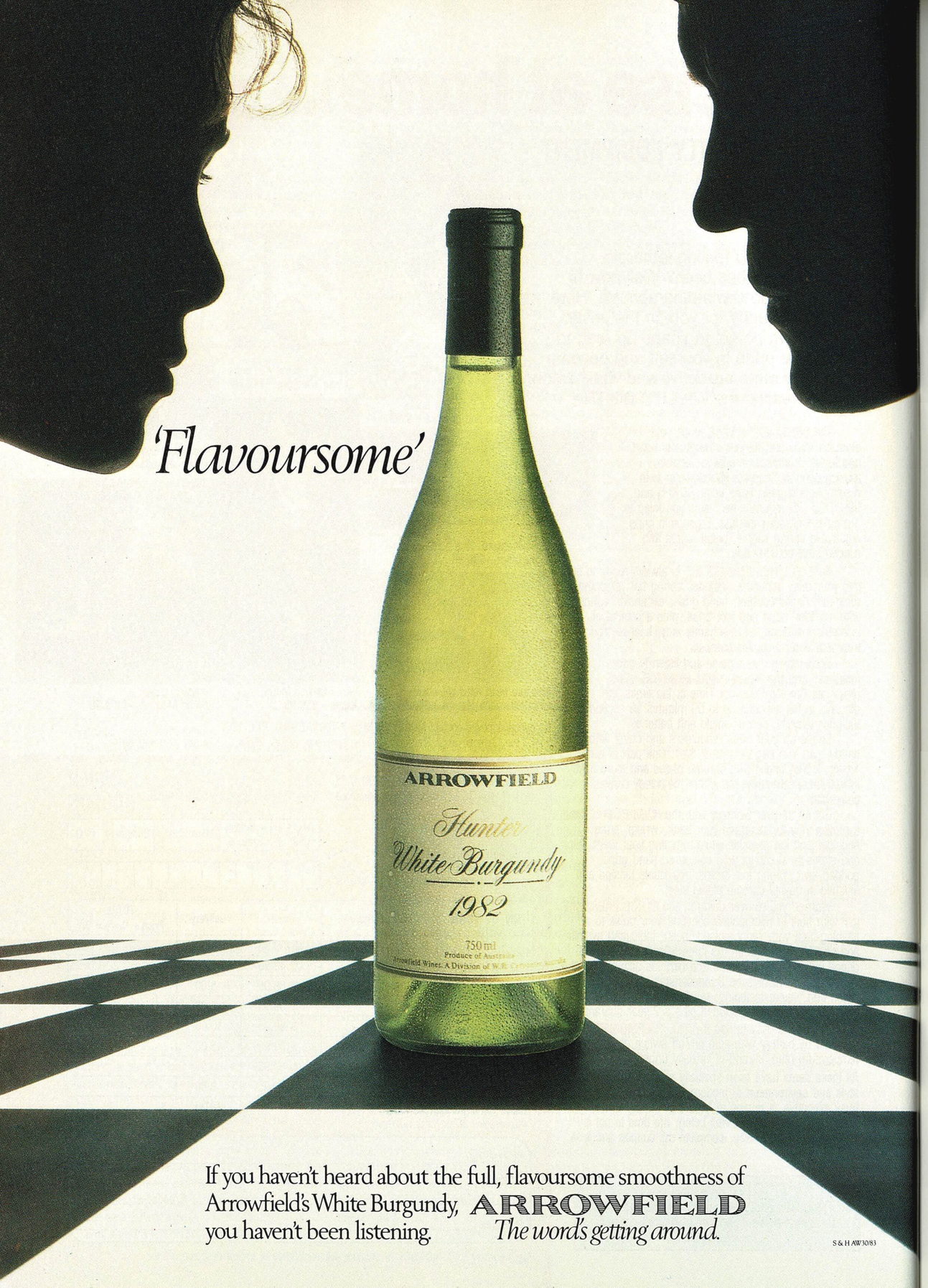

ROCK *(continued from page 59)*

Dragon rationed hamburgers to keep enough cash in hand for petrol for overnight trips.

with live work. In Australia and New Zealand, the reverse happens. First you learn how to play live to find out what works and what doesn't, then you get to make a record."

"Australian bands have to tour a lot, just to survive," says Chrissie Amphlett of the Divinyls. "That's why it's important for a band in Australia to be good live, and why Australian audiences expect a lot. In America, most of the new groups get subsidies from record companies and the need to be good live isn't so essential. If they get a hit record, audiences are going to cheer anyway. But in Australia it doesn't matter how many records you have on the charts, if you can't do it live, you won't survive."

GROWING UP IN PUBLIC

"The essence of rock'n'roll is the live experience of the music. As soon as record companies started controlling the way it was made, and who made it, the whole process became corrupt," states Malcolm McLaren, the man who let the Sex Pistols loose on the system.

In the '70s, Australia became the last bastion of live rock'n'roll, mostly by default. In America and England, the technology of staging a rock concert had become so complex and expensive that only groups who sold records by the million could afford to treat themselves and their audiences to the experience. Soon the process became hierarchical. Emerging talents were signed by record companies and given exposure by being subsidised into tours headlined by super-groups. Inevitably, record companies fell into the syndrome of placing "sympathetic" supports with the headliners. Therefore, the emerging talents came to sound more and more like the super-groups they were supporting.

It was the age of the identikit group — rock'n'roll came to be measured in terms of fads and fashions, not individuality. But in Australia, even as wave after wave of American and English acts swept through the country on seven to 12-day national tours, local bands accepted it as their birthright that they played that many gigs per city, per week or fortnight. The long-term benefits were a crop of bands who'd had the opportunity to get their sounds, repertoires and individuality together.

"Australia is a country where bands have to continually develop," says Peter McIan, Men At Work's producer, "because it's a country where audiences don't want to see the same thing over and over again. Bands have to continually write new material and develop new sounds to be viable on the live circuit. And I think that's the biggest reason why, when a band comes out of Australia after working the traps for a while, they're already very advanced musically."

A classic case of band development Australian-style is The Angels. If ever there was a journey into the unknown, this is it folks, over the top. The funny thing is that the band carefully calculated every stage of their career — they had a long-range plan.

They started as The Moonshine String And Jug Band. Doc Neeson was on guitar, John Brewster played harmonica, banjo and guitar and was the closest thing the band had to a front-man/lead singer. Rick Brewster played the most fluent mandolin you're ever likely to hear at a Uni dance. They earned good money, had an eager live following, put on their own dances. "Nobody earned enough to, say, buy a car," says John Brewster, "but it was good part-time work, it paid the rent and bought the groceries."

It was a pretty unwieldy outfit, though, with people always dropping in and out of the lineup, and outside their local neighborhood, gigs were hard to come by. So the Brewster Bros and Neeson turned professional, switched to electric guitars, slicked their hair back and became a rock revival outfit, The Keystone Angels.

"It was a pretty calculated change," recollects John. "We'd decided we wanted to become a full-time band and we wanted to go electric. But our backgrounds were all acoustic — rhythm and blues, a bit of folk, jazz/skiffle. So we decided to start at the beginning of electric rock, with Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, Jerry Lee Lewis and Buddy Holly. We thought of it as going to school, learning the music from the first masters and working up from there. And we realised, too, there's always a job for a good cover band. We could support ourselves and learn at the same time."

So they thrived and prospered in a moderate fashion. But the music was changing, getting tougher and louder. "We'd supported Chuck Berry and got great reviews," continues John. "We were getting plenty of work but we were ready to move on."

They dropped the Keystone, turned boogie, and golly, could the Angels roar! "We'd served the apprenticeship and we knew how to play together," comments John. "That was the important thing, learning to be instinctive with each other on stage. But we needed someone to be a lead singer, to develop the presence of the band upfront. Finally Doc dropped the bass and became the front-man."

It wasn't an overnight transformation. Slowly, recollects Doc, he learnt the front-man's art of not doing too little too often, and of not doing too much a lot of the time. He learnt to do the most effective thing at the right moment. And not playing bass freed his concentration to develop his now trademark guttural rasp. They toured interstate, their repertoire included the ferocious Angel Boogie and they were capable of bringing the house down with Don Nix's Going Down. Oh yes, and another original, Am I Ever Gonna See Your Face Again?

A support spot on an AC/DC tour impressed enough for Alberts to offer a contract. They recorded See Your Face, came to Sydney, appeared on *Countdown*, got raved over by Molly and. . . nothing. "Face" was not a hit, the debut album didn't set the charts on fire. The Angels were gigging steadily but it was a hard slog. And something else was happening: the Brewster Bros and Neeson were starting to come up with songs that didn't fit the boogie format. Stuff that bordered on the psychotic, like Take A Long Line and Straitjacket, or Be With You, which brooded like a nightmare in slow motion. And Doc was doing more than just delivering them — on stage he was personifying the songs. Tortured and intense, writhing and staggering on India rubber legs while the band roared and crashed and spat venom, it was heavy rock psychodrama. And every moment came from the heart, although they remained suburban boys at heart.

"Doc is quite a valuable character," chuckles Neeson these days. "At least it gives me something to get away from when I go home." Back in the early days, Doc's value was strictly metaphysical, he wasn't buying any houses for one Bernard Neeson anyway. "It was our lowest money-earning time, that's for sure," says John Brewster, "but we knew it was the best thing we'd ever done. We were writing in our own style, playing live was a real buzz, there was so much energy and it meant something. Our only worry was that we were so broke there was a real chance we'd have to break up under a pile of debts before enough people caught on to what was happening."

As it turned out, no worries. "It wasn't that we set out as The Keystone Angels with the intention of being able to write Take A Long Line nearly four years later," Brewster points out. "We wanted to develop our own style, we wanted our own sound and identity. We couldn't see where it was heading and by the time we realised how deep we'd got into the shit, we couldn't back out, we just had to keep going. And we didn't even know where to, but we thought, if we just take it step by step. . ."

Every band I've ever known that has in some way made it has had a magic mystery tour between building the foundations and putting a roof over their heads.

Dragon used to ration two hamburgers between the whole band, to keep enough cash in hand for petrol on overnight trips

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between Melbourne and Sydney. And then there's the story of Cold Chisel sleeping in a Kings Cross bedsit, and the nightly topic of discussion was whether they had enough money between them to buy a bag of chips for dinner. Ironically enough, about six years earlier, Sherbet used to have pretty much the same conversation under much the same conditions, in a flat in Sydney's Bondi Junction.

No one really understands what a band has to go through to establish and develop its identity, sometimes not even other musicians. And the cruellest blow of all can be that after you've slogged hard to get your identity, the critics deny you have one at all.

"When our manager, Russell Dempler, first took the album overseas, he had to work so hard to get the Americans to release it because they said the band sounded too unlike anything else and there weren't any hits radio would play, y'know," explains Men At Work's Colin Hay. "Then a year later everything you read about Men At Work says how we deliberately wrote hit singles with the American charts in mind. Finally you come to realise that just about everyone has some sort of theory about why anything is successful. The only thing is, they all have their theories *after* the success. Funny the way it goes, isn't it?"

THE SUCCESS SYNDROME

"Nobody joins a band to be unknown and poor forever." — Tim Farriss of INXS.

Ah, success. Back in the '60s, Billy Thorpe was Australia's most successful rock'n'roller. He drove an E-type Jaguar and his lifestyle was large scale. At night, his road crew would set up his stage system in his lounge-room so Billy could listen to music at a suitable volume. The Jag was on hire-purchase and the sound system was rented. In the '60s and throughout most of the '70s, the visible symbols of rock success were mostly just front.

Their Australian friends thought they knew when AC/DC were starting to be successful throughout England and Europe — Bon Scott and Angus Young returned home with their decidedly unbeautiful natural front teeth replaced with gleaming caps. An indignant Bon set the record straight. "National Health," he explained proudly. The real measure of success was the bevy of taxation officials waiting at Customs for the boys. Throughout the '60s and the early to the mid-'70s, success in Australian rock generally boiled down to ownership of a house, a car and free entry to late-night rock clubs.

Les Gock, who played guitar for Hush, drives a Porsche and resides in a plush Northside pad with a harbor view. This reflects his status as one of Australia's most successful advertising jingle writers. Hush's three-year reign as one of Australia's three top-earning bands earned him a modest cottage in Coogee and a Japanese four-cylinder compact sedan.

Men At Work, Air Supply, AC/DC, Icehouse, INXS, Split Enz, Divinyls, The Angels, Jon English, Flash And The Pan, Rose Tattoo, Moving Pictures, Models, Midnight Oil, Hunters And Collectors, Mental As Anything, Allniters, Mondo Rock, Machinations, The Go-Betweens. . . you probably couldn't find a more diverse collection of rock'n'roll identities if you patrolled the world. What they all have in common is their connection to Australia and international careers.

In 1974, when Roger Davies went to America to shop a deal for Sherbet, he was asked, "You mean you actually have recording studios in Australia?" By 1978 the question had changed to, "Do you have any more bands like LRB down there?"

"I suppose, till round about the time of I Got You, in 1980, any bands from Australia that had done it overseas were more or less taking coals to Newcastle," says Tim Finn of Split Enz. "You had, you know, LRB, Air Supply — and I'm not knocking them because they did it well — but they were taking an American sound to America. But now there's much more originality in the bands that are doing it —INXS, Divinyls, Men At Work, and I'd like to include Split Enz in there as well. They're taking their own sounds over there and making it work and that's exciting; it's a great development."

"We didn't change anything for America," says Tim Farriss of INXS. "It was strictly a case of, 'This is what you asked for, this is what you get.'"

"From Parramatta Leagues to the New York Ritz," adds singer Michael Hutchence, "it's just another page on the work sheet when you come right down to it."

The young Turks of Oz rock have a right to such confidence in the '80s — they know they've trained harder to be better than bands anywhere else in the world.

Postscript: Nothing stays the same forever and the Australian pub rock circuit of the mid to late '70s that produced everyone from AC/DC up to INXS and Midnight Oil is currently in danger of falling apart at the seams. Changes in licensing laws, fire regulations and noise pollution control have closed many venues, and escalating touring costs make it prohibitive for all but the most established outfits to venture on extended tours. Also, the process of breaking acts internationally has changed in emphasis from live work to video. America, in particular, has gone gonzo on lounge-room rock after discovering, somewhat belatedly, the power of rock video a few years ago.

As it's turned out, no problems there for Australian groups as video rock is a long established tradition in this country. Men At Work's success in America has been a combination of being able to cut it live and the instant, universal appeal of their videos. Oh, and they had some world class songs!

PLAYBOY WEEKEND

This weekend really started when David Telling casually suggested, over a beer or three, that I didn't really know what having a good time was all about until I'd spent a weekend on Lake Eildon in Victoria, which, he added as a challenging afterthought, is three times bigger than Sydney Harbor and comes without the suburbs.

Now, David is the inspired chief of Flightcraft and he custom designed the jet-propelled ski boat presented to Amanda Dole as one of the major 1983 Playmate Of The Year prizes. You'd be right in presuming that he therefore knows a bit about spending a weekend *on* a lake.

I needed little prompting to accept David's invitation. From Melbourne, it's a comfortable two-hour drive up the Maroondah Highway to Lake Eildon. A vast man-made lake on the sunny side of the Great Divide, this sunken valley offers 600km of indented shoreline bound by densely-wooded mountains and huge areas of national park. In the past 15 years it's become a fully-serviced water sports and recreational area.

David was waiting for me at the Eildon Boat Club with two houseboats and a veritable fleet of speedboats. I was welcomed aboard by a gang who had "good time" written all over their faces, we cast off and headed for Italian Bay. The houseboats are like self-contained floating motel units with spacious interior and exterior living and entertainment areas, bedrooms with double beds, kitchen with fridge and stove, bathroom with shower and flush toilet and a sunbaking deck on the roof.

Once we distanced ourselves from the shore, the two houseboats manoeuvred next to each other and we lashed them together. Travelling in tandem, things start to get very sociable. The bar never shuts. An hour or so of cruising and carousing took us past a forest of drowned, skeletal trees whose topmost branches just cleared the water. Then into Aird Inlet, one of many secluded, landlocked inlets that offer houseboats the sort of private anchorage in which to switch off and go native.

Next, we motored up to the bank of Fraser National Park and rendezvoused with Neville Kay who runs the Lake Eildon Country Club, a multi-million dollar time-sharing holiday resort on the banks of the lake near Mansfield. Neville is a self-made man who's risen from plumber to resort developer and he actually built the Country Club houseboats that were our home for the weekend. Neville invited us over to his own two-storey private luxury houseboat which features an extra set of controls so he can even drive it from the upper deck master bedroom.

The ultimate escape is just a ski-boat ride away on a tranquil lake

And so we cooked up some lunch, washed it down with a few cold ones and took a siesta in the sun. We knew the rest of the world was out there somewhere but nobody cared.

David Telling, however, is not one for lying on his back all day and with the energy of a gym instructor he soon moved us into action mode.

As part of our armada of super-boats, we had the Australian PLAYBOY jet boat — a 17'3" custom-built Flightcraft Liberator powered by a 350 Chev engine and fitted with a Doen jet propulsion unit. Our other toys included a flightcraft Dominator, which is the outboard version of the Liberator and powered by a 150hp Mercury; two more Liberator jet boats, one powered by a turbo charged 351 Ford V8, and a Flightcraft 5.4m Sports Profile cabin cruiser with a 115hp Mercury outboard.

The endless spread of Lake Eildon provides the perfect aquatic playground on which to exercise the throbbing horses and raw power of such a fleet. You make your own roads, there are no traffic lights and very few restricted zones.

The Liberator is all muscle with the aerodynamic lines of the classic speedboat. Construction is fibreglass with an iridescent metal-flake finish, and comfort has not been sacrificed for speed: there are two snug, well-padded bucket seats and a rear bench seat to carry five. There's also a stereo tape-deck and transceiver radio.

Speed, freedom and champagne. It's a heady combination out there on Lake Eildon. And we had some top male and female water skiers along with us: Chris Bradley is in the fashion business, she runs marathons, was a performance skier with the Wallace Skiers and excelled at barefoot tricks. And David, despite the evidence of good living around the waistline, demonstrated skills honed by 20 years of skiing, including barefoot qualifications. Mike Lithgow proved himself to be a formidable performer, too.

Night crept up on us: we revelled in the isolation, the crisp air and a swathe of stars bright against the velvet black sky. Steaks sizzled on the barbecue: just like camping out with all the comforts of home. In the morning I awoke refreshed to the calling of birds and sharply focused shafts of sunlight piercing through my cabin window. The water was like a sheet of polished gunmetal and the keen skiers were already out there somewhere, lost from view, carving great slices across the still, tranquil lake, throwing up silvery rooster-tails that seemed to hang suspended in the air.

And back on the houseboats, the unmistakable aroma of bacon and eggs beckoned me from my bed to kick off another day of sheer magic.

● *For information on Flightcraft boats and dealers, contact (03) 798 8444. Details on houseboat hire and Lake Eildon Country Club available on (057) 75 2679.*

— RENNIE ELLIS

COLLINS (continued from page 42)

I enjoyed being an adultress because my husband was not faithful. Fidelity to me is important.

remain an enigma. He should play Howard Hughes. Perfect. Listen, I haven't seen Warren for ages. He's a totally different person from when I knew him. I don't know what he's like. I knew him in his twenties, he's now in his forties. He's immensely ambitious, very smart, almost calculating. But very shy. When I knew him, he was running after the people in town who could be of benefit to him in his career. Bloody clever. I think he's much better as a producer and an entrepreneur than as an actor. I'm totally uninterested in anything he has to say or do. I don't even see his movies.

PLAYBOY: Really? He makes good movies.

COLLINS: I lie. I did see *Reds.* Lost a fortune, didn't it?

PLAYBOY: Did you see *Shampoo?*

COLLINS: Yes. I guess I *have* seen his movies. He's now, what? 46? He has an immature look. And he still seems to be concerned with his looks. It's not like Paul Newman or Sean Connery. I think Sean is utterly wonderful, both as an actor and in what he does, which is kind of: "So, I'm bald and 10 pounds overweight, so what?" He's still the most attractive man on the screen. I don't think Warren can do that, he doesn't have the confidence in himself. You have to be very confident in yourself as a person to be able to say, okay, so I've got a few wrinkles now, and maybe my hair is receding, and maybe I can't pull the 18-year-old girls that I used to be able to. Warren's brilliance is that even after losing a fortune on *Reds,* he still could get millions of dollars up-front money to make a movie if he wished. Very clever. Now, ask me new, original questions.

PLAYBOY: Okay. It seems to us that you come off as strong and tough — until you meet a man. Then you lose that strength. Is that a fair assumption?

COLLINS: That's the best thing you've asked in half an hour. *[Laughs]* Yes, I would say that I do. And I hate myself for it, but it's perfectly true. Basically, I become a wimpy, clinging violet. At least, that was the way I *used* to be. I don't know whether I'm ever going to get involved in a relationship again. It totally terrifies me. I think the type of man I'd like to get into a relationship with doesn't exist!

PLAYBOY: Who would be the perfect composite man for you?

COLLINS: Well. . . oh no, you're not going to catch me on that one, darling. No way. This is the first time in my life I've been free since I was 17 and I have nobody to answer to. My head rules my heart a lot more now. I'm much more logical. I hate the word calculating, but I mean, once burnt, twice shy, right? I've been married three times, and have had quite a few relationships. Maybe one gets more discerning as one gets older. Since I've been a free woman, I have not been having very many temper tantrums. I'm much more calm and relaxed. So, maybe I'm just meant to live alone.

PLAYBOY: Have the men in your life always made career decisions for you?

COLLINS: Yes. *[Sighs]* I just don't understand men. I just fail to understand them, that's all. Maybe they're not sensitive enough.

PLAYBOY: All men?

COLLINS: There *are* some good ones. . . I just happen to have picked wrongly.

PLAYBOY: When you were married to Anthony Newley. . .

COLLINS: I don't understand why you're asking me all these questions about all these men! Why are you doing this?

PLAYBOY: How can we *not* ask you about Tony Newley? You were married to him for seven years; you had two children. . .

COLLINS: Oh, yeah. Tony! Great. Genius.

PLAYBOY: Come on, Joan.

COLLINS: All right: he reminded me of Charlie Chaplin. I went to see him in *Stop The World* and I was absolutely mesmerised. I thought he was spectacularly talented and witty. There's a certain fun that Brits have with each other that you don't get with the Yanks. I'd just broken up with Warren about two weeks previously, so it was sort of out of the frying pan into the fire. I realised after a while that the way he felt about sex outside marriage, I couldn't continue being married. Look, fidelity is important in a marriage, but it's not *that* important. Most men stray, according to my sister, the expert. And sex doesn't mean anything to most men. It's like going off and having, as Paul Newman said, a piece of hamburger instead of steak. But when, as Tony felt, it's a way of life and a necessity, then I think a woman's got to take stock about whether she wants to live another 30 to 40 years with a man with those kind of aspirations. And that was that.

PLAYBOY: Yet you had an affair with Ryan O'Neal while married to Tony, and you said that you enjoyed being an adultress.

COLLINS: I enjoyed being an adultress at that time because my marriage was falling apart and I was taking a certain vengeance from the fact that my husband was not being faithful. And fidelity to me *is* rather important, actually. It sounds a bit square, doesn't it? Have you ever been unfaithful to your wife?

PLAYBOY: More champagne?

COLLINS: You wouldn't tell me if you had. She'll probably read this. *[Laughs]*

PLAYBOY: Well, we've just about come to the end of the known men in your life. How did you meet your last husband, Ron Kass?

COLLINS: One of my best friends had a friend called Ron Kass, who was the head of the Apple Corporation, the Beatles' company in London. My marriage to Tony was floundering badly at that time and Ron seemed to be all the things that I had wanted in a man. He was born on the same day as Sidney and Warren; interesting, huh? We were both married, so it was tricky, very tricky.

PLAYBOY: And what happened?

COLLINS: This is the part that I shall not discuss.

PLAYBOY: Is he still a sore point?

COLLINS: He isn't a sore point. He's the father of my daughter and I made a pact with my daughter's therapist that I'd never discuss Ron.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the responsibility of your daughter — as well as all your business dealings — has changed you?

COLLINS: I've only started to become mature in the last few years. I was really a kid. It must have something to do with being Gemini. We are just children. Look at Bob Hope, Judy Garland, Marilyn Monroe. There's a tremendous childishness about us.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had cosmetic surgery?

COLLINS: Absolutely not. There's something horrid about a facelift.

PLAYBOY: Do you exercise much to keep your figure?

COLLINS: Do me a favor: Jane Fonda's thing of an hour-and-a-half working yourself to death? It's a bit of a hype. I go 15 minutes a day. Fifty sit-ups, 25 push-ups, some weights. Enough.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst picture you ever made?

COLLINS: *Empire Of The Ants.*

PLAYBOY: And the best?

COLLINS: I haven't made it yet.

PLAYBOY: Well, we're almost done. You're certainly a woman not afraid to voice an opinion.

COLLINS: Ten glasses of champagne and I'll say anything. But listen, you've made me see that I'm more complex than I thought. The compartment that's easy to put me in is: free-thinking, sexy broad with a dirty mouth, who pretty much does what she wants to do. But there's more to me.

PLAYBOY: Yes, well, that's it. It's been fun.

COLLINS: Oh, God, no! I can't believe it's over. Why don't we do some more? God, it's like finishing with your analyst — abandoned!

PLAYBOY: Sorry. Your time's up, Joan.

COLLINS: I'm in your hands. I'm sure that you will present me as this *wonderful, warm, fabulous* human being!

PLAYBOY: Goodnight, Joan.

COLLINS: Two bottles of champagne; I won't forget *that* in a hurry.

PLAYBOY: Sleep tight, Joan.

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

SEX • BETTINA ARNDT

First of all let me congratulate you on your sex articles in Australian PLAYBOY, great stuff and I really enjoy them. Now for my problem. I'm 28 years old, been married for nearly two years and I love my wife very much, but I think I'm a male nymphomaniac. I love sex, love it, love it, love it. I have to have it every day and if I go without it two days or more I change. I get really moody and crabby and quiet. I hardly say boo. When my wife and I make love I'm happy, cheerful and relaxed. I would like to have sex six or eight times a day but my wife's sexual appetite isn't the same as mine, she's happy with about two or three love-making sessions on average each week.

I like all kinds of sex, especially oral sex. My first orgasm is just the tip of the iceberg, I could go on for four or five more orgasms but the second is enough for my wife and I'm left all dressed up and nowhere to go.

I never had any sexual problems when I was single but when my wife and I do make love it's good. By the way my wife does have a G-spot but only when she's really horny and when she comes, boy, she ejaculates by the bucketful. She's left exhausted and really satisfied and I'm still ready and raring to go. We have had a couple of really wild arguments about it all, but I can't help it. I love my wife so much I just wait till she's ready for sex but boy the pressure that builds up in my balls while I'm waiting gets really bad. I think the pressure gets so bad it goes to my brain and maybe that's why I get into those funny moods.

Here's another interesting thing. In the latest edition of Australian PLAYBOY there's an article about pelvic muscles. Well, I must have pretty good pelvic muscles because I can hang a very large beach towel on my erection and flex it up and down with no worries at all.

The trouble is I just can't get enough. Help!

— S.D., NSW.

Count your blessings. You have a wife who obviously enjoys sex and ejaculates by the bucketful to prove it. You have a terrific time when your wife is in the mood and even if that's not as often as you would like, you are not exactly being starved. A couple of times a week is fairly average after a few years of marriage.

The more you hassle your wife for sex, the more likely you are to put her off. Go gently with her. Have you considered looking after yourself some of the time? Solo love-making can be great fun, relieves tension, teaches you more about yourself and you can even learn to control ejaculation by practising masturbation in a relaxed sensuous way.

Many women love it, love it, love it too. But six or eight times a day? Well, you have to find time for the other great things in life you know.

I think I must have the classic male problem, or at least young man's problem. I am 20 and I think I am in love with an older woman. She is divorced and has two kids of her own. She is about 35 and a friend of my family. She used to come around a lot but has cut it out because of what is going on between us. We haven't done anything yet but I am sure it's only a matter of time.

I know she feels the same way about me. I have caught her staring at me when she thought I didn't know she was watching. I have tried

The pain of love — both sexual and unrequited

talking to her but she keeps putting me off. I think she is afraid of what people might say, but I am not. I don't care what people say because I know I love her and I am sure she feels the same way. How can I persuade her everything will be all right without blowing it? How can I let her know I'm a man and age doesn't matter when you're in love?

— P.B., NSW.

Oh dear, I hope you're not setting yourself up for a disappointment. I think you may be a little presumptuous in assuming your lady friend is equally in love with you but afraid of society's reaction to a possible affair with a young man.

The fact that she keeps putting you off when you long to talk to her isn't a very good sign. She may be avoiding visiting your family simply because she is embarrassed at your obvious attention. It may well be that she knows you are besotted by her and is saving you the embarrassment of spilling the beans by trying to put you off gently. Your assumption that she is afraid of what people may think may be preventing you from correctly interpreting her actions. Perhaps it is best to bring it into the open, so tell her you admire her and would like to know how she feels about you. You could even write her a little note — send it to her, perhaps accompanied by some flowers. Keep it brief, don't try to guess her feelings — then it will be up to her to react as she wishes and you needn't feel embarrassed if you have interpreted her wrongly. I'm sure she will feel flattered by this attention — provided you don't smother her and provided you give her the chance to say "no". That's the best possible way of proving you are an adult rather than an adolescent with a crush.

Could you please be able to publish some details about when men suffer with pains in the testicles after they come to erection for a period of time, and there is no relief of ejaculation?

What I am referring to is commonly called "Lover's Balls". My reason for wanting some details is because I go out with a Greek girl occasionally and she says she is a virgin and it is in her interest to stay one. I respect her situation but we do indulge in heavy cuddling, kissing and touching without going all the way.

It is these times when my testicles hurt and the pain is unbearable and I feel quite sick in the stomach until I come off with ejaculation by either rubbing against her thighs or working myself off on her stomach and it goes away when I settle down again. The pain is so severe at times and I have felt so bilious that I have even considered seeking medical advice, but I realise there is no pain when I am not worked up and things are normal.

— M.O., Vic.

When a man becomes sexually excited, blood fills the vessels in the genital area, causing erection of the penis and enlargement of the testicles. This process is called *vasocongestion.*

The engorged state of the blood vessels can be painful if it continues unrelieved for some time. The testicles can increase in size by as much as seven percent in these uncomfortable circumstances. There's no question that "lover's balls" are often painful and males are not the only ones who suffer this type of problem. Females have their own vasocongestion with blood filling the blood vessels in the entire genital area and causing similar swelling and possible discomfort.

However, there are very practical solutions to the problem. Masturbation for a start.

Perhaps your young lady would be willing to lend a helping hand to relieve your discomfort. Mutual touching is a wonderful, time-honored means of giving each other sexual pleasure and relieving sexual tension. You will be able to learn a great deal about each other's bodies and how to arouse each other in these circumstances. In fact, skills you acquire through petting are far more likely to prepare you for an enjoyable love life than anything you learn by "going all the way." Intercourse is only one of many love-making techniques.

So while it is proper that you respect your girlfriend's views on avoiding intercourse perhaps you can both learn to enjoy other means of giving each other pleasure.

I have rather a sticky problem that is threatening my relationship with my lady and I am in great need of some professional advice. I am 21 years of age and my lady is the same age. We have been living together for nearly three years and have been engaged for over a year now. The problem arises over the differences in our expectations of fidelity. My lady feels that if you are in a permanent relationship with somebody you should give up sex with others.

In the three years we have known each other I have slept with five other women. All of these affairs have been once only things and I have never shared more than my lust with these women. On the other hand I share my whole life with my lady. She is very beautiful and still stirs my desire in a very deep way. So the problem lies not with her but with me.

I realise I am hurting her deeply as she feels that her inability to command my faithfulness is proof that I don't love her, but my love for her has grown stronger over the years. The last time it happened was nearly a year ago and she made me promise never to do it again. Although I was not sure that I would keep my promise, I made it!

We both decided we were young and it would be silly of us to try and restrain our natural feelings so we agreed that threesomes would be a good idea. Often we have one with a very good male friend of ours. The scene was set for a two-girl, one-guy threesome when I blew it all by taking the chick to bed a week beforehand.

Now my lady wants me to give up my pornography as she thinks it has twisted my mind. She wants me to give up taking photos of girls (I'm a freelance photographer, and they are one of many subjects in which I am interested) because she says these two areas of my life offer too much temptation.

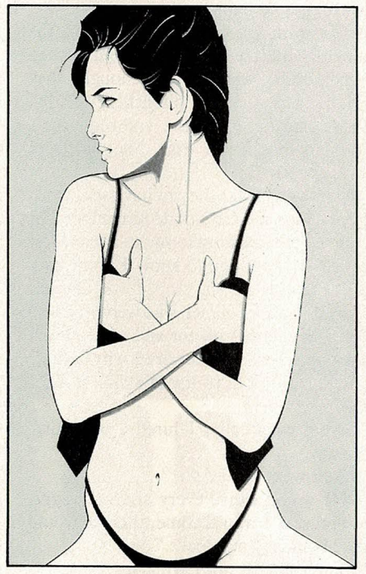
We are on a "hands off" basis until I get my head together.

What I want to know is:

1. *Am I sick in the head?*
2. *Is what I'm doing to her unnatural?*
3. *What are the opinions of other men and women on this subject?*
4. *Is pornography harmful in this sense?*
5. *Is it wrong for me to expect my lady to understand that no matter how much I love her sometimes my desires will overcome my good sense?*

I don't want my lady to become one of those "all men are bastards" types but I can see it happening.

— T.C., WA.



Torn between two (or three or four) lovers

You have set yourself quite a task. You say you met when you were both 18. Very few people are capable of committing themselves to a permanent monogamous relationship that early in life. Luckily most people realise this and spend some time as young adults learning to relate in more casual relationships with a range of people.

Everything you say indicates you are too young for a committed relationship, particularly for marriage. You are obviously still very attracted to other women and find it very hard to resist temptation. Five affairs in three years is a good indication that you are not yet ready to settle down. It may well be that this will always be a difficult issue for you — many people find it one of the most tortuous aspects of a permanent relationship and it takes maturity to even begin to find some solutions to this age-old problem. The solutions you have chosen so far are a further indication that you need time to learn more about relationships. The threesome idea had the makings of a disaster right from the start — very few people seem to be able to cope with the jealousy and competitiveness that is inherent in such arrangements, let alone couples like you who are totally bogged down over fidelity issues. Even then, you went and blew it a week before by "taking the chick to bed". Why not face up to the fact that you are not ready for the hassles of responsibility and commitment?

Several of your comments in the December issue of Australian PLAYBOY are related — scrotal pulls, strength of ejaculation, etc.

My wife (39) and I (42) took up your invitation to do some experimenting. First, the setting: both naked, me sitting on the toilet lid in the bathroom (it is a raised, throne-like arrangement); knees wide apart, strong erection pulsing against my stomach, testicles against edge of seat. She also naked standing in front of me using her own slippery juices to lubricate her hand on my penis.

Second, the results. On 11 occasions she delayed my ejaculation by strong scrotal pulls. Volume of semen, strength of ejaculatory spurts or intensity of orgasm did not seem to be inter-dependent. On two occasions the spurts went about 15 cms whilst on the remainder they just dribbled out despite tingling orgasms.

In comparison, when she swapped positions and I got to her G-spot she spurted audibly on to the tile floor.

We loved doing this experiment for you, Bettina. Want any more volunteers?

— G.H.R., NT.

For those of you who missed out on my description of scrotal pulls (first published in December's Australian PLAYBOY), Mr G. H. R. is talking about a new trick for controlling ejaculation which involves reaching down during intercourse and grasping the scrotum between your testicles with the thumb and forefinger. Then when you are near orgasm, pull firmly down.

Obviously it works for Mr G.H.R. so it may well be worth other men trying out the odd scrotal pull at those times you would like everything to last a little bit longer. I'm delighted to find there are people willing to participate in a little bit of sex research and to write in and tell me about it. More please!

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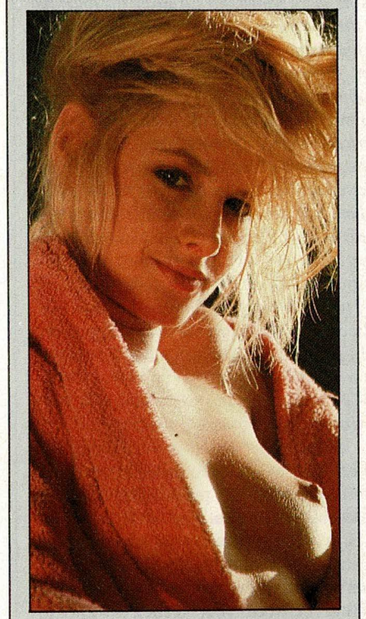
Please send all your sex queries to Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Bettina welcomes all inquiries but regrets she cannot always reply to each reader individually.

NEXT MONTH

QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD NEVER ASK YOUR LOVER — IN THE NAME OF SEXUAL HARMONY, A LITTLE IGNORANCE CAN BE BLISS.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETER BROCK, THE DOYEN OF OZ MOTOR SPORT, SPEAKS HIS MIND.

OUT OF THE BLOCKS LEAPS OLYMPIC SPRINT HOPE DARREN CLARK IN A PLAYBOY PROFILE THAT SPOTLIGHTS HIS LA BID.



ROCKY'S GIRL NEXT DOOR, PLAYMATE CONIE POUND, PARADES THE BEST OF QUEENSLAND.

MOTORING EDITOR ROB LUCK SADDLES UP FOR AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S 1984 SUPERBIKE REVIEW.

THE KENNEDY BOYS RIDE AGAIN: DOOM AND DESTRUCTION RULE THE RANGE AS BOBBY'S SONS PURSUE THE FAMILY TRADITION.

FRIGID

(continued from page 90)

Lisa: "After my first orgasm, I wondered what all the fuss had been about."

angry. It was scary at first, but it broadened my repertoire of what was possible.

"I went into the workshop with this *vision* of having the Big O. That it was a tremendous feat. That it was like breaking through a brick wall. And it felt like that. But Bret Lyon said, 'No. It is not a brick wall. It is papier-mache.'"

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When women have had enough of either not having sex or having a lot of sex, it always ends up being too much or too little, because with sex you can never reach the point of absolute gratification. Just when women think they've had enough, they seldom have. A certain publisher, wealthy, blonde, small, fluffy, has enjoyed over a thousand men in her time. She once kept track, she says.

So how long did she not have sex, I ask, and she says she can't quite remember, but it was *very* interesting to say to a man, "By the way, I want you to know I don't have sex." So why did she stop, I ask, and she says she was tired of men who weren't worth taking her clothes off for and says she felt that after six or seven hundred, why bother?

So she didn't have any relations at all? I ask.

"Well, eventually, I hired a masseur," she says.

"And what did he do?"

"He would arrive every afternoon, give me oral sex, I would come, then he would take his money and leave."

"You call that not having sex?"

"He was a big Polish guy."

"Your idea of not having sex is having oral sex with a big Polish masseur?"

"Yes," she says with an amazed glance. "So what? I wasn't going to bed with anybody and taking off my clothes and being disappointed."

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"It was amazing!" cries Bob. "It was incredible! The first really striking thing was how much angrier Lisa started getting at me. It used to be I was a good yeller. I would yell at her and she would run and hide in the bed. And then she started the class and began yelling back at me *twice* as loud. She started to stick up for herself. At first it really freaked me out. I felt *very* threatened. Very confused. But the side benefits were so high. The sex! She'd yell, and then we'd end up making love like crazy! Then she started being much more explicit about what she wanted in bed. My God! She was totally changed!

"And the sex became much more exciting to me. Before she used to want me to lick her and I'd do it, but it was like a chore. It didn't feel good. I wasn't attracted. And then she started heating up. I mean she *literally* became warmer. And I found myself at her all the time. I was *drawn.* The whole area became like a magnet.

"And then she had her first orgasm as I was caressing her — then it happened with my mouth, then with actual intercourse. It was wonderful! I think I was more thrilled than she was."

"It seemed a lot bigger in his mind," says Lisa. "After my first orgasm, I wondered what all the fuss had been about."

"Well, it was very important to me," says Bob. "I wanted to have gratification together. I had always felt something was missing. It was like she was holding things back from me. The orgasm was the symbol of it. *Not* orgasming was the symbol of not being fully with me. I used to feel vaguely abusive. I didn't feel I was abusing her, but somehow she was being abused. I felt bad about it. Then came the orgasm. It was unbelievable. I felt *I* was a better person."

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"And then I divorced John," says Nicole, "and met Dick. Dick is a construction worker. Dick and I made love more times the first night than John and I did the first year. And it was *wonderful!* And Dick has a body! And then I started having orgasms. Oh! I didn't believe it. Stuff I didn't even know existed! And what's more, my ex-husband is living with a dressmaker and she *loves* the way he makes love! She hates foreplay. She hates kissing. Just loves to screw. But listen! Dick and I. What's been happening lately is Dick brings me up to a peak and I start to orgasm and it just goes on. . . and on. . . and on. . . and on. . ."

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And so it goes.

Bob says Lisa is much nicer now that she's not so busy being nice. . . so just before we end the interview, I ask Lisa if she likes fellating Bob.

"Oh, yes!" says Lisa.

"Did you like to before you started having orgasms?" I say.

"Well, actually, I did it *more* before I became orgasmic."

"I don't think it would be real good to print that," I say.

"I was over-compensating," says Lisa.

"I don't think Australian PLAYBOY readers are going to like hearing this," I say.

"But I *did* do it more before."

"Well, thanks for your time."

"It's just personal taste. I still enjoy it."

"Right. Right. Thanks again."

"It's just that now I love to make love *thoroughly.*"

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

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